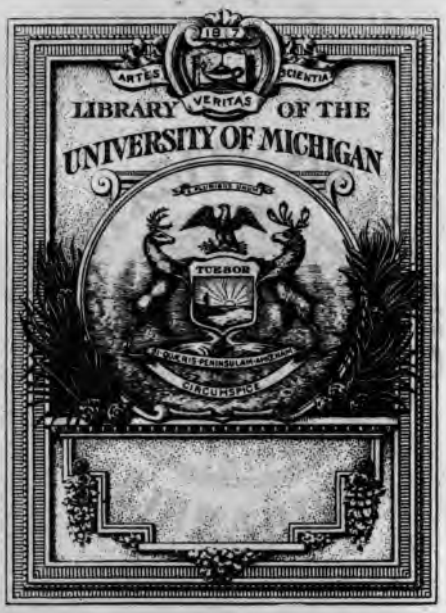
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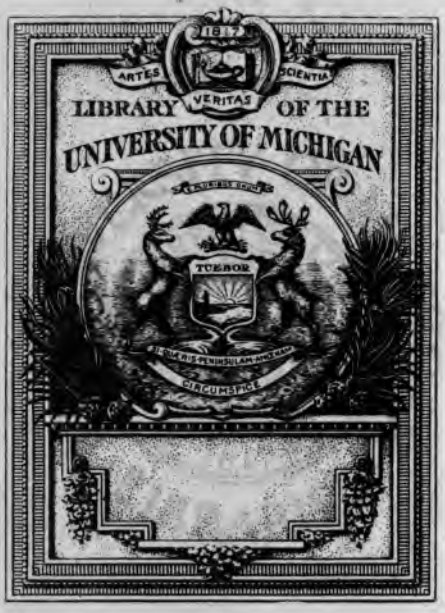
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COMEDIE

OF

PLAUTUS,

TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERS

By BONNELL THORNTON

ASPICE, *PLAUTUS*
QUÔ PACTO PARTES TUTETUR———
HOR. Lib. II. Epist.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

The SECOND EDITION Revised and Corrected.

LONDON:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the St

MDCCLXIX.

COMEDIES

CONTAINED IN

The FIRST VOLUME.

AMPHITRUO, AMPHITRYON.
MILES GLORIOSUS, *The* BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.
CAPTIVI, *The* CAPTIVES.

The SECOND VOLUME.

TRINUMMUS, *The* TREASURE.
MERCATOR, *The* MERCHANT.
AULULARIA, *The* MISER.
RUDENS, *The* SHIPWRECK.

The GENTLEMAN, who undertook to revise this Edition, had looked over and corrected the Proof Sheets: but residing much in the Country, and indeed being told it was unnecessary, he did not see the Revised ones. The Reader, therefore, is desired to excuse and correct the following Errors of the Press, together with any others of less Consequence, which may occur.

E R R A T A.

First Volume.

PREFACE, Page 13. l. 7. for *whuld* read *would*. p. 17. l. 20. for *act or* read *actor*. Ibid. line 28. for *nay* read *any*.

The LIFE, Page 27. note l. 15. for *whom* read *who*.

Page 31. note l. 5. for *verboro* read *verbero*. p. 38. note l. 18. for *sweuring* read *swearing*. p. 86. note l. 6. for *reusum* read *rursum*. p. 93. V. 17. for *tottur'd* read *tortur'd*. p. 98. note l. 3. for *Eotia* read *Bœotia*. p. 127. note l. 10. for 5. read 20. p. 132. V. 3. for *here* read *hear*. p. 135. V. 2. for *fet* read *set*. p. 140. V. 85. for *bir* read *his*. p. 147. V. 7. for *to* read *too*. p. 195. V. 49. for *as* read *has*. p. 207. note l. 5. for *nostrio* read *nostro*. p. 213. note l. 2. for *as* read *is*. p. 220. note l. 2. for *Remans* read *Romans*. p. 222. V. 43. for *to match him* read *to match with them*. p 242. V. 17. for *in love with him* read *is in love with him*. p. 247. V. 10. for *seat* read *fear*. p. 248. note l. 11. for *at* read *as*. p. 256. note l. 13. for *mensas* read *mensam*. Ibid. l. 15. for *tables* read *table*. p. 269. V. 17. for *brought* read *bought*. p. 270. V. 2. for *it would ill become us*, read *it would but ill become us*. p. 274. V. 40. for *suits* read *suit*. p. 275. note l. 24. for *optimæ* read *opimæ*. Ibid. l. 25. for to *fry or fry up*, read *to try or try up*. p. 289. note l. 13. for Ω read Ως. for χειρα read χειρα. l. 14. for Ελληβη read Ελλαβη. p. 292. note l. 4. for *gutter* read *guttur*. p. 296. V. 18. for *instant I* read *I instant*. p. 298. note l. 5. for *it would not be so fit here* read *though it would not be so fit here*. p. 299. note l. 2. for *Tollotson* read *Tillotson*. p. 301. V. 26. for *makes* read *make*. p. 306. note l. 9. for *sacram* read *sacrum*. p. 307. note l. 38. for *inclitanæ* read *jactitant*. p. 310. note l. 1. for *sublivere* read *sublevere*. p. 322. note l. 6. for *I warrant* read *I warn*. p. 326. V. 74. for *that* read *that's*. p. 330. note l. 6. for *Saturitus* read *Saturitas*. p. 331. note l. 3. 4. for *Heautontimomimenos* read *Heautontimoreumenos*. p. 341. note l. 3. for *verborcam* read *verberæam*. p. 344. V. 28. for *grives* read *grieves*. p. 349. note l. 38. for *asses* read *passes*.

Second Volume.

Page 17. note l. 4. for Geta *will struck* read Geta *shall be struck*. p. 20. note l. 1. for *hiulea* read *hiulca*. p. 38. V. 162. for *still* read *stil'd*. p. 69. V. 175. for *receiv'd you* read *receiv'd of you*. Ibid. note l. 2. for *Ab isis* read *Abi sis*. p. 98. V. 126. for *bit her* read *hither*. p. 177. note l. 1. for *Magistra* read *Magister*. p. 254. note l. 16. for *prose* read *verse*. p. 353. V. 22. prefix DÆM. p. 376. note l. 16. for *clavi* read *clavi*.

TO

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq;

DEAR SIR,

I Can never forget the time, when our literary amusements were so intimately blended, that we seemed to have one invention, one sentiment, one expression. The regularity of a periodical publication led us to a constant intercourse and communication of ideas: and whatever may be the fate of this present undertaking, I shall never regret my having dipt in ink, since it gave me an opportunity of cultivating a social as well as literary connection with you.

Instead of prefixing your name to this work, with the distant air of a dedication, I wished to have had it coupled along with mine in the title-page: I wanted you as a *comes jucundus*, an *agreeable companion*, in this new unbeaten track of translation, which you have so happily struck out before me. It is therefore in some measure your own fault, if the present attempt should fail of success; and the public, I fear, as well as myself, will have too much reason to regret

your

your not joining with me. I, however, heartily excuſe you, as you continue to turn your thoughts to original compoſition.

I own, indeed, I ſhall feel a more than ordinary diſappointment, if I ſhould be judged unworthy to rank with you in this humbler branch of literature: for I confeſs, in the pride of my heart, that one great inducement to my engaging in this taſk was the hope, that our names would be mentioned together as the tranſlators of *Terence* and *Plautus*, though I cannot aſpire to an equal ſhare of reputation with the author of the *Jealous Wife*, or the joint authors of the *Clandeſtine Marriage*.

I am,

Dear SIR,

Your moſt affectionate

Humble Servant,

BONNELL THORNTON.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been induced to publiſh theſe two volumes of my intended tranſlation of the whole of PLAUTUS's comedies, in order to try how far ſuch an attempt may meet with approbation. The ſucceſs of Mr. *Colman*'s TERENCE led me to hope, that I could introduce PLAUTUS to public notice in the ſame agreeable form and manner; and I was the more encouraged to the attempt, by Mr. *Colman*'s readily offering to forward me with one * play, which was at once a proof of his regard and good opinion. In conſequence of my having advertiſed this deſign, I had a ſtill farther incitement to proceed in it; as a † gentleman, to whom I was then a ſtranger, was pleaſed to decline all

* *The Merchant*, in the ſecond volume of this tranſlation.

† *Richard Warner*, of *Woodford Row*, *Eſſex*, Eſquire. This gentleman had tranſlated ſeveral of our author's plays into proſe, and had begun one in verſe, the *Captives*, which is inſerted in the firſt volume of this work.

thoughts

thoughts which he had before conceived, of prosecuting the same intention. To him I am indebted for his assistance in one play, as well as for communicating to me whatever he thought might be of service in the undertaking, with that heartiness which endears him to all who have the happiness of being acquainted with him. The same gentleman also took upon himself the trouble of translating the life of our author from *Petrus Crinitus.

I have purposely avoided following the arrangement of our author's plays, which is alphabetical in the editions of the original, because I found, by observing that order, I should tye myself up to the unnecessary task of *translating on*, just as the book directed me; though the choice I have made has been purely accidental, without any immediate regard to the particular merit of each play. For this reason the reader must not expect to find, in the volumes now presented him, a select collection or *chief d'œuvres* of our author's works: the learned reader will be sensible, that as many, if not more, which are equally admired, among our

* It was thought proper to take that account of him, which was the most ancient.

author's

As mention is often made in our Author's Comedies of the following Coins, it was thought proper to prefix here COOKE'*s Table of Sums in* Attic *Money, with their Proportion to* English *Money.*

OBOLI.		l.	s.	d.	q.
1	- - -	00	00	01	1 $\frac{1}{6}$
2	- - -	00	00	02	2 $\frac{1}{3}$
3	- - -	00	00	03	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	- - -	00	00	05	0 $\frac{2}{3}$
5	- - -	00	00	06	1 $\frac{5}{6}$
6	equal to a *Drachma*	00	00	07	3

DRACHMAE.					
1	- - -	00	00	07	3
10	- - -	00	06	05	2
100	equal to a *Mina*	03	04	07	0

MINAE.					
1	- - -	03	04	07	0
10	- - -	32	05	10	0
20	- - -	64	11	08	0
60	equal to a *Talent*	193	15	00	0

TALENTA.					
1	- - -	193	15	00	0
5	- - -	968	15	00	0
10	- - -	1937	10	00	0
15	- - -	2906	05	00	0
20	- - -	3875	00	00	0
100	- - -	19375	00	00	0

Terence mentions the *Half Mina* in his *Adelphi*, which was a single coin, in proportion to 01 12 03 2

The *Obolus* was brass, the rest were silver.

author's twenty plays, are to follow; and it is intended to complete the whole with all poſſible expedition, if the deſign ſhould happen to meet with the approbation of the public.

As for the notes, they would perhaps have been fuller, with reſpect to the conduct of our author as a dramatic writer, if I had not intended a particular diſſertation on that point, but which cannot with propriety appear, till the whole of the tranſlation is completed. I ſhall then examine into the reſpective merits of our author and TERENCE, between whom there is not perhaps ſo much difference, but that we may apply to them the words of TERENCE, in his prologue to the *Andrian*,

Qui utramvis rectè nôrit ambas noverit :
Non ita diſſimili ſunt argumento, ſed tamen
Diſſimili oratione ſunt factæ ac ſtilo.

Know one, and you know both; in argument
Leſs different than in ſentiment and ſtile.

COLMAN.

I have thought it neceſſary, for the ſatisfaction of the leſs learned reader, to add ſome notes, which thoſe who are converſant in the ancient writings might deem ſuperfluous; and though I do not mean directly to write for

ſchools,

ſchools, I have had them in my view, where I have quoted ſome peculiar or remarkable expreſſion or paſſage of my original; and ſometimes I have done it in order to juſtify me to the learned reader in the uſe of ſome common expreſſion or phraſe in our own tongue.

I have followed no particular edition of our author; but where there have been various readings, I have always prefer'd that which ſeemed to me the moſt ſimple and leaſt forced. It is true, indeed, there are ſome paſſages, the ſenſe of which it is hardly poſſible to determine, and of which we may almoſt ſay with our author in his *Pœnulus*, ar *Carthaginian*,

Iſti quidem herclè orationi Oedipo
Opus conjectore eſt, Sphyngi qui interpres fuit:

If in theſe I ſhould happen to be miſtaken, I can only plead in excuſe, that I find the commentators as much puzzled as myſelf; and I cannot help frequently crying out, after having conſulted them,

Incertior ſum multò quàm dudum. TER. PHORM.

I'm more uncertain
Now than I was before. COLMAN.

I flatter myſelf, that a tranſlation of PLAUTUS may be acceptable at leaſt to the *Engliſh* reader,

reader, as he has never appeared entire in our tongue. *Echard, indeed, has given us a tranſlation of the three plays, which had been ſelected by Madam *Dacier*. † *Cooke* publiſhed propoſals for a complete tranſlation of our author, and has printed one play, the *Amphitryon*, in *Latin* and *Engliſh*. There is likewiſe an old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of our author, by W. W. printed in 1595, in the collection of Mr. *Garrick*, of which I ſhall take further notice, when I come to that play. Theſe are in proſe; and how little ſoever I may appear to go beyond them in other points, I have at leaſt one conſiderable advantage over them, from the new and elegant mode of tranſlation in familiar blank verſe, which Mr. *Colman* ſo happily hit upon in his TERENCE; the propriety and uſe of which he has ſo fully ſet forth in his preface to that work, as makes it needleſs for me to ſay any thing here concerning it.

As I profeſs to give nothing more than a *tranſlation* of my author, it is neceſſary to men-

* *Echard* has palpably tranſlated from the *French* more than from his original author. His ſtile beſides is courſe and indelicate, and while he aims at being familiar, he is commonly low and vulgar.

† *Cooke* ſeems to have intended his edition merely for the uſe of learners.

tion

tion ſome peculiarities in his manner, which may appear ſtrange to the *Engliſh* reader. Thoſe who can read and reliſh him in the original, will be ſenſible how much theſe peculiarities are againſt the tranſlator, who, while he is obliged to be faithful to his author, is obliged likewiſe to take upon himſelf in ſome meaſure his author's faults. But that I may not be thought to palliate or exaggerate theſe his ſeeming defects, I ſhall extract part of what is ſaid on this point by *M. Gueudeville*, in his preface to a tranſlation of our author's plays.

" *Plautus* (ſays he) like all great men, is not without his exceptions. He has an unbounded inclination to **moralizing* on every thing in his way. An affectation perhaps of knowing every thing, and of making a parade of that knowledge, often leads him into ſuch perplexity and obſcurity in his reflections, as have baffled the pains and endeavours of his commentators to make them intelligible.

* A remarkable inſtance of this may be ſeen in the *Treaſure*, where *Staſimus*, a ſervant, who declares himſelf in great haſte, ſtands ſtill to *moralize*, while *Charmides*, an old gentleman juſt returned from abroad, inſtead of going home directly, waits patiently to overhear him. It may be obſerved, however, that if *Plautus* ſometimes indulges in an affectation of *moralizing*, though

"Neither is his propenſity to the *equivoque leſs pardonable :---he is often playing upon words; but in a manner ſo low and inſipid, that good taſte is ſurfeited even to nauſeating. One of theſe muſt have been the caſe; either the old *Romans* were a ſet of ſuch jolly fellows, that a little whuld make them laugh, or elſe our author had as much of the *low* as of the *high* in his judgment. . . .

"Is not our author alſo cenſurable for his †*indecencies*? In my opinion he can in this be no otherwiſe excuſed, than by ſuppoſing that

though out of character and ſeaſon, yet the excellence of the ſentiment makes ample amends for the improper introduction of it.

* The tranſlator has no other apology to make for ſome *puns*, which may poſſibly appear forced to the *Engliſh* reader, but that he thought it requiſite to expreſs as well as he could the manner of his original.

† Though it muſt be confeſſed, that *Plautus* juſtly labours under cenſure in this particular, yet he is not nearly ſo offenſive as has been generally imagined. The editor of the Delphin edition of our author has rejected ſcarce above five pages in the whole, out of twenty plays, upon this account; and many paſſages, even in theſe, would hardly offend the moſt ſcrupulous ear. It is true, indeed, the commentators have been often remarkably induſtrious in finding out alluſions, which do not appear from the plain and obvious meaning of the context. The tranſlator, however, has thought it his indiſpenſable duty to ſuppreſs or ſoften every circumſtance and expreſſion, that might be exceptionable to the *Engliſh* reader.

in

in ſo doing he conformed himſelf to the unpoliſhed taſte of the age he lived in. It is probable, that the *Romans* were not then arrived at elegance in point of delicacy: much leſs polite than they became afterwards, their ears with pleaſure attended to indecent expreſſions and immodeſt words . . .

"Another fault of our author is, that he abounds in *tautology* and needleſs repetitions. His thoughts are often like flowers hid under a multiplicity of weeds: they are like fruit, which the quantity of ſurrounding leaves obſcures the beauty of. Too liable to repeat the ſame phraſe and the ſame word, one might ſay he liked the produce of his thoughts too well not to give it more than once; or he imagined his readers and his audience had too limited a diſcernment to underſtand them at once . . .

"But what gives me the moſt concern is the little regard he has to **probability*. Inſtead of meaſuring the time by the duration of the action which ought to fill it up, he is thinking of nothing but the action itſelf, and often ſuppoſes

* The ſeeming want of *probability*, in many of our author's ſcenes, has been often owing to a wrong diviſion of the acts, which have been attempted to be rectified in this tranſlation.

things

things to be done, the execution of which necessarily demands a long space of time. A person goes to the market-place, does his business, and returns again in a minute or two; another, in as short a space of time, marches over a whole town to find his man. Twenty other examples of this kind might be produced . . .

"But in the article of *probability* there is one instance extremely disagreeable. On the stage you see †messengers of good news; they usually come from the port; they run quite out of breath to declare the arrival of a father, an husband, or a son of those who are in expectation of them with the utmost impatience. And what do these *Mercuries*, when they are talking of the hast they are in? 'Tis pleasant to think of it:---they bawl out, that every one should make room for them; they tell you frankly, they will knock down every impertinent fellow that shall be rash enough to obstruct them in

† It is remarkable, that this very circumstance appears to be ridiculed by our author himself, in the beginning of the second act of *Amphitryon*, where *Mercury* comes in running, and says,

Stand by, make room, all clear the way before me,
Nor any be so bold to stop my speed.—
Why may not I, who am a deity,
Have the same license as a slave in comedies,
With threats to bid the people clear the way? &c.

their

their paſſage ; . . . yet theſe very meſſengers that quake for fear leſt they ſhould not arrive in time, give themſelves leiſure to review all that come in their way . . .

" Another defect I paſs over, which is, § *confounding the repreſentation with the action.* The actor ſometimes ſpeaks in his own perſon and in character at the ſame time : in the middle of the ſpeech he tells you, that he is not what he appears to be; joining his own perſonal qualifications with his part, and with the character he is perſonating." . . .

Thus far *M. Gueudeville,* who, however, concludes with ſaying, that " all the ſhades of PLAUTUS do not cloud over the brightneſs of his ſunſhine : all his irregularities caſt no veil on his original beauties."

To the above it may be proper to add, for the information of the *Engliſh* reader, another circumſtance, which may ſeem ſtrange to him, on account of the difference between the ancient and modern ſtages.— " Some (ſays *Echard* in his preface to TERENCE, as quoted by Mr.

§ This is remarkable in the Prologue, and ſeveral ſcenes of *Amphitryon.*

Colman)

Colman, object, that in the beginning of many ſcenes two actors enter the ſtage, and talk to themſelves a conſiderable time, before they ſee or know one another; which, ſay they, is neither probable nor natural. They, that object this, do not conſider the difference between our ſmall ſcanty ſtage, and the large magnificent *Roman* theatres: their ſtage was ſixty yards wide in front; their ſcenes ſo many ſtreets meeting together, with by-lanes, rows and allies; ſo that two actors coming down two diſtinct ſtreets or lanes, could not be ſeen by each other, though the ſpectators might ſee both; and ſometimes, if they did ſee each other, they could not well diſtinguiſh faces at ſixty yards diſtance. Beſides, on ſeveral accounts, it might well be ſuppoſed, when an actor enters on the ſtage, out of ſome houſe, he might take a turn or two under the porticoes, uſual at that time, about his door, and not obſerve another actor on the other ſide of the ſtage."---Theſe obſervations, relative to TERENCE, are no leſs neceſſary to be remembered with reſpect to our author; and I cannot too much caution the modern reader, conſtantly to bear in mind the extent and ſcenical decoration of the antient ſtage. Without this it will be impoſſible to reconcile many particulars, that conſtantly occur, to any kind of probability.

 Having

Having already declared, that I profess to give nothing more than a direct *translation* of my author, I shall only add, that the *English* reader will not, I hope, be displeased at my adhering so strictly to the sense of the original with respect to those customs, manners, ceremonies, *&c.* which differ from the modern.§ In other respects, universal nature is and has been so much the same in all ages and countries, that the characters, dispositions, and passions of men, as set forth by our author, will be found very nearly to resemble those of the present times.

§ What Mr *Colman* says with regard to his translation of TERENCE's Comedies, is no less applicable to a translation of the Comedies of our author.—"The *English* reader is desired "to observe, that the manners, prevailing in them all, are wholly "*Grecian*. The scene is laid in or near *Athens*, the actors were "dressed in *Grecian* habits, suitable to their respective characters: "and the customs, coins, *&c.* occasionally mentioned, such as "were used in *Greece*. TERENCE, who imitated, rather than "translated *Menander*, chose however to preserve the scenery and "manners of his original. The *direct translator* of TERENCE, "therefore, has certainly no right to modernize his Comedies, "and instead of *Grecian* manners to substitute the *French*, *English*, "or *Italian*. Yet this has been the method pursued by most "professed translators, though necessarily productive of two "great inconveniences: for first, it deprives the modern reader "of the pleasure of directly comparing the manners and customs of another age and country with those of his own; and "and secondly, the ground of the play, the fable, characters, "sentiments, and language, still retaining the ancient cast, the "result of this modernizing spirit is a fantastical medley, which "represents the manners and customs of no age or country at all."—It may, however, be observed, that our author, who follows the *Grecian* models, very often confounds the *Roman* customs *and manners with the Grecian.*

To

To the READER.

AT the time the late Mr THORNTON advertised, that he was preparing for the press a translation of the Comedies of PLAUTUS, I had myself translated several Comedies of that author into prose. These were the *Aulularia*, *Rudens*, *Epidicus*, *Cistellaria*, *Mostellaria*, *Stichus*, almost the whole of the *Trinummus*, with a small part of the *Menæchmi*. I had also made no inconsiderable progress in the *Captivi*, in the same kind of familiar blank verse which Mr COLMAN had adopted in his deservedly admired translation of TERENCE, and Mr THORNTON intended in his of PLAUTUS. This I communicated to him; who, after I had compleated the translation in the same manner, accepted of the *Captivi* with the notes, and printed it with his own translations, and that of the *Mercator* by Mr COLMAN, in the first edition of this work. Had he lived to

have continued it, he intended to have inſerted in his next publication, my tranſlation of the *Moſtellaria*, which for that purpoſe was new written by me in the ſame kind of familiar blank verſe, and put into his hands not long before his death.

This ſecond edition, in regard to the memory of my deceaſed friend, I have undertaken to reviſe and correct, the *Mercator* by Mr COLMAN excepted. I have made no change in what Mr THORNTON had tranſlated, a very few words only excepted, the alteration of which had been ſubmitted to him and approved of. I have alſo inſerted in their proper places, the corrections mentioned in his table of *Erratà*. In my own tranſlation of the *Captivi*, ſome alterations have been made, I truſt for the better; and ſome addition to the former notes, as well as ſome new ones, more fully to explain and illuſtrate the author.

Among the papers of the deceaſed tranſlator, have been found the firſt two acts of the *Menæchmi*, with the *Prologue*; and the whole firſt act, with the firſt ſcene, and ſomewhat more of the ſecond act of the *Epidicus*. Theſe are put into my hands. And as the admirers of PLAU-

TUS,

TUS, by the unhappy loſs of a gentleman, who had ſhewn himſelf in all reſpects equal to ſo difficult an undertaking, have been deprived of a continuation of the work by ſo able a hand, they are deſired to accept of it from one much inferior; which I therefore propoſe to give the Publick, preſerving all that Mr. THORNTON had left, and adding notes.

This continuation ſhall be printed in the ſame ſize, with the ſame letter, and on the ſame paper, as the preſent edition.

RICHARD WARNER.

Woodford Row, Eſſex.
July 15, 1769.

THE

LIFE

OF

M. ACCIUS PLAUTUS,

TRANSLATED FROM

PETRUS CRINITUS.*

MARCUS ACCIUS PLAUTUS was born in *Sarsina*, a town in *Umbria*†. This he himself intimates in his ‡ *Mostellaria*; and other ancient authors men-

* *Petrus Crinitus.*] *Pietro Crinito*, a *Florentine*, who lived about the year 1304.

† It now retains the same name; and lies in the territory of *Romagna*, part of the Pope's dominions.

‡ *In his* Mostellaria.] Act III. Scene II. V. 83.

Quid, Sarsinatis *ecqua est, si* Umbram *non habes?*

This cannot at present be well explained, but will be taken notice of, when that play comes in its turn to be translated. It is a quibble on the word *Umbra*, signifying shade, or a woman of *Umbria* the country above-mentioned.

How any one should conceive, that *Plautus* herein meant to insinuate, from what is said in character by one of the persons of the drama, that he himself was born at the place mentioned, seems very strange. It might with as much reason be supposed, that he meant to tell us he was an *Ephesian*, from the following line in his *Braggard Captain*.

—Ephesi *sum natus, non in* Apulis, *non in* Umbriâ,

—I'm right *Ephesian* born and bred

Not an *Apulian*, or an *Umbrian*.

tion

tion the ſame. It is certain, that he was living at *Rome*, and in great reputation as a dramatick poet, when the famous * *Pub. Scipio Fulvius Nobilior*, and *M. Cato* were in high eſteem.

He was a man of excellent wit and humour; of which, among other inſtances, his Comedies, full of both, are an undoubted proof. *A. Gellius*, in his *Noctes Atticæ*, has expatiated on his learning, and concerning his comedies in particular. Upon the authority of *Varro* we learn, that he ſpent all his money in the ſervice of the theatre, and thereby reduced himſelf to extreme poverty. On this account he was obliged to retire to his native town, and there, to get a livelihood, placed himſelf in the ſervice of a baker, working at thoſe mills, which were turned by the hand, and which *Jerome* therefore calls *hand-mills*.† While he was at this laborious employment,

* *Fulvius Nobilior* was *Prætor* in *Spain*, and afterwards Conſul. A. U. C. 561. and *M. Cato* was *Cenſor*, A, U. C. 549.

† Of our author's engaging in this ſervile employment, we have among others, an authority from *Minucius Felix*; who in his elegant Dialogue in defence of Chriſtianity, called *Octavius*, puts a ſneer into the mouth of *Cæcilius* his advocate for Paganiſm, againſt his antagoniſt *Octavius*, relative to his taking up this ſervile employment.

—*Quid ad hæc audet Octavius, homo Plautinæ proſapiæ, ut piſtorum præcipuus, ità peſtremus philoſophorum?*

CAP. 14.

"What anſwer will *Octavius* give to this, man of the tribe of "PLAUTUS, this firſt of bakers, but laſt of philoſophers."

it is ſaid he wrote ſome comedies; the names of two are, ‡ *Saturio* and *Addictus*.

M. Varro, in his treatiſe on the comedies of PLAUTUS, has informed us, (and as *A. Gellius* has mentioned the ſame, it may not be improper to tranſcribe his words) that there were about an hundred and thirty comedies extant under his name. But the learned *Lælius* was of opinion, that twenty-five only were to be attributed to him, and that the reſt were not his, but the production of ſome old poets, as *Marcus Accius*, or *Caius Plautius*; and the miſtake might be owing to their having been called *Plautianæ Fabulæ*, comedies of *Plautius*, not *Plautinæ Fabulæ*, comedies of *Plautus*.

But yet, as antient authors reckon up twenty comedies of *Plautus*, it is neceſſary the reader ſhould be informed, that beſides the twenty (which the grammarians have unanimouſly agreed to be wrote by him) *A. Gellius* mentions three more, the names of which are, *Boethia*, *Nervularia*, and *Fretum*. *Varro* and *Sex. Pompeius* ſpeaks of many others, the names of which were, *Artamon*, *Frivolaria*, *Phago*, *Ceſtrio*, and *Aſtrabas*, all which they give to our author. *A. Gellius* and *Nonius* ſpeak doubtfully in regard to *Aſtrabas*.

‡ Saturio *and* Addictus.] Of theſe there are only a ſmall fragment or two preſerved.

In

In his comedies, he copied after the *Greek* authors *Demophilus* and *Philemon*, as alſo *Epicharmus* of *Sicily*, as * *Horace* informs us: and he was thought to have excelled ſo much in elegance and pleaſantry, that *Epius* [meaning *Ælius*] *Stolo* made no ſcruple of affirming, that "if the *Muſes* were to ſpeak in *Latin*, "they would make uſe of the language of PLAU-"TUS." This we have from † *Quintilian*; on which account that excellent critick, *A. Gellius*, calls him the father and chief of every ſpecies of elegance in the *Latin* tongue: and ‡ *Volcatius Sedigitus*, when he is

* *As* Horace *informs us.*] Firſt Epiſtle of his ſecond Book, V. 58.

Dicitur ————————
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi.

Plautus as rapid in his plots appears
As *Epicharmus.* ———— FRANCIS.

† *This we have from* Quintilian.] It is in his treatiſe *de Inſtitutione Oratoriâ*, Book X. Chapter I. "*In comœdiâ maximè* "*claudicamus: licet Varro dicat* Muſas *Ælii Stolonis ſententiâ* "Plautino ſermone locuturas fuiſſe, ſi Latinè loqui vellent."

"In comedy we are greatly deficient, tho' *Varro* is of the ſame "opinion with *Ælius Stilo*, in ſaying, that if the Muſes were to "ſpeak in *Latin*, they would make uſe of the language of PLAU-"TUS."

‡ *Volcatius Sedigitus.*] He flouriſhed about the time of the *Veſpaſians*, and is commended by *Pliny* the elder, in his Natural Hiſtory. Book II. chap. 43. and *A. Gellius*, for his learning.

The reader may not be diſpleaſed to ſee his account of it; I ſhall therefore tranſcribe and tranſlate it.

SEDIGITUS *in libro quem ſcripſit de poetis, quid de iis ſentiat qui comœdias fecerunt, et quem ex omnibus præſtare ceteris putet; ac deinceps quo quemque in loco et honore ponat, hic verſibus ſuis demonſtrat.*

Multos

treating of the rank of the ſeveral comic writers, places our author next to *Cæcilius*, and gives him the preference over all the reſt.

Multos incertos certare hanc rem vidimus
Palmam poetæ comico cui deferant.
Eum meo judicio errorem diſſolvam tibi :
Ut contra ſiquis ſentiat nihil ſentiat.
CÆCILIO *palmam* STATIO *do comico.*
PLAUTUS *ſecundus facile exſuperat ceteros.*
Dein NÆVIUS *qui fervet pretio in tertio eſt.*
Si erit, quod quarto detur, dabitur LICINIO.
Poſt inſequi Licinium, facio ATTILIUM.
In ſexto ſequitur hos loco TERENTIUS.
TURPILIUS *ſeptimum,* TRABEA *octavum obtinet.*
Nono loco eſſe facilè facio LUSCIUM.
Decimum addo, cauſa antiquitatis, ENNIUM.
A. GELLIUS. Noctes Atticæ. L. 15. C. 24.

In theſe verſes, *Sedigitus*, in a book of his concerning poets, declares his opinion of thoſe who had written Comedies; whom, in his opinion, excelled all the reſt, and then in what rank, and in what point of eſtimation each of them might be placed.

" Many we've ſeen in doubt in this affair;
" And, differing in opinion where to fix,
" On whom to give the prize as comic poet.
" I'll now, without reſerve communicate
" Wherein, in my opinion, they're miſtaken;
" That thoſe who think not with me, may be judged
" To think nought to the purpoſe. I then place
" The firſt in comedy *Cæcilius Statius.*
" *Plautus* no queſtion claims the ſecond place.
" *Nævius*'s fervid genius ranks the third.
" If any claims the fourth, it is *Licinius.*
" *Licinius* well is followed by *Attilius.*
" And the ſixth rank is occupied by *Terence.*
" *Turbilius* claims the ſeventh, the eighth *Trabea.*
" In the ninth place, with eaſe I *Lucius* rank.
" And, as I reverence antiquity,
" To make a tenth, I add one more, old *Ennius.*"

He

He had his name from his * *broad* or *splay feet*; for, as we are informed by *Sextus Pompeius*, he was at first called *Marcus Plotus*. Hence a sort of buskin, were called *semiplotia*. But of this we have given an account in its proper place.

The time of his death † is said to have been a few years after that of *Quintus Ennius*, in the 145th *Olympiad*; and the loss the publick sustained by that event is recorded in the following ‡ verses, written by our poet upon himself.

Postquam est morte captus PLAUTUS,
Comœdia luget, scena est deserta,
Deinde risus, ludus jocusque et numeri
Innumeri simul omnes collacrymarunt.

* *Broad or splay-feet*,] From πλατος, which signifies broad.

† *The time of his death*.] According to *Pareus*, he died at *Rome* in the year of the world 3788, before *Christ* 182, in the third year of the 149th *Olympiad*. *Pareus* adds, that he died in the prime of his life, having scarce attained the 40th year of his age.

‡ *Verses*.] It may seem strange, that *Plautus* should have composed an Epitaph on Himself: we have it, however, on the authority of *A. Gellius*, who expresly cites *Varro* for it.

Dr. *Crusius* has translated, or rather imitated this, as follows:

Wit, Laughter, Jests, and all the train that use
T' adorn the scene, and grace the Comic Muse,
Forsook the Stage, at *Plautus'* death to mourn,
And harmony undone sat weeping o'er his Urn.

As

AMPHITRYON.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

JUPITER, *disguised like* AMPHITRYON.

MERCURY, *disguised like* SOSIA.

AMPHITRYON, *General of the* THEBANS.

BLEPHARO, *Pilot of a ship.*

SOSIA, *Servant to* AMPHITRYON.

ALCMENA, *Wife to* AMPHITRYON.

BROMIA, *her Attendant.*

THESSALA, *the same.*

SCENE, *THEBES,*

Before AMPHITRYON'S *House.*

P R O L O G U E.

MERCURY, *disguised like* SOSIA.

AS ye would have me in your merchandisings,
Buyings and sellings, prosper you with gain,
And forward you in all your undertakings;
As ye would have me turn to your advantage
All your concerns in business, and accounts, 5
At home here, and abroad; as ye would wish,
That I should crown your ventures now on foot,
Or which shall be hereafter, with encrease

Prologue.] This prologue is so very different from that which led *Hamlet* to ask, "*Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?*" that I fear it will appear to the reader as dull and tedious as a "*tale told by an idiot.*" In the very first introductory lines there is a repetion of the same sentiment over and over again (a fault indeed too common in our author) besides a most glaring inconsistency in *Mercury*'s declaring (*v.* 13.) that the audience knew his attributes as a god, though he is disguised as a slave, and thinks himself under the necessity afterwards (*v.* 20.) to *tell his name.* There follows a strange jumble concerning the characters of *Mercury* and *Jupiter* as deities, and as actors in their own proper persons. Such a confusion of reality and fiction is, however, not uncommon in our author, who frequently makes his characters, in the very middle of the play, address the audience, as he does repeatedly in this very play.

Moliere, in his *Amphitryon* borrowed from this play, has made a pretty use of a dialogue in *Lucian*, which gave him the hint of a very suitable prologue. He introduces *Mercury* in a cloud, calling to *Night* as she is passing in her carriage; and a dialogue ensues betwixt them, in which the god acquaints her with the

 order

Of fair, and ample, and continual gain;
As ye would have me be the messenger 10
Of good to you and yours, and tidings bring
Such as shall most advance your common interest;
(For well ye know, that by the other gods
'Tis giv'n me to preside o'er news and trade)
As ye would have my favour in these points, 15
Still to supply you with perpetual gain;
So shall ye silently attend this play,

order of *Jupiter*, that she should stop her career, while he is enjoying *Alcmena*. *Dryden* has in some measure followed *Moliere*, but with less elegance; for he has made this the business of most part of his first act, instead of entering at once upon the subject by introducing *Sosia* as in the *Latin* and *French*, which in the *English* is postponed to the opening of the second act. Besides, he brings in not only *Mercury* and *Night*, but *Phœbus* also, and *Jupiter*, for no other purpose, as it should seem, but that of eking out.

I cannot forbear mentioning a sorry witticism, as it appears to me, at the end of *Moliere*'s prologue, where *Mercury* at parting says, *Bon-jour, la Nuit*, which *Dryden* nearly copies, "*Good night, Night.*"

Echard, who has translated this play, gives an odd reason why the prologue is spoken by *Mercury*. It is "because (says he) "it would not have been so *probable* for another person to have "been abroad at that time of night;"—as if *probability* was at all consulted.

V. 9.] *Epignomus*, (as is observed by the commentators) in the *Stichus* of our author, Act III. Scene I. returns thanks to *Mercury* on this very account.

—— —— *Mercurio, qui me in mercimoniis*
Juvit, lucrisque qradruplificavit rem meam.
—— To *Mercury*
Who aided me in traffick, and encreas'd
My stock four-fold.

So

So ſhall ye all be fair and upright judges.
By whoſe command, and wherefore I am come,
I'll now relate, and likewiſe tell my name. 20
I come by *Jove*'s command : my name is *Mercury*.
My ſire has ſent me to implore your favour,
Though by his pow'r he knew he could perforce
Conſtrain you ſo to act as he ſhould order;
For he is not to learn how much ye fear 25
And reverence this high *Jove*, as is your duty :
Yet has he order'd me with mild petition
To uſe entreaty, and in gentle terms ;
For that ſame *Jove*, by whoſe command I come,
Has not leſs dread of harm than any of you : 30
Nor is it marvellous that he ſhould fear,
Born of an human ſire, an human mother :

V. 9.] *Mercury* here drops his godſhip, and talks of the actor, who was to play the character of *Jupiter*, and of himſelf as mere mortals, who were afraid of meeting with an ill reception from the audience, and being conſequently puniſhed. [See the next note.] Madam *Dacier* calls this a *pleaſant* paſſage ; but the mere modern reader, I am afraid, will ſcarcely be induced to look upon it in any other light than as an abſurdity.

V. 30. *Harm.*] *Malum.* The *Latin* word, as commentators agree, implies the puniſhment, which was inflicted upon actors, (as they were ſlaves) who did not perform their parts to ſatisfaction. *Malum* is often uſed by our author as meaning corporal puniſhment.

If I might be pardoned, I ſhould be led, from conſidering the ſervile condition of the actors of former times, to conjecture how *Terence*, who was originally a ſlave, came afterwards to be a writer of comedies, and ſuch excellent ones too. He was perhaps employed about the ſtage, and even an actor on it : as we owe our own *Shakeſpeare* to his having been in a like ſituation. But I throw this out merely as a conjecture.

And

And I too, even I, who am *Jove*'s ſon,
Have of my father caught the dread of harm:
Therefore in peace I come, and bring you peace. 35
I would entreat of you what's juſt and eaſy:
For I am come a ſupplicant from one
That's juſt himſelf, ſent juſtly to the juſt:
For to require what's unjuſt from the juſt,
Is unbecoming; and to aſk what's juſt 40
From the unjuſt is folly, ſince they neither
Know what is right, nor pay obſervance to it.
Now lend attention to my words. Our will
Should be your will: we both have well deſerv'd,
I and my ſire, of you and your republic. 45
And wherefore ſhould I mention that I've ſeen
In tragedies how other deities,
Neptune to wit, *Virtue*, and *Victory*,
Mars and *Bellona*, have with boaſts recounted
The good that they have done you? all which benefits 50
My father wrought, the ruler of the gods:
But it was never yet a cuſtom with him

V. 35.] It muſt be confeſſed, that *Plautus* too often trifles in playing with words, as he does notoriouſly in this paſſage.

V. 37. *A ſupplicant.*] The *Latin* word is *Orator*. *Cooke*, who has tranſlated this play, inſiſts that *Orator* here means *Ambaſſador*, as in the prologue to the *Step-Mother*, and alſo the *Self-Tormentor*, of *Terence*, where Mr. *Colman* differs from him, and rightly tranſlates it in both places *Pleader*; for which ſee his reaſons. In this place neither one nor the other is proper, as is plain from the preceding line.

Juſtam rem et facilem eſſe oratam *a vobis volo*,

and ſeveral others, where *orare* and *oro* are mentioned.

V. 43.] *Mercury* here reſumes his character of a deity.

To

To twit the good with any good he did :
He thinks your gratitude repays his kindness,
And that ye well deserve the good he does you. 55
Now what I'm come to ask I'll first premise,
Then tell the argument of this our tragedy.
Why are your brows contracted ? Is't because
A tragedy I call'd it ? I'm a god,
And I will change it, if it be your pleasure ; 60
I will convert it from a tragedy
To comedy, the verses still the same.
Would ye it so, or not ? But I'm a fool !
As though I did not know, who am a god,
What ye would have. Your minds I understand, 65
Respecting this affair.—It shall be so ;
Our play shall have a proper mixture in it,
So shall it be a Tragi-comedy.

V. 68.] This is the only mention made (as I believe) in any ancient author, of that *mixed* kind of play, which is here called Tragi-comedy, or rather Tragico-comedy ; and the reason given for that appellation is, that the highest characters, even of gods, as well as the lowest, were introduced in it : (perhaps, indeed, this is the only play of the kind, that was ever produced.) But without this reason, the distresses of *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*, with the comical humours of *Sosia* and *Mercury*, might give it a fair title to this appellation, even according to the modern acceptation of the term ; as it is not necessary that a tragedy should end unhappily, or that any of the characters should come to an untimely end.

Dryden, in his *Amphitryon*, has thought proper to distinguish the serious from the comic parts, by giving the first in verse, and the other in prose ; which, I fear, in the latter part, has too often led him into such low and farcical stuff, as neither his *Latin* nor his *French* original betrayed him into.

For

For, as I think, it is not right in me
To make it wholly comedy, where kings 70
And gods are introduc'd. What then remains?
Why, ſince there is a ſlave in't plays a part,
I'll make it, as I ſaid, a Tragi-comedy.
Now *Jove* has order'd me to beg of you,
That the inſpectors, each of them, may go 75
Among the audience into all the ſeats
Throughout the theatre; and if they find
Any ſuborn'd and planted partially
To clap an actor, let them take their gowns
Upon the ſpot as lawful perquiſites. 80
Further, if any ſhould the palm ſolicit
For a performer, or whatever artiſt,
Or by themſelves, by writing, or by meſſage;
Or if the *Ædiles* ſhould the prize decree,
In violation of their oath, unjuſtly; 85
Jove has commanded, that the ſelf-ſame law
Be put in force againſt them, as if any one
Should ſeek by indirection to obtain
An office in the ſtate, or for himſelf,
Or for another. You, he ſaid, were conquerors 90

V. 75, *Inſpectors.*] *Conquiſitores.* Theſe were perſons appointed to go about the theatres, to diſcover whether there were any hired to applaud this or that actor. The reaſon for employing ſuch officers was, becauſe he who performed his part beſt had a reward paid him by the *Ædiles*, who were upon oath to give the reward without partiality. *Cooke.*

This note will explain ſeveral paſſages that follow.

V. 82. *Artiſt.*] *Artifici*, that is, *Scenico*, meaning any one employed in the repreſentation, whether actor, ſinger, dancer, or muſician.

Through

Through worth, not by ambition, or by perfidy.
Why ſhould the law leſs hold againſt the player,
Than the chief perſons in the common-wealth ?
From merit, not by favour, we ſhould ſeek
To gain the prize. He who acquits him well 95
Will find enough to favour him, if they
Are honeſt, to whoſe hands th' affair is truſted.
This likewiſe has my father giv'n in charge,
That there ſhould be inſpectors o'er the players ;
So that if any of them ſhould ſuborn 100
A party to applaud them, or prevent
By unfair practices another's pleaſing,
Their dreſſes may be ſtript from off their backs,
And ſkin too in the bargain. Wonder not,
That *Jove* concerns him now about the Actors : 105
Himſelf will play a part in this our comedy.
Why ſhould ye be amaz'd, as though it were
A thing unheard of until now, that *Jove*
Should turn a ſtage-player ? Upon this ſtage,
'Tis but a year ſince,—when the actors call'd 110

V. 103.] *Ornamenta et* corium *conciderent*. Meaning the puniſhment of flogging to be inflicted on them : tho' ſome interpret *corium* to ſignify *coriacea perſona*, the maſk made of leather.

The whole preceding paſſage is curious, as it informs us of the extraordinary precautions taken by the *Romans* to prevent undue influence, or unfair practices, in obtaining or beſtowing the rewards aſſigned to theatrical performers ; though it will not be eaſily conceived by the modern reader, how theſe precaucautions could anſwer the end propoſed : neither have we any information, that I know of, by what rules, or in what manner the deciſion was made. It is certain, that in modern theatres ſuch regulations would be to no purpoſe.

On

Made new; and therefore do I come apparell'd
In a new fashion. *Jupiter* my father
Is now within, chang'd to *Amphitryon*'s form; 145
And all the slaves, that see him, think he is
The same, so readily he shifts his shape,
Whene'er his godship pleases. And I too
Have taken on myself a servant's form,
The form of *Sosia*, he who went from hence 150
Together with *Amphitryon* to the army;

The rest of the Commentators, if I am not mistaken, have all of them understood this passage as meaning nothing more than simply making a *new* play upon an *old* story: but it is very well known that the *Latin* comic writers borrowed largely from the *Greek* ones; and *Terence*'s obligations to them are acknowledged in every one of the Prologues to his pieces, as well as our author's in several of his. Besides, it is worth our notice, that the word *Nova* (meaning *Fabula*) is with its declensions frequently and indiscriminately used in the Prologues to *Terence*'s plays, particularly in the first and second to the *Step-Mother* above half a dozen times; and in that to the *Phormio*, where the play is professedly declared to have been taken from the *Greek*, it is said,

Ad porto NOVAM:
Epidicazomenon *quam vocant Comœdiam*
Græci: Latini Phormionem *nominant*;
Quia primas partes qui aget, is erit Phormio.

To-day I bring a NEW play, which the *Greeks*
Call *Epidicazomenon*; the *Latins*,
From the chief character, name *Phormio*. COLMAN.

So also in the Prologue to the *Brothers*.

Synapothescontes *Diphili commœdia est*;
Eam Commorientes *Plautus fecit Fabulam.*
In Græcâ adolescens est, qui lenoni arripit
Meretricem in primâ fabulâ: eum Plautus *locum*
Reliquit integrum: eum hic locum sumpsit sibi
In Adelphos; *verbum de verbo expressum extulit.*
Eam nos acturi sumus NOVAM.

The

That in this guiſe my father I might ſerve
In his amour, and no one of the family
Aſk who I am, when they ſhall ſee me here
Frequent about the houſe; but as they'll think me 155
Their fellow-ſervant, none will queſtion me
Or who I am, or wherefore I came hither.
My father is indulging now within
His heart's deſire, and her, whom moſt he loves,
Claſps in his fond embrace; recounts to her 160

The *Synapotheſcontes* is a piece
By *Diphilus*, a comedy which *Plautus*,
Having tranſlated, call'd *Commorientes*.
In the beginning of the Grecian play
There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce
From a procurer: and this incident,
Untouch'd by *Plautus*, *render'd word for word*,
Has our Bard interwoven with his *Brothers*,
The NEW piece which we repreſent to-day.

COLMAN.

Again, in the Prologue to the *Self-Tormentor*.

Ex integrâ Græcâ integram Comœdiam
Hodie ſum acturus Heautontimoreumenon,
Duplex quæ ex argumento facta eſt ſimplici,
NOVAM *eſſe oſtendi, et quæ eſſet*.

To-day a whole play, wholly from the Greek,
We mean to repreſent, *the Self-Tormentor*;
Wrought from a ſingle to a double plot.
Now therefore, that our comedy is NEW,
And what it is, I've ſhewn.

COLMAN.

I have been the more large in my quotations, in order to ſhew, that *Novam* in this laſt paſſage implies nothing more than it does in other places; and it was want of attention to the common uſe of this word, that led Madam *Dacier* and M. *Diderot*, (as quoted and tranſlated in Mr. *Colman*'s notes) to refine upon it. Madam *Dacier* ſays, "By *Duplex ex argumento facta eſt ſimplici*, "*Terence* meant to ſay, that he had doubled the characters. In-

"ſtead

What was transacted in the army; she,
Mean while, mistakes th' adulterer for her husband.
He tells her how he put the enemies troops
To flight, and that they gave him many gifts.
These gifts, bestow'd upon *Amphitryon*, we 165
Have stolen; for my father can with ease
Do what he will.—Now on this very day
Amphitryon will arrive here from the army,
Together with his slave, whose form I bear.
That ye may then distinguish us more readily. 170
I on my hat these little wings shall wear,

" stead of *one old man, one gallant, one mistress*, as in *Menander*, " he had *two old men*, &c. he therefore adds, very properly, " NOVAM *esse ostendi*,—*That our Comedy is* NEW,—which certain- " ly could not have been implied, had the characters been the " same in the *Greek* poet."—*Diderot* says, " *Terence* pretends, " that having doubled the subject of the *Self-Tormentor*, his " piece is NEW,"—But it is plain the author had no such meaning. It was no otherwise NEW than the *Phormio*, or any other from the *Greek*, in the Prologues to which no improvement is hinted at; and in the Prologue to this very Play, the same expression is used in a general sense, without any particular implication.

Nam nunc NOVAS *qui scribunt, nihil parcunt seni*,
For they, who now produce NEW Comedies,
Spare not my age. COLMAN.

So likewise in the Prologue to the *Casina* of our Author;

Nam nunc NOVÆ *quæ prodeunt Comœdiæ*, &c.
For the NEW Comedies that now come out, &c.

V. 170.] As the ancient Actors wore masks, it was a very easy matter to contrive, that two people should bear an exact resemblance to each other; an advantage that is wanting on the modern stage, whenever these kind of deceptions are introduced on it. Yet surely, if there was a necessity to distinguish one from the other by certain external marks, as in this play, the advantage cannot be thought so very great. In the Prologue to

the

My father, he will bear a golden tuft;
Which mark the right *Amphitryon* will not have:
And no one of the family will be able
To ſee theſe marks; ye only ſhall diſcern them. 175
But *Soſia* yonder comes, *Amphitryon*'s ſlave:
He's from the port, and bears him hitherward,
A lanthorn in his hand: he makes for home,
But I ſhall drive him thence.---So---here he is;
And he will ſoon be knocking at the door. 180
It will be worth your while to mark how *Jove*
And *Mercury* will play the parts of actors.

[Mercury *places himſelf before* Amphitryon'*s door.*

the *Menæchmi* of our Author, (in which there are two twin-brothers, who reſemble each other, like the two *Soſias*, or the two *Amphitryon*'s) no direction is given whereby to diſtinguiſh them; which is certainly more agreeable to propriety.

V. 182.] Can it be believed, that this Prologue, long and tedious as it certainly muſt appear to a modern, will yet be continued, as it were, in the courſe of the Play, as in Act I. Scene II. and that even *Jupiter* will alſo addreſs the audience in much the ſame manner, in Act III. Scene I.

*** Besides the *Amphitryon* of *Moliere*, there is an imitation of this play among the comedies of *Rotrou*. I have likewise seen an old translation of it in *Italian*. Lady *Mary Wortley Montague* gives a very droll account of a *German* play under the same title, which I shall transcribe for the entertainment of my reader. In letter VIII. dated *Vienna*, *Sept.* 14. O. S. After speaking of the operas at *Vienna*, her ladyship proceeds.—

"Their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one play-house, where I had the curiosity to go to a *German* comedy, and was glad it happened to be the story of *Amphitryon*. As that subject has been already handled by a *Latin*, *French*, and *English* poet, I was curious to see what an *Austrian* author could make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it; and, besides, I took with me a lady, that had the goodness to explain to me every word. I thought the house very low and dark; but I confess the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It begun with *Jupiter*'s falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of *Hercules*. But what was most pleasant was, the use *Jupiter* made of his metamorphosis; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of *Amphitryon*, but, instead of flying to *Alcmena* with the raptures Mr. *Dryden* puts in his mouth, he sends for *Amphitryon*'s taylor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a *Jew* of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor *Amphitryon*'s being tormented by these people for their debts. *Mercury* uses *Sosia* in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two *Sosias* very fairly let down their breeches in direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece."

AMPHI-

AMPHITRYON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SOSIA *advances with a Lanthorn.*

IS there a bolder fellow ?—Is there any one
More ſtout of heart than I am ?—I, who know
The humours of our wild young ſparks, yet dare
Walk by myſelf at this late hour of night.
What ſhall I do now, if the watch ſhould ſeize 5

V. 5. *The watch.*] *Treſviri.* Notwithſtanding the ſcene is laid in *Greece*, and the characters are *Græcian*, yet *Plautus* conſtantly alludes to the *Roman* cuſtoms, as *Soſia* is made to do in this place, and a few lines lower, where he talks of *homines octo validi*, "eight ſturdy fellows," which are underſtood by the commentators, to mean the *eight Lictors* that waited on the *Triumviri*, whoſe buſineſs it was to apprehend delinquents, bring them before the magiſtrate, and execute the ſentence paſſed upon them. Madam *Dacier* informs us, that the *Triumviri*, who took care of the ſtreets, &c. at night, were called *Nocturni*, which anſwers to our *Watch*; but ſhe denies, that by "eight ſturdy fellows" are meant the *Lictors* above-mentioned, and in ſupport of her opinion quotes a paſſage from the *Aſinaria* of our author, Act III. Scene II. which to me ſeems to prove the direct contrary.

Ubi ſæpe *cauſam dixeris* pendens *adverſus octo*
Auſtutos audaces *viros*, valentes virgatores.

As how *your cauſe you've often pleaded*,
Hung by the heels, againſt eight harden'd fellows,
Of ſtripes more ſturdy layers-on.

And thruſt me into priſon ?—Why, to-morrow
I ſhall be ſerv'd up from that dainty larder,
And well *dreſt* with a whipping :—not a word
Allow'd me in my own defence ;—no maſter
To take my part ; and ev'ry ſoul will think, 10
I've my deſerts :—So ſhall eight ſturdy fellows
Bethump me like an anvil.—In this ſort
They'll greet me on my coming, thus receive
And entertain me at the public charge !—
Theſe honours has my maſter forc'd upon me, 15
Who ſent me from the port ſo late at night
Againſt my inclination.—Could he not
Have waited till 'twas day-light to diſpatch me ?—
This is the hardſhip of a great man's ſervice,
Wherefore his ſervant leads a plaguy life on't : 20

V. 7.] In the original, *E cellâ promptuariâ depromar ad flagrum.* *Cella promptuaria*, according to *Taubman*, is the place where proviſions or kitchen-utenſils were kept at hand for family uſe. *Soſia* means, that as meat is brought from the pantry to the kitchen, ſo ſhall he be brought from the jail to the whipping-poſt. I have endeavoured to preſerve the alluſion in the beſt manner I could think of, by uſing the equivocal word *dreſt*.

V. 19.] Theſe reflections, which naturally ariſe in *Soſia* at this juncture, are at once juſt and elegant. Yet how coarſely has *Dryden* expreſſed himſelf in imitation of them !—" Well ! the " greateſt plague of a ſerving man is to be hired to ſome great " lord. They care not what drudgery they put upon us, while " they lie lolling at their eaſe a-bed, and ſtretch their lazy " limbs, in expectation of the wh-re we are fetching them." *Echard* in his tranſlation of this paſſage, as *Cooke* has obſerved, is ſtill more groſs and vulgar. Indeed, throughout his whole tranſlation, with a view of rendering our author *comical*, he has made him *black-guard*. *Moliere* has amplificated this paſſage, but it is with decency.

By

By day, by night, there's work enough and more,
That will not let him reſt. The maſter, he
Being free himſelf from labour, thinks his ſlave
Can drudge and drudge ſtill on, whate'er befalls him;
Nay, thinks it juſt, and never counts the toil, 25
Or once conſiders, whether his commands
Are right or wrong. Wherefore in ſervitude
We ſuffer much oppreſſion : yet the burthen
Muſt be endur'd with pain.

MERC. On this account
I have more reaſon ſurely to complain 30
Of ſervitude,—I, who before was free,
Though now my father has me for his ſlave :
This fellow, who was born a ſlave, complains !
But hold—I only am a ſlave in name.

SOS. Stay,—now I think on't, I ſhould thank the gods 35
For my arrival.—Would they recompenſe me
As I deſerve, they ſhould commiſſion ſome one
To welcome me with douſes on the chaps :
For all their goodneſs has been thrown away
On an ungrateful raſcal.

MERC. His deſerts 40
He knows then, which ſuch fellows ſeldom do.

SOS. Well,—To come home in a whole ſkin!—'twas what
I never thought, or any of our people.

V. 34. *A ſlave in name.*] *Sum verò verna verbo.* The common editions have *verbero* here, which is nonſenſe; yet ſome of the commentators have ſtupidly endeavoured to explain it. I find *verbo* in the firſt edition, which gives it [the paſſage] a good meaning. *Cooke.*

The foes ſubdued, our troops are marching homeward,
The war extinguiſh'd and the enemy ſlain,
That wrought ſuch bitter troubles to our *Thebans.* 45
Their town was ſtorm'd and taken by the ſtrength.
And valour of our men, but chief of all
By the command and conduct of *Amphitryon,*
My maſter, who has ſince diſtributed
The booty, lands, and corn among the ſoldiery, 50
And firmly fix'd king *Creon* on his throne.
He has ſent me home before him to acquaint
His lady with the news,—with what command
And conduct he diſcharg'd his public truſt.
Now let me ſtudy how to frame my ſtory.— 55
What if I tell her lies?—I act in character:
For when the armies fought with all their might,
With all my might I ran away. However,
I'll make pretence that I was in the action,
And ſpeak from hearſay.--Well-but in what terms, 60

Ver. 60.] *Soſia* here enters upon the narrative he intended to make, when he came before *Alcmena*; and proceeds to give a particular and minute detail of every tranſaction. The ſolemnity of his introduction, *Soon as we were arrived, &c.* and ſeveral parts of his deſcription, which ſeem affectedly grand, appear indeed to carry an air of ridicule with them; though I muſt confeſs, that for purity and conciſeneſs of expreſſion, exquiſite painting, and even elevated diction without bombaſt or burleſque, this narrative might not perhaps have appeared *outrèe* or miſbecoming even in a *Livy* or a *Lucan.* For this reaſon, I ſuppoſe, *Moliere* has but ſlightly touched upon it, and *Dryden* has entirely paſſed it over. The Frenchman has, however, (and *Dryden* after him) ſubſtituted a circumſtance, which adds life to the repreſentation; that is, in making *Soſia* ſet down his lanthorn, and, addreſſing it as *Alcmena,* carry on a imaginary converſation between them.

What

What method it were beſt to tell my ſtory,
Firſt let me here conſider with myſelf.—
(*After pauſing*) I'll begin thus.—" Soon as we were arriv'd,
And touch'd the earth at landing, ſtrait *Amphitryon*
Picks out the chiefs among the chieftains, ſends them 65
Upon an embaſſy, commanding them
To tell the *Teleboans* this his mind.—
" If without force or war they'd willingly
" Deliver up the plunderers and their plunder,
" If they'd reſtore what they had carried off, 70
" His army forthwith he would homeward lead ;
" The *Greeks* ſhould quit their country, left to them
" In peace and quiet : but if other-minded,
" They ſlighted his demands, he'd then attack
" Their town with all his force."—When his ambaſſadors 75
Had told this to the *Teleboans*, they
Stout-hearted, proud of their own ſtrength, relying
On their own proweſs, roughly chid our delegates.
Their anſwer was, " they could defend themſelves
" And theirs by war, and counſell'd us to lead 80
" Our army back with ſpeed from off their borders."
This anſwer brought by our ambaſſadors,
Amphitryon draws his troops from their encampments,

V. 64. *And touch'd the earth at landing.*] *Terram tetigimus.* It may be proper to obſerve, on account of the *equivoque*, in my tranſlation, that it was a ceremony among the ancients, to *touch* the earth, of which ſee more in a Note on a paſſage in the *Moſtellaria* of our Author, Act II. Scene II.

I cannot help taking notice, that there is a fine apoſtrophe to the Earth in *Shakeſpeare's Richard* II. on his landing in England.

Th

The *Teleboans* theirs from out the town,
Clad in bright arms : and when on either hand 85
The armies had march'd up with all their force,
The ranks were form'd ; we drew up in array
Our men according to our rule and practice ;
The enemy on their part did the ſame.
Both generals then advanc'd before the ranks 90
In the mid ſpace, and there conferr'd together ;
It was agreed, which ever ſhould be vanquiſh'd
In the engagement, ſhould ſurrender up
Their city, lands, gods, houſes, and themſelves.
This done, the trumpets clang on either ſide ; 100
Earth echoes ; ſhouts ariſe ; the generals make
Their pray'r to *Jove*, and here and ev'ry where
Their troops encourage : each man lays about him
To th' utmoſt of his ſtrength ; the faulchions ſmite ;
The lances ſhiver ; and the welkin bellows 105
With th' uproar of the ſoldiers : from their breaths
And pantings riſes a thick cloud : they fall
Oppreſs'd with wounds and violence. At length,
According to our wiſh, our troops prevail :
Faſt fall the foe : we preſs upon them : thus, 110
Fierce in our ſtrength, we conquer'd. Not a man
Yet fled, or ſtarted from his poſt, but each
Fought and maintain'd his ground : they'd ſooner loſe
Their lives than quit their ſtation : each that falls,
Falls where he ſtood, and keeps his rank in death. 115
Amphitryon, ſeeing this, orders the horſe
To charge upon the right : they quick obeying,
With outcries and briſk onſet ruſh upon them,
And tear and trample on the impious foe.

MERC.

MERC. He has not utter'd yet a single word, 120
That is not true; for I myself was present,
So was my father, when they fought this battle.

SOC. The foe betook themselves to flight, which added
New spirit to our men: the *Teleboans*
Had, as thay fled, their bodies fill'd with darts, 125
Amphitryon's self with his own hand cut off
King *Pterelas*'s head. The fight continued
From morn to evening: I the more remember it,
Because I went that day without a dinner.
Night interpos'd at length, and broke it off. 130
Next day the magistrates, all drown'd in tears,
Came to us from the city to our camp;
With cover'd hands intreat us to forgive
Their trespass, and surrender up themselves,
Their city, children, with all things divine 135
And human, to the *Thebans*, all to be
In their possession and at their disposal.
Lastly, my lord *Amphitryon* was presented

V. 126.] How shall we reconcile this, and several preceding passages, to any thing that bears the least resemblance of *humour* or *ridicule?* The account of the *Teleboans* having their bodies stuck full of darts in their flight, is natural and picturesque. *Fletcher*, in his *Two Noble Kinsmen*, has the very same thought improved.

> No more now must we halloo, no more shake
> Our pointed javelins, while the angry boar
> *Flies*, like a *Parthian* quiver, from our rages,
> *Stuck with our well-steel'd darts.*

V. 133. *With cover'd hands.*] *Velatis manibus.* Agreeably to the ceremony used on these occasions.

With

With the gold cup King *Pterelas* us'd to drink from,
In token of his valour?"—Thus I'll tell 140
My ſtory to my lady. I'll proceed now
T' obey my maſter's orders, for which purpoſe
I'll take me home.

MERC. Ah, ha! he's coming hither:
I'll meet him then. I muſt not let him enter
Within the doors to day: but ſince I bear 145
His ſemblance, I'm reſolv'd to play him off.
As I've aſſum'd his form and garb, 'twere fit
I ſhould reſemble too his deeds and manners:
I muſt be ſly,—a cunning knave,—and fight him
With his own weapons, drive him from the door 150
By villainous craft.—But, how now, what's the matter?
He's ſtaring at the ſky.—I'll watch his motions.

SOS. As I have faith in any thing, as ſure
As I know any thing, I think and know,
That *Night* this night went drunk to bed: for ſee! 155
The ſeven ſtars are motionleſs, the moon
Has ſtir'd not, ſince ſhe roſe; nor is *Orion*,
The evening-ſtar, or *Pleiades* yet ſet:
The ſigns ſtand ſtock ſtill; and the night don't budge
A jot for day.

MERC. Good Night, as you've begun, 160

V. 143.] Here concludes *Sofia*'s long, and (as it ſhould ſeem) *mal-à-propos*, narration. With the fears about him, which he expreſſes at the beginning of the Scene, one might naturally imagine he would be in a hurry to get home, and not have loitered in the ſtreet to make a rehearſal of his ſet ſpeech. But the critics have admired the addreſs of our author, in thus contriving to inform the audience of particulars, which otherwiſe *they would not have* known with ſo much propriety.

Go

Go on, obſequious to my father's pleaſure:
'Tis the beſt ſervice, for the beſt of beings,
Beſt done; and you will find your intereſt in it.
Sos. I think I never ſaw a longer night
Than this, except one night, when I was drub'd, 165
And hung up by the heels: yet this methinks
Exceeds e'en that in length.—Faith I believe
The Sun has drank too much, and dropt aſleep.
MERC. Say you ſo? Do you think the Gods
Are like yourſelf? You hang-dog! but I'll pay you 170
For your vile deeds and ſpeeches. Come but hither
You'll find your ruin.
Sos. Where are thoſe gallants,
So loth to lye alone?—A rare night this,
To have their penny-worths of their doxies.
MERC. Faith
This fellow hits my father to an ace, 175
Who now is lying in *Alcmena*'s arms,
His heart's deſire indulging.
Sos. I'll go in,
And tell *Alcmena* what my maſter bade me.
(*Advancing diſcovers* Mercury)
What do I ſee? a man before the houſe,
So late at night? I like him not.
MERC. The rogue 180
Has not his equal for rank cowardice.
Sos. What is he?—By his motions he ſhould ſeem

V. 162.] *Optumo optumè optuman operam das.* Theſe ringing of the changes upon words is too common in our author, even where no comicality is deſigned; but in this place, I imagine, it is meant.

A weaver.

A weaver, and would fain now trim my jacket.

MERC. He's frighten'd: I'll have ſport with him.

Sos. I'm ruin'd: 185

How my teeth chatter! ſure he's poſted here
To give me a reception with his fiſts.
Troth he takes pity on me; and becauſe
My maſter now has made me keep awake,
He'll lull me with his fiſts to ſleep. Look, look—190
I'm loſt for ever—what a ſwinging rogue!
How brawny!—

MERC. I'll draw nearer, raiſe my voice
That he may hear me, and from thence conceive
More terrible fears within him.—(*Loud*) Come my fiſts,
To action;—ſtir ye;—'tis a long long while 195
Since ye have made proviſion for my belly.
Methinks it is an age ſince yeſterday
Ye ſtript four men, and laid them dead aſleep.

Sos. I'm ſore afraid, that I ſhall change my name;
No longer ſimple *Soſia*, but be ſtil'd 200
Soſia The Fifth.—He ſays, he laid aſleep

V. 184.] *Volt pallium detexere.* The interpretation put upon this paſſage by *Janus Douza*, (and it ſeems to be a right one,) is, that *Mercury* throws out his arms in the manner that Weavers do when at work. On this the joke, ſuch as it is, appears to depend. I could think of nothing better to preſerve it in ſome meaſure, than to uſe a familiar phraſe in our tongue—to trim one's jacket.

V. 187.] See V. 12. of this Scene.

V. 201.] *Quintus fiam è Soſiâ.* This cannot be tranſlated; and *Cooke*'s alluſion to it, which I have adopted, may ſerve the purpoſe well enough to illuſtrate it. *Ius*, *IIus*, &c. *Vus*, &c. were common appellations among the *Romans*, for the ſame reaſon as we have *Johnſon*, *Robertſon*, *Williamſon*, &c. &c. among us.

Four

Four men : I fear, I ſhall increaſe the number.

MERC. (*Throwing about his arms.*) There I could have him ; Sa !—this is the way,
This does the buſineſs.

SOS. He's prepar'd for action :
He puts himſelf in poſture.

MERC. He ſha'n't ſcape 205
Without a drubbing.

SOS. Who ?

MERC. Whoever comes
This way, ſhall eat my fiſts.

SOS. Pſha ! I don't like
To eat ſo late at night—Away with them.—
I ſupt juſt now—Then pray beſtow your ſupper
On them that have more appetite.

MERC. This fiſt 210
Is not of trifling weight.

SOS. I'm a dead man :
He's weighing of his fiſts.

MERC. What if I ſtroak him
Gently to ſleep ?

SOS. You'll do me a great ſervice ;
For I have watch'd theſe three whole nights together.

MERC. That's but a paltry action : No, my fiſt, 215
Thou haſt not learnt to ſmite a cheek ſo poorly.
One glance of thine would make a man put on

V. 214. *Theſe three whole nights together.*] *Continuas has tres noctes.* I could almoſt be of opinion, that *Soſi.* here means that *one* night only, on which he had been ſent home, but which appeared to him as long as *three* nights, and in reality was ſo, according to the fable. It is with diffidence I ſubmit it to the learned reader, whether CONTINUAS (*without interruption.*) may not imply as much.

Another

Another form.

Sos. He'll vamp me up a-new,
New mould my face.

MERC. If luſtily thou ſtrik'ſt,
A mercy on his bones!

Sos. Why ſure he means 220
To bone me like an eel. I wiſh him further
With theſe his boning tricks.—I'm a dead man,
If he ſhould ſee me now.—

MERC. Some fellow ſtinks
To his deſtruction.

Sos. How now! do I ſmell?

MERC. Nor can he be far off, though he has been ſo. 225

Sos. Sure he's a conjurer.

MERC. O how my fiſts
Itch to be at it!

Sos. If you mean on me
To exerciſe them, prithee cool them firſt
Againſt the wall.

MERC. A voice flies to my ears.

V. 218. *Vamp me up a-new.*] The word in the original is, *interpolabit. Interpolare*, according to *Nonius*, *eſt novam formam ex vetere fingere*, and is uſed in a figurative ſenſe alluding to the buſineſs of a fuller.

V. 226. *A conjuror.*] *Superſtitioſus.* The latter part of the preceding line—*verum longè hinc abfuit*—"he has been far off" is given by Madam *Dacier* to *Sofia* merely from her own conjecture: but as *ſuperſtitioſus* means a diviner, or as we ſay in *Engliſh* "a conjuror," this arbitrary alteration of the text is unneceſſary. *Sofia* is ſurpriſed, that *Mercury* ſhould know he had been far off, (that is abroad) and naturally exclaims—"Sure he's a "conjuror."

Sos.

Sos. Unlucky, that I did not clip it's wings, 230
Since 'tis a bird-like voice.

MERC. The wretch! he calls for't,
He claims it of me, a moſt heavy lading
On his beaſt's back.

Sos. Not I;—I have no beaſt
Of burthen truly.

MERC. Yes, he ſhall be loaded
Well with theſe fiſts.

Sos. In troth I am fatigued 235
With coming from on ſhipboard, and e'n now
I am ſo crop-ſick, I can ſcarcely crawl,
Even without a lading. Do not think then,
That I can carry burthens.

MERC. Certainly
'Tis *Some-one* ſpeaks.

Sos. I'm ſafe; he ſees me not. 240

V. 231. *A bird-like voice.*] Volucrem *vocem.* To preſerve the alluſion more ſtrongly, I am inclined to think, that *volucrem* in this place is rather a ſubſtantive than an adjective, as it is generally interpreted—*a flying voice.*

V. 240. *Some one ſpeaks.*] Neſcio quis *loquitur.* The humour of *Soſia*'s reply, conſiſts in his underſtanding *Neſcio quis* (*Some-one*, as I have turned it) to be the *name* of a perſon. I need not perhaps mention, that a ſimilar joke is to be found in *Homer*'s *Odyſſey*, towards the end of the Ninth Book, where *Ulyſſes* gives an account of his having impoſed on *Polyphemus*, by calling himſelf ΟΥΤΙΣ, which ſignifies NO-MAN. The annotator to *Pope*'s tranſlation, juſtly obſerves, that, however delighted *Euſtathius* and *Dacier* might be with this play upon words, it is fitter for the two *Soſias* in our author. He takes notice of *Euripides* having a play upon the ſame ſubject, borrowed from *Homer*, called the *Cyclops*, which turns upon this very circumſtance; but he is miſtaken in imagining it a *ſerious* tragedy, it being the only inſtance in antiquity of a *comic* one, if I may be indulged

He ſays, 'tis *Some-one* ſpeaks: now verily
My name is *Soſia*.

MERC. As it ſeems, the voice

indulged the expreſſion. I ſhall juſt quote ſufficient for the uninformed reader to underſtand the uſe that was made of this ambiguous term. When *Uyſſes* had put out the ſingle eye of *Polyphemus*, the giant, by his bellowing, gathered a crowd of *Cyclops* together about the cave in which he had ſhut himſelf up, who naturally aſked him, "What hurts thee?" &c.——To which he replies—

Friends, *No-Man* kills me: *No-Man* in the hour
Of ſleep oppreſſes me with fraudful pow'r.
"If *No-Man* hurts thee, but the hand divine
"Inflict diſeaſe, it fits thee to reſign:
"To *Jove* and to thy father *Neptune* pray,"
The brethren cried, and inſtant ſtrode away.

Pope's ODYSSEY. B. IX.

Euripides (after *Homer*) has the like dialogue between the *Cyclops (Polyphemus)* and the *Chorus*.

Chorus. —What makes you, *Cyclops*, thus exclaim?
Cyclops: O I'm undone!
Chorus. You ſeem a filthy figure.
Cyclops. I am moſt wretched.
Chorus. Surely you got drunk,
And tumbled down among the embers.
Cyclops. NO-MAN
Has been my ruin.
Chorus. NO-MAN then has hurt you.
Cyclops. NO-MAN has blinded me.
Chorus. You are not blind then.

Lucian has a very humourous dialogue on the ſame ſubject.

There is the ſame kind of humour in *Shakeſpeare*'s *Much a-do about Nothing*, Act III. Scene V. where an ignorant watchman, overhearing a converſation, miſtakes an expreſſion uſed by one of the party for a perſon's name.

Borachio.—Seeſt thou not, what a *deformed* thief this faſhion is?

Watchman. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief theſe ſeven years, &c.

Upon

Upon the right here ſtrikes my ear.

Sos. I fear,

I ſhall be beaten for my voice that ſtrikes him.

MERC. He's coming tow'rds me—Good.

Sos. I'm ſore afraid; 245

I'm numb'd all over.—Now could I not tell,

If any one ſhould aſk me, where I am:

Nor can I budge a foot, I am ſo frighten'd.—

All's over; I have loſt my maſter's orders,

And *Soſia* with them.—Yet I am reſolv'd 250

To face this fellow, and beſpeak him boldly;

I'll ſeem as valiant as I can, that he

May keep hands off me. (*advances towards the door*)

MERC. You, Sir, whither go you?

You there, that carry *Vulcan* in your horn?

Sos. Who made you an examiner? you, who bone 255

Men with your fiſts?

MERC. Are you a ſlave, or free?

Sos. Which ever likes me.

MERC. Say'ſt thou?

Sos. Ay, I ſay it.

MERC. You *want* a drubbing,

Sos. Now you lye, I don't.

V. 254.] Vulcanum *in cornu geris*. Meaning *light* or *fire*. The alluſion is obvious; *Vulcan* was the God of fire.

V. 258.] The original is,

Merc. *Verbero*. Sos. *Mentiris nunc jam*.

This is a mere pun. *Verboro*, as *Mercury* deſigned by it, is often uſed by our author as a Noun Subſtantive, to ſignify *a fellow that deſerved traſhing*, or *that had been uſed to it*. It is alſo a Verb, ſignifying *I thraſh*. *Soſia*, in his reply, chuſes to underſtand it in the latter ſenſe, and as *Mercury* had not touched

him

MERC. I'll make you own it.
Sos. Wherefore?
MERC. I muſt know
Whoſe you are, where you're going, what's your errand. 260
Sos. My way lies here: I am my maſter's ſervant:
What are you now the wiſer?
MERC. I ſhall make you
Hold that foul tongue of your's.
Sos. You cannot do it:
I keep it pure and clean.
MERC. How! prating ſtill?
What buſineſs have you at this houſe?
Sos. And pray 265
What buſineſs have you here?
MERC. King *Creon* ſets
A watch here ev'ry night.
Sos. 'Tis gracious in him
To guard our houſe, the while we are abroad.
But prithee now go in, and tell the family
Some of their fellow-ſervants are arriv'd. 270
MERC. Whoſe fellow you may be I know not; but if
You don't be gone this inſtant, I ſhall give you

him, ſays—*mentiris nunc jam*—"Now you lye." I have endeavoured to preſerve the *equivoque* by uſing the word *want*, as much as to ſay, in one ſenſe, you *want* (OUGHT TO HAVE) a beating, and in the other, I don't *want* (DESIRE) one.

V. 264.] This is another pun, to which the learned reader will perceive I have given a different turn from what is underſtood to be implied in the original.

Such

Such a reception, fellow, as you will not
Take in good fellowſhip.

Sos. I tell you, I
Live here, and am a ſervant of this houſe. 275

MERC. D'ye mind? unleſs you take yourſelf away,
I ſhall exalt you.

Sos. How?

MERC. You ſhall be carry'd:
If I but take a cudgel, you'll not walk,
I promiſe you.

Sos. Nay, but I do affirm,
That I'm a ſervant in this family. 280

MERC. Look to't—you'll have a drubbing, if you don't
Be gone this inſtaut.

Sos. Would you then deſire
To drive me from my home, when I am juſt
Arriv'd here from abroad?

MERC. Is this your home?

Sos. It is I ſay.

V. 274.] Soſ. ——— ——— *Adveniſſe* familiares *dicito.*
Merc. *Neſcio quàm tu* familiaris *es*: *niſi actutum hinc abis,*
Familiaris, *accipiere faxo haud* familiariter.

This whole paſſage is a pun upon the word *familiaris*, which commonly means a ſlave, or ſervant, of the houſe or family. In my tranſlation I have adopted *Cooke*'s turn of expreſſion, as I think it very happy.

V. 277-8.] *Facium te ſuperbum*—Auferere, *non abibis.* This is a joke of the ſame caſt with the preceding ones. *Taubman* interprets it as meaning,—that, after being heartily drubbed, a perſon is not able to ſtand upon his legs, but is lifted up and carried off. Others ſuppoſe, that *Mercury* threatens to kill *Soſia*, and underſtand the paſſage as alluding to a dead corpſe being carried.

MERC. Who is your master then? 285

Sos. *Amphitryon*, general of the *Theban* troops,
The husband of *Alcmena*.

MERC. Ha! what say you?
What is your name?

Sos. Our *Thebans* call me *Sosia*,
The son of *Davus*.

MERC. To thy sore mishap
Art thou arriv'd, thou monster of effrontery!— 290
With made up lies, and patch'd up knaveries.

Sos. I'm come with patch'd cloaths it is true, not knaveries.

MERC. You lye, 'tis with your feet you come, not cloaths.

Sos. Ay verily.

MERC. Ay verily then take
This drubbing for your lye. *(Striking him.)*

Sos. Indeed forsooth 295
I don't desire it, I.

MERC. Indeed forsooth

V. 293.] This perhaps will be looked upon as the poorest joke in the whole string of them in this scene. It must be confessed, that they appear indeed rather low and farcical; but yet they are in character from *Sosia*, and *Mercury* who declares v. 149 of this scene,

As I've assum'd his form and garb, 't were fit
I should resemble him in deeds and manners.

Besides we ought not to be too positive in pronouncing on the wit and humour of the ancients, as perhaps what may appear flat and insipid to us, was by them highly relished on account of its allusion to well known customs or expressions, or its agreeing with the then reigning taste. The buffooneries of some of *Plautus*'s slaves were undoubtedly as well received in his time, as the absurdities of *Shakespeare*'s clowns were in his.

But

But you ſhall have it, though you don't : indeed
'Tis reſolved, and 'tis not in your choice. *(ſtriking him)*
Sos. I cry you mercy !
MERC. Doſt thou dare affirm
That thou art *Soſia*, when myſelf am he ?
Sos. Murder ! *(ſtill ſtriking him.)*
MERC. This is but little in reſpect 300
Of what you'll have in future. Now whoſe are you ?
Sos. Your's : for your fiſts have mark'd me for your own.---- (Merc. *continues to ſtrike him*)
Help, help, good citizens !
MERC. Still bawling, Sirrah ?
Speak, wherefore came you here ?
Sos. That you might have
Somebody to belabour with your fiſts.
MERC. Whoſe are you then ?
Sos. I ſay, *Amphitryon*'s *Soſia*. 305
MERC. You ſhall be drubb'd more heartily for this,
You talk ſo idly.---I myſelf am *Soſia*,
Not you.
Sos. I would to heav'n you were indeed,
That I were beating you ! *(aſide.)*
MERC. What ! muttering ?
Sos. I'll
Be dumb now.
MERC. Who's your maſter ?
Sos. Whom you will. 310

V. 303.] The original is—*Pugnis* uſufeciſti *tuum*. *Uſufacere* or *uſucapere* was a term in law, and ſignified the enjoying of property by long poſſeſſion or preſcription. So that the ſenſe is—you have made me your own by having held me in poſſeſſion with your fiſts. I have given it another turn.

MERC. Come prithee, what's your name?
Sos. I have no name,
But what you ſhall command.
MERC. You ſaid you was
Amphitryon's *Soſia.*
Sos. I miſtook: I meant
To ſay, I was *Amphitryon*'s *Aſſociate.*
MERC. I knew we had no ſervant of the name 315
Of *Soſia* but myſelf.---You've loſt the uſe
Sure of your reaſon.---
Sos. Would that you had loſt
The uſe too of your fiſts! *(Aſide.)*
MERC. I am that *Soſia,*
You ſaid you was.
Sos. Let us diſcourſe in peace,
I pray you,---without hazard of a beating. 320
MERC. Well, for a while then we will hold a truce,
If you have ought to ſay.

V. 314.] This pun in the *Latin* depends upon the ſimilitude of ſound in the pronunciation of *Soſiam* and *Socium.* The giving a different turn to what had been ſaid is frequent in ancient as well as modern comic writers. Thus in the *Andrian* of *Terence,* Act III. Scene IV.

DAVUS. Occidi.
SIMO. *Hem! quid dixti?* DAVUS. Optumè, *inquam, factum.*
Davus. (aſide) UNDONE! *Simo. (over-hearing)* How's that?
Davus. WELL DONE, I ſaid. COLMAN.

V. 320.] The original is,

MERC. *Fugit te Ratio.* SOS. *Utinam iſtuc Pugni feciſſent tui.*
i. e. *fugiſſent me.*

I have adopted the turn that is given to this paſſage in *Eckard*'s tranſlation.

Sos.

Sos. I will not ſpeak,
Till peace is ratified, for you are mightier
In fiſts than I.
MERC. If you have ought to offer,
Speak; I'll not hurt you.
Sos. May I truſt your honour? 325
MERC. You may.
Sos. But what if you deceive me?
MERC. Then
May *Mercury*'s diſpleaſure light on *Soſia!*
Sos. Mark.---Now I am allowed to ſpeak with freedom,
I am *Amphitryon's Soſia.*
MERC. What, again? *(Offering to ſtrike.)*
Sos. The peace is made, the covenant's ratified: 330
I ſpeak the truth.
MERC. Beware thee of a beating. *(Threatning.)*
Sos. Do as you pleaſe, and what you pleaſe;---'tis true,
In fiſts you are the mightier,---yet I'll not
Be ſilent on this point, do what you may.
MERC. Nay, you ſhall never make me, while you live, 335
Other than *Soſia.*
Sos. Nor ſhall you make me
An alien here.---We have no other *Soſia*
But me, who went to th' army with *Amphitryon.*
MERC. The fellow's mad.
Sos. 'Tis you that are diſtemper'd.
Why, what a plague! Am I not *Soſia,* 340
Amphitryon's ſlave? Did not the ſhip, that brought me,

Arrive this night here from the *Persian* port?
Did not my master send me? Do not I
Stand here before our house now? Have I not
A lanthorn in my hand? Do I not speak? 345
Am I not broad awake? Did not this man
Bethump me with his fists? In troth he did;

V. 342. *Persian* port.] *Portus Persicus*, in the *Eubœan* sea, so called from the *Persian* fleet that rode there, not far from *Thebes*. FESTUS. *(Cooke.)*

V. 347. *In troth he did.*] *Fecit* HERCLE. Madam *Dacier*, and M. *Gueudeville* after her, (who has given a loose and free translation of our Author,) take occasion from the word HERCLE to accuse *Plautus*, of having committed here a gross *anachronism* through inattention. "*Sosia* (say they) swears by *Hercules*, who is not "born till the end of this very play." There is no doubt, but that *Plautus* used this familiar expletive *hercle*, without any regard or attention to its primitive signification, as well in this play as in his others. The *hercle*, *pol*, *ædepol*, &c. which occur continually in our Author and in *Terence*, were undoubtedly used in common conversation by the ancients, merely as words of course, without any immediate stress being laid upon them, like many of our modern oaths and execrations, though they were palpably of *religious* origin. It is well known, that these are abbreviations for sweuring *per Herculem*, *per Pollucem*, *per Templum Pollucis*, &c. —*By* Hercules, *by* Pollux, *by* the Temple of Pollux, &c. In like manner there are several words in the old *English* language, (some of them now in use) which are nothing but corrupt abbreviations of the most serious and solemn appeals and asseverations, as we must suppose them to have been originally, in the times when the *Roman Catholic* religion was prevalent in this nation. Thus by the word *'Odsoons*, and *Zouns*, or *Zoons*, was meant originally *By God's Wounds*, and *His Wounds*. So likewise by *'Osbud*, and *Blood-an-ouns*, or *'Sblood*, was designed *By God's Blood*, and *His Blood and Wounds*, or *His Blood* *'Osbodikins* is also nothing more than a corruption or abbreviation of *God's Body and Skin*. *'Sdeath* likewise means *His Death*; as *Morbleu* or *Morbieu* in the *French* language is *(par la) Mort de Dieu*.

My

My cheeks ſmart to my ſorrow ſtill.—Then why,
Why do I doubt? why don't I go directly
Into our houſe? *(Makes up to the door.)*

MERC. *(Stepping between.)* What! your houſe?

SOS. 'Tis ſo truly. 350

MERC. 'Tis all a lye, all, ev'ry ſyllable
That you have ſaid.—I am *Amphitryon*'s *Soſia*:
This night our veſſel left the *Perſian* port:
The city we beſieg'd, where *Pterelas* reign'd,
The *Teleboan* forces we o'erthrew 355
By dint of arms: *Amphitryon*'s ſelf cut off
King *Pterelas*' head in battle.

SOS. I can ſcarce *(aſide)*
Believe myſelf, when I thus hear him talk:
He tells it off hand, as it were without book,
What was tranſacted in the war.—But hark ye, 360
What preſent from the *Teleboan* ſpoils
Was given to *Amphitryon?*

MERC. A gold cup,

V. 348.] This ſelf examination of *Soſia*, which has exquiſite humour, could not eſcape that admirable judge *Moliere*; but he has not imitated the conciſeneſs of the original. I am ſurpriſed, that *Dryden* has entirely omitted it.

V. 361.] *From the* Teleboan *ſpoils.*] *A Telebois.* Madam *Dacier* very properly explains this:—*de prædâ Teleboum—from the* Teleboan *ſpoils*—as it cannot be imagined, that they, who had ſurrendered up their all at diſcretion, could have reſerved any thing to preſent to *Amphitryon.*

V. 362. *A gold Cup.*] *Moliere* makes this preſent to conſiſt of

Cinq fort gros diamans en nœud promptement mis—

in which he is followed by *Dryden*,

—— *A buckle of Diamonds, conſiſting of five large ſtones.*

This is indeed more conformable to modern manners, to which both the *French* and *Engliſh* play is adapted throughout.

King *Pterelas* us'd to drink from.

Sos. He has ſaid.---

But where now is the cup ?

MERC. 'Tis in a caſket

Seal'd with *Amphitryon*'s ſeal.

Sos. What's the impreſſion ? 365

MERC. *Sol* riſing in his chariot.---What, you raſcal,

Are you upon the catch ?

Sos. His arguments

Have overcome me : I muſt e'en go ſeek

Another name.---'Tis ſtrange, where he could ſee

All this.---But I ſhall trap him now moſt rarely : 370

For what I did alone, when no one elſe

Was in the tent, that he can never tell.---

(to Mercury) If you are *Soſia*,---tell me,---while the armies

Were in the heat of battle, what did you

Do in the tent ?---Tell that, and I knock under. 375

MERC. There was a caſk of wine.---I fill'd a cup--

Sos. He has hit it.

MERC. ---Suck'd it down unmixt, and pure

As from the mother it was born.

Sos. O wonderful !

He muſt have hid him in the cup.---'Tis fact :

I drank a cup-full of ſheer wine.

MERC. What now ? 380

Have I convinc'd thee, that thou art not *Soſia* ?

Sos. Do you deny it ?

MERC. Can I but deny it,

When I am he ?

Sos. By *Jupiter* I ſwear,

I am,

I am, nor do I lye.

MERC. I ſwear by *Mercury*,
Jupiter won't believe thee; for I know 385
He'll ſooner credit me without an oath
Than with one he will thee.

SOS. Tell me, at leaſt
Who am I, if ſo be I am not *Soſia*?
I aſk you that.

MERC. My pleaſure when it is
No longer to be *Soſia*, then be thou 390
Soſia, and welcome. Now that I am he,
Begone, as thou would'ſt 'ſcape a drubbing.---Hence,
Thou fellow!

SOS. Now I view him well, by heav'ns
I ſee my very figure, ſuch as I
Have often ſeen it in a glaſs.---'Tis certain, 395
He's very like me.---The ſame hat, ſame coat---
He is as like me as I'm like myſelf.---
The ſhanks, feet, ſtature, ſhorn pate, eyes, noſe, teeth,
Lips, cheeks, chin, beard, neck---'tis myſelf all over!
Need I ſay more to't?---If his back be ſcar'd, 400
There's nothing can be liker than this likeneſs.
---Yet ſurely, when I think on't, I'm the ſame

V. 393. *Thou fellow!*] *Ignobilis.*

V. 396.] "He's damnably like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*, "there's a patch upon my noſe, with a pox to him.—*Item*, a "very fooliſh face with a long chin at end on't.—*Item*, one pair "of ſhambling legs, with two ſplay feet belonging to them. "And—*ſumma totalis*, from head to foot all my bodily apparel."

DRYDEN's *Amphitryon*.

It is left to the reader's determination, whether the ſimple and conciſe enumeration of particulars in the original has not more

I ever was: I know my maſter, know
Our houſe: and verily I have not loſt
My wits nor ſenſes.---I'll not heed this fellow, 405
Say what he will, but knock here at the door.

MERC. Whither ſo faſt?

Sos. Why, home.

MERC. Tho' thou wer't now
To mount the car of *Jove*, and fly from hence,
Scarce ſhould'ſt thou 'ſcape deſtruction.

Sos. May I not
Deliver maſter's meſſage to my miſtreſs? 410

MERC. To thine deliver what thou wilt, I care not:
But I'll not ſuffer thee t' approach our lady.---
And now, if once thou doſt provoke me, fellow,
Depart thou ſhalt not without broken bones.

Sos. I'll be gone rather.---Heav'ns have mercy on me! 415
Where did I loſe myſelf? where was I chang'd?
Why did I loſe my form? or was I haply
So thoughtleſs as to leave myſelf behind here?
For certainly this fellow is poſſeſt
Of my whole image, which was mine before.--- 420
[My ſtatue is erected in my ſtead:]

real humour in it. The circumſtance at the end—"if his back "be ſcar'd"—is highly in character for a ſlave *Moliere* has omitted the whole paſſage here, and made a different uſe of it in Act II. Scene I. of this play.

V. 421.] This line, incloſed in crotchets, is conformable to the interpretation, which *Douza* gives of this paſſage. See more of this in a Note to the *Moſtellaria* of our Author, Act II. Scene I.

What

What never will be done when I am dead,
Is done, while now I'm living.---I'll return
Back to the port, and tell this to my maſter.---
But if he likewiſe know me not!---O *Jupiter*, 425
Grant that he may not:---ſo ſhall I directly
Cover my ſhorn crown with the cap of freedom.

[*Exit* SOSIA.

SCENE II.

MERCURY *alone.*

Well!---our affair goes proſperouſly on.
I have remov'd the greateſt obſtacle;
So that my father may ingulge his love
Securely with *Alcmena.*---Now this fellow,
Soon as he ſees *Amphitryon*, will tell him, 5
That *Soſia* drove him *Soſia* from the door.
What muſt his maſter think, but that he lies?
He'll not believe it, that his ſlave has been
Here, as he had commanded. Thus ſhall both,
And all *Amphitryon*'s family, be fill'd 10
With error and diſtraction, till my father
Has full enjoyment had of her he loves

V. 427.] When a ſlave was made free, he had after his manumiſſion his head ſhaved, and a cap put on it, in the Temple of *Feronia*, who was the Goddeſs of Freedmen.

Cooke from *Servius.*

SCENE II.] This is palpably nothing more than a kind of continuation of the Prologue, as it is formally addreſſed to the Spectators, in order to acquaint them with particulars, which, according to modern notions, it were better that they ſhould not be informed of before-hand.

E'en to ſatiety.—Then all will know
What has been done: my father in the end
Will reconcile *Alcmena* to her huſband, 15
Holding their ancient concord: for *Amphitryon*
Will make an heavy buſtle with his wife,
Accuſing her of foul incontinence.—
This ſtrife my father will appeaſe.—And now
As for *Alcmena*, (for of her as yet 20
I've ſaid but little,) ſhe'll to-day bring forth
Twin-ſons; one born ten months from his conception,
The other ſev'n: the one *Amphitryon*'s is,
The other *Jupiter*'s: The younger owns
The greater ſire, the elder the inferior.— 25
D'ye comprehend the myſtery?—Yet more,—
So tender is he of *Alcmena*'s honour,
My father has provided theſe ſhall both
Be born together, that one painful labour
May ſerve for both, and that ſhe might not fall 30
Under ſuſpicion of unchaſtity,

V. 23.] It can hardly be conceived, that any critic, however nice and refined, ſhould fall into ſo groſs a miſtake as to imagine, that the duration of the time of this piece muſt be ſeven months; becauſe, according to the ancient ſtory, *Jupiter* was three nights, or rather one night as long as three with *Alcmena*, in conſequence of which *Hercules* was born ſeven months after. Yet *Heinſius* and *Voſſius* (as *Marolles* obſerves) both maintain this opinion. Their miſtake palpably aroſe from not conſidering, that *Plautus* made uſe of the commonly received notion no farther than to accommodate it to the ſubject of his piece, by ſuppoſing the ſame circumſtance to have been repeated on the night before the birth of *Hercules*.

V. 24. *The younger*.] This is *Hercules*. The other of theſe twins was called *Iphiclus*.

But

But their clandeſtine loves remain conceal'd.
Though as I ſaid, *Amphitryon* ſhall know all:—
What then?—There's no one will impute it ſurely
As ſcandal to *Alcmena*: for it would not 35
Be acting like a God to let the blame
Of his offences light upon a mortal.—
I muſt ſtop here,—the door creeks,—and here comes
The counterfeit *Amphitryon* with his wife
That he has borrow'd. *(Retires from the door.)*

SCENE III.

Enter JUPITER *and* ALCMENA.

JUP. Farewell, my *Alcmena*:
Take care of that, in which we both have intereſt;
And O! be ſparing of yourſelf, I pray you:
You've gone, you know the full time of your reckoning.—
I muſt away hence of neceſſity:— 5
Whatever child is born, you'll bring it up.
ALC. My lord, what buſineſs can it be, that you

V. 6. *Bring it up.*] The *Latin* word is *tollito*,—take it *up*. This is agreeable to a cuſtom among the ancients. As ſoon as a child was born, it was laid upon the ground, and if not *taken up* by the father, it was diſowned, and expoſed. So in the *Andrian* of *Terence*, *Davus* expreſſes his admiration, upon *Glycerium*'s being with child by *Pamphilus*, that

Quicquid peperiſſet, decreverunt tollere.
Whate'er ſhe ſhall bring forth, they have reſolv'd
To educate. COLMAN.

Should

Should quit your home ſo ſudden ?

JUP. By my faith

It is not that I'm wearied or of you,
Or of my home: But when the chirf commander 10
Is abſent from his army, 'tis more likely
Things will be done, which help not, than which ought.

MERC. A crafty counterfeit, this ſire of mine!
Mind ye—how ſweetly does he ſmooth her o'er!

ALC. Ah! I do find indeed now by experience, 15
How much you prize your wife!

JUP. Is't not enough,
I love her more than any of her ſex?

MERC. Faith; if your wife but know your tricks, I warrant
You'd rather be *Amphitryon* than high *Jove*.

ALC. 'Twould pleaſe me more to find it than be told ſo. 20
You leave me ere the bed, in which you lay,
Could well grow warm: you came at midnight to me;
And now you're gone again.—Say, is this kind?

MERC. I will approach and ſpeak to her, and ſecond
My father in his wheedling. (*To Alcmena.*) Never ſure
Did mortal man ſo doat upon a wife!
He loves you to diſtraction.

V. 18. *Your wife.*] The original word is *illa*, which ſome underſtand as a relative to *Alcmena*; but I am rather inclined to think with others, that it alludes to *Jove*'s celeſtial conſort *Juno*, as the ſenſe is plainer. and the humour not unnatural for the character of *Mercury*.

JUP. Rogue! I know you :—
Out of my ſight.—What buſineſs is't of your's?
Hang-dog!—how dare you chatter?—If I take
A ſtick in hand—
ALC. O don't be in a rage. 30
JUP. Do, mutter, ſirrah.
MERC. (*Aſide.*) This my firſt attempt
At wheedling has, I find, but ill ſucceeded.
JUP. Sweet wife, you ought not to be angry with me
For that which you complain of.---I withdrew
In ſecret from the army, ſtole this interview, 35
That you might be the firſt to learn from me,
How I ſucceeded.---I have told you all.---
This, if I had not lov'd you to th' extreme,
I had not done.
MERC. (*Aſide.*) So.---is't not as I ſaid?
See, how this ſtroking cheers her!
JUP. I muſt now 40
Return from hence in ſecret, leſt the troops
Should ſcent my abſence, when they'll ſay, that I
Prefer'd my wife before the public good.
ALC. I cannot chuſe but weep for your departure.
JUP. Come, come, no more bewailings: do not ſpoil 45
Thoſe pretty eyes: I ſhortly ſhall return.
ALC. Ah me! that ſhortly will be all too long.
JUP. 'Tis with reluctance I muſt leave you here,

V. 30. *Don't be in a rage.*] *Alcmena* only ſays *noli—don't*: but it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that *iraſci—be angry*—may be underſtood.

V. 40.] *Timidam palpo percutit.*

And

And part thus from you.

ALC. Ay, I do perceive it:
For on the very night you came to me, 50
On that same you depart. (*Hangs about* Jupiter.)

JUP. Why do you hold me?
'Tis time; and I would leave the city ere
It waxes light.---*Alcmena*, with this cup
I now present you, giv'n me for my valour,
The same king *Pterelas* drank from, whom I slew 55
With my own hand.

ALC. (*Taking the cup.*) Done like your other actions:
As you are always won't to do.---By heavens
A noble gift, and worthy him that gave it!

MERC. A noble gift indeed, and worthy her
To whom 'tis giv'n!

JUP. You rascal! what again? 60
Why don't I put an end to you at once,
And your impertinence?

ALC. Nay prithee, love,
Do not be angry with him for my sake.

JUP. Sweet, you shall be obey'd.

MERC. (*Aside.*) How plaguy cross
His wenching makes him!

V. 56.] *Alcmena*'s satisfaction on receiving the present of a gold cup, may perhaps be understood as an oblique censure upon the ladies. Be this as it will, the character of *Alcmena* is truly amiable. She is represented as a most affectionate wife, full of innocence and simplicity; and her distress, on being suspected by the real *Amphitryon*, is highly interesting. There is a great similarity of manners between her and *Desdemona*, labouring under the same circumstances, in *Shakespeare*'s *Othello*.

JUP.

JUP. *(Going.)* Would you ought else? 65

ALC. This--that you'd love me, though I am away,
Me that am your's still, though you're absent from me.

MERC. 'Tis almost day, Sir: come, Sir, let's be going.

JUP. Go you before: I'll follow you this instant.
[*Exit* MERCURY.

Would you ought else?

ALC. Yes, one thing---that you would 70
Return, and presently.

V. 65. *Would you ought else?*] *Numquid vis?* It may be proper to observe once for all, that this was a common mode of expression upon taking leave or going away.

V. 66-67.] *Ut, quom absim, me ames, me tuam, te absente tamen.* "The common reading (says *Cooke*) is *me tuam absentem tamen,* "but *te absente* is in the first printed copy;" and I can but agree with him, that it is "more emphatical." This sentiment is finely amplificated in *Terence*'s *Eunuch,* towards the end of Act I. where *Phædria* takes leave of his mistress *Thais,* who by his consent was to entertain his rival *Thraso.*

THAIS. *Numquid vis aliud?*
PHÆDRIA. *Egone quid velim?*
Cum milite isto præsens absens ut sies:
Dies noctesque me ames: me desideres:
Me somnies: me expectes: de me cogites:
Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:
Meus fac sis postremò animus, quando ego sum tuus.

Thais. Would you ought else with me?
Phædria. Ought else, my *Thais!*

Be with yon soldier present, as if absent:
All night and day love me: still long for me:
Dream, ponder still of me: wish, hope for me:
Delight in me: be all in all with me:
Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to me."

COLMAN.

JUP. It ſhall be ſo:
My preſence ſhall forerun your expectation.
Be of good heart, my love*. [*Exit* ALCMENA.

SCENE IV.

JUPITER *alone.*

Now, gentle Night,
Who long for me haſt tarried, I diſmiſs thee;
Yield thee to Day, that he at length may break
On mortals with a clear unclouded light:
And in proportion, Night, as thou waſt lengthen'd 5
Beyond thy next career, by ſo much Day
Shall ſhorten his, that the diſparity
Betwixt you may be ſquar'd, and Day to Night
Duly ſucceed.---I'll go, and follow *Mercury*.
[*Exit* JUPITER.

* The impatience of *Jupiter* (the falſe *Amphitryon*) to be gone, and the reluctance of the fond, ſimple, unſuſpecting *Alcmena*, at parting from him, is finely marked in this ſcene. It is worthy obſervation, that our Author has hardly dropt an expreſſion throughout their dialogue, which can be wreſted into indelicacy. *Priùs abis, quàm lecti, ubi cubuiſti, concaluit locus*, has indeed furniſhed *Dryden* with an opportunity of giving ſcope to his imagination in the perſon of *Alcmena*, whoſe character he has made the direct reverſe of that drawn by our Author. *Moliere* too is not ſatisfied in this ſcene with the ſimplicity of *Plautus*; for he makes *Jupiter*, in his double character, equivocate with *Alcmena*, in a dialogue about the difference of a *lover* and an *huſband*. With all the delicacy of the writers of *his* country, he is at leaſt ſentimentally groſs: but *Dryden*, who copies the *Frenchman's* idea, rapturouſly explains it, without any ſcruple, in the expreſſion of it.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter AMPHITRYON *and* SOSIA, *at the further End of the Stage.*

AMPHITRYON.

COME, follow me.

Sos. I do, I'm after you,
Close at your heels.

AMPH. Thou art the verieſt rogue,---

Sos. For why?

AMPH. Becauſe you tell me what is not,
Nor was, nor will be.

Sos. Look ye now,---'tis like you---
You ne'er believe your ſervants.

AMPH. What!---how's that? 5
By heav'ns, thou villain, I'll at once cut out
That villainous tongue of thine.

Sos. I'm your's, and you

V 6.] *Hercle ego tibi iſtam*
Sceleſtam, ſcelus, *linguam abſcindam.*

Our Author frequently indulges himſelf in this kind of jingle, without reſpect to character: yet we ſhould not haſtily condemn him for it, as perhaps it might poſſibly have been *idiomatic* in his time, however diſagreeable it may ſound to the modern ear. So in this ſcene, v. 43, *Soſia* ſays,

Of all grievances
This is moſt grievous.
Miſerrima *hæc eſt* miſeria.

May uſe me as you pleaſe, and as it ſuits you;
But as I've told you the plain fact, you cannot
Make me recant my ſtory.

AMPH. Why, you villain,--- 10

Dare you affirm, that you are now at home,
And here too, at this very time?

Sos. 'Tis true though.

AMPH. A plague confound you!---which the Gods will order,
And ſo will I.

Sos. I'm your's, and in your power.

AMPH. Slave! dare you put your tricks upon your maſter? 15

Dare you affirm, what man yet never ſaw?---
What never can be?---that the ſelf-ſame perſon
Should at one time be in two different places?

Sos. Indeed, 'tis fact I tell you.

AMPH. *Jove* confound you!

Sos. In what have I deſerv'd ill at your hands? 20

AMPH. Villain, d'ye aſk, who make me thus your ſport?

Sos. With reaſon you might curſe me, wer't not ſo: I do not lye, but tell you the plain fact.

AMPH. The fellow's drunk, I think.

Sos. I would I were!

AMPH. You have your wiſh already.

Sos. I?

AMPH. Yes, you.---
Say, where have you been drinking?

Sos. No where truly.

AMPH. What ſort of fellow is it?

Sos.

Sos. I have told you
Ten times already.---I'm at home, I ſay;
And *I*,---d'ye mark me? *I*, that ſelf-ſame *Soſia*,
Am here with you.---What think you? do I ſpeak 30
Plain enough now, and to the purpoſe?

AMPH. Hence,
Avaunt,---go, get thee from me.

Sos. What's the matter?

AMPH. The plague has ſeiz'd you.

Sos. Why d'ye ſay ſo?---Faith
I feel, Sir, very well.

AMPH. But I ſhall make you
Feel very ill, and very miſerable, 35
As you deſerve, when I get home.---Come, follow me,
You, who abuſe your maſter's eaſy nature
With vain and frantic ſtories; who, becauſe
You have neglected to perform his orders,
Come to deride him.---You relate ſuch groſs 40
Impoſſibilities, ſuch as before
Were never heard of---Knave!---But ev'ry lye
Your back ſhall anſwer.

Sos. Of all grievances
This is moſt grievous to a truſty ſervant;
That, though he tell his maſter truth, the truth 45
He is beat out of by authority.

AMPH. How can this be, convince me, thou vile plague,
With arguments.---I fain would have explain'd,
How you can be at home, and yet be here.

Sos. Troth I'm both here and there.---Well may one wonder! 50

Nor

Nor can it ſeem more ſtrange to you than me.

AMPH. As how?

Sos. I ſay, it cannot ſeem more ſtrange
To you than me; nor, as I hope for mercy,
Did I at firſt believe Me-Myſelf *Soſia*,
Till *Soſia*, t'other I-myſelf, convinc'd me. 55
He told diſtinctly ev'ry thing that paſt
During our ſojourn with the enemy:---
Then he has robb'd me of my very figure
Together with my name.---One drop of milk
Is not more like another than that I 60
Is like to Me: for when you ſent me home,
Before 'twas day-break, from the port—

AMPH. What then?

Sos. *I* at the door was ſtanding long before
I came there.

AMPH. Plague! what trifling ſtuff is this?
Have you your ſenſes?

Sos. I am as you ſee me. 65

AMPH. Sure, ſince he left me, he has been bewitch'd,
And work'd on by ill hands.

Sos. Ill hands, I own;
For he has maul'd me with his fiſts moſt ſadly.

V. 67.—*Work'd on by ill hands.* Sos. *Ill hands, I own.*]
Huic homini neſcio quid eſt mali malâ objectum manu.
Sos. *Fateor; nam ſum* obtuſus *pugnis peſſumè.*

Mala manus, in the original, alludes to Sorcery, which gives a fair opportunity for *Soſia* to pun upon it. *Turnebus*, as quoted by *Cooke*, finds out a particular beauty in it; for he ſuppoſes, that the particular Sorcery is deſigned, which was practiſed by herbs, in which *manual* operation is more required than in charms by the incantation of verſe. Agreeable to this refinement on our Author, we muſt ſuppoſe that *obtuſus pugnis* ſignifies *pounded*: but this

AMPH. Who beat you?
Sos. I-Myſelf beat Me-myſelf,
I that am now at home.
AMPH. Be ſure you anſwer 70
Nothing but what I aſk you.—Firſt of all,
I willingly would learn, who is that *Soſia?*

this expreſſion is uſed by him generally, where no particular alluſion can be ſuppoſed.

V. 69. *I-myſelf, beat Me-myſelf.*] The *Engliſh* idiom exactly anſwers to the *Latins* in this particular expreſſion of *Egomet* and *Memet*; and I cannot help thinking it more forcible in either language than the plain pronoun *I* or *Ego*. It is remarkable, that throughout this ſcene we find it frequently uſed in this manner. *Dryden* was not aware of this, who makes *Soſia* ſay, "*I* beat *Me*." But indeed in this, and throughout the whole ſcene, he only tranſlates *Moliere* almoſt literally.

It is but too common, in all imitations, where the circumſtance is of itſelf comic, to endeavour to heighten it by throwing in unneceſſary additions in the expreſſion. The ſimplicity of *Plautus* is, in this ſcene particularly, frittered away by *Moliere*; and *Dryden* followed him ſo cloſely, that he forgot himſelf. He has even copied from the *Frenchman* the deſcription which *Soſia* gives of his perſon, as he ſaw it in *Mercury*, though directly the oppoſite of what our countryman had given us of it from himſelf, as may be ſeen in the Note on V. 405. of Act I. Scene I. of this play. "I viewed myſelf, as in a mirrour, from head to "foot. He was handſome, of a noble air, loſe and free in all "his motions." *Dryden.*

Des piés juſq' à la tête, il eſt comme moi fait;
Beau, l'air noble, bien pris, les manières charmantes.
MOLIERE.

Compare this with the quotation from *Dryden*, in the above-mentioned Note.

If our Author is to be blamed for ſome wretched puns, what muſt we think of the following in *Dryden?* He makes *Soſia* ſay, —"That there was *two* I's, is as certain, as that I have *two* "*Eyes* in this head of mine."

Sos. Your ſervant.

AMPH. In good ſooth I have one more
By you, than I could wiſh; nor ever had I,
Since I was born, another ſervant *Soſia* 75
Beſides yourſelf.

Sos. But I do tell you now,
You'll find, when you go home, another *Soſia*
Beſides myſelf; the ſon of *Davus*; ſprung
From the ſame father as myſelf; in form,
And age, the ſame too with myſelf. In ſhort, 80
You've here a double *Soſia*.

AMPH. Your account
Is wondrous ſtrange!---But have you ſeen my wife?

Sos. He would not let me come within the door.

AMPH. Who hinder'd you?

Sos. That *Soſia*, He I ſpoke of;
Who maul'd me with his fiſts.

AMPH. Who is that *Soſia*? 85

Sos. Myſelf, I ſay:—how often muſt I tell you?

AMPH. But what is't you are talking?—Have you not
Been ſleeping all the while?

Sos. No, not the leaſt.

AMPH. Haply you ſaw, if any ſuch you ſaw,
That *Soſia* in a dream.

Sos. I am not wont 90
To dream o'er your commands.—Awake I ſaw him;
Awake I ſee you now; awake I'm talking;
And with his fiſts juſt now did *He* awake
Maul *Me* awake.

AMPH. What *He*?

Sos.

Sos. I tell you, *Sofia*,
That *I-He*—Prithee, don't you underſtand? 95
AMPH. How is it poſſible, that any one
Should underſtand ſuch jargon as you jabber?
Sos. But you will know him quickly.—
AMPH. Who?
Sos. You'll know
That other *Sofia*.
AMPH. Follow me.—'Tis needful,
I ſhould firſt ſift this matter.—See that all things 100
Be brought from ſhip-board, as I order'd.
Sos. I am
Mindful and diligent t' obey your orders.
I have not drank up your authority
Together with my wine.
AMPH. Now would to heav'n,
The fact may turn out different from your ſtory! 105
[*They keep aloof.*]

SCENE II.

Enter ALCMENA *attended by* THESSALA.

ALC. How ſcanty are the pleaſures in life's courſe,
If plac'd in oppoſition to it's troubles!
For in the life of man to ev'ry one
'Tis thus allotted, thus it pleaſes heaven,

V. 105. The direction [*They keep aloof*] is inſerted agreeable to the modern practice, the utility of which is ſufficiently ſhewn by Mr. *Colman* in his firſt Note to his tranſlation of the *Andrian* of *Terence*. Notwithſtanding theſe directions, it is neceſſary that the reader ſhould keep in mind the prodigious extent and breadth of the *Roman Stage*, (which according to *Echard*) was not leſs than

That Sorrow, her companion, ſtill ſhould tread 5
Upon the heels of Pleaſure; and if ought
Of good befal us, forthwith there ſhould follow
Of ill a larger portion.—This I feel,
And know it of myſelf now, unto whom
A little ſpice of pleaſure was imparted, 10
In that it was permitted me to ſee
My huſband but one night:—he left me, and
Departed on a ſudden, ere 'twas day.—
Here ſeem I now deſerted and forlorn,
Since he I doat on, prizing above all, 15

than 180 feet in the front. This will account for many things in the repreſentation, which would be impracticable on the modern narrow ſtage.

V. 9.] The ſentiment expreſſed in the foregoing lines is not only beautiful, but admirably applied to the ſituation of *Alcmena*. I am induced to imagine, that *Echard* has paid a compliment to *Dryden* which he by no means deſerves, in ſaying that this is better'd by our *Engliſh* Poet, in the following rant:

Ye niggard Gods! you make our lives too long:
And fill them with diſeaſes, wants, and woes,
And only daſh them with a little love,
Sprinkled by fits, and with a ſparing hand.
Count all our joys, from childhood ev'n to age,
They would but make a day of ev'ry year.
Take back your ſeventy years, (the ſtint of life)
Or elſe be kind, and cram the quinteſſence
Of ſeventy years into ſweet ſeventy days;
For all the reſt is flat, inſipid being.

Be this as it may, *Dryden* puts this reflection into *Alcmena*'s mouth at the time ſhe is parting from *Jupiter*, the falſe *Amphitryon*, and the reflection on this occaſion favours rather of indelicacy, eſpecially as it almoſt immediately follows a ſpeech from her, which is not at all in character for *Alcmena*, as drawn by our Author.

Is abſent from me.—I have ta'en of grief
From the departure of my huſband more
Than I receiv'd of pleaſure from his coming.
In this, however, am I bleſt at leaſt,
That he has conquer'd, and is home return'd 20
With honour's heap'd upon him :—that's a comfort.
Let him be abſent; ſo that he return
Crown'd with the acquiſition of bright fame,
I'll bear it, his departure, with a mind
Reſolv'd and ſtedfaſt :—If this recompenſe 25
Be giv'n me, that my huſband ſhall be ſtiled
A conqueror in battle, I ſhall think
I have enough.---Valour's the beſt reward :

V. 28. *Va'our.*] *Virtus* in the original, it has been well obſerved by the commentators, ſignifies (as I have tranſlated it) *Valour*; and they properly remark, that this encomium on that favourite *Virtue* (if I may ſo call it) muſt have been particularly agreeable to a *Roman* ear. We may add, that it is alſo quite in character for a Soldier's wife. I make no queſtion, but that it would equally be applauded on the *Engliſh* Stage : *Moliere*, however, gives it another turn, which indeed is very tender, but I doubt whether it is more natural. It will be ſufficient to quote *Dryden*, who takes the *Frenchman*'s thought, though he does not directly copy his expreſſion. It ought to be obſerved, that *Alcmena*, (in our *Engliſh* Author,) utters theſe tender thoughts, before ſhe ſees her ſuppoſed huſband in the perſon of *Jupiter*.

——I fear for my *Amphitryon*'s life :———
* * * * * * * *
Suſtaining all his care, pierc'd with his wounds :
And if he fall (which O ye Gods avert !)
I'm in *Amphitryon* ſlain, &c.

So different indeed is *Dryden*'s *Alcmena* from our Author's, that ſhe ſays to *Jupiter*, her ſuppoſed huſband, on their parting,

Curſe on this honour, and this public fame :
Would you had leſs of both, and more of love !

'Tis

'Tis Valour, that ſurpaſſes all things elſe:
Our liberty, our ſafety, life, eſtate, 30
Our parents, children, country are by this
Preſerv'd, protected: Valour ev'ry thing
Compriſes in itſelf; and ev'ry good
Awaits the man, who is poſſeſs'd of Valour.

AMPH. I am perſuaded, that my coming home 35
Moſt eagerly is wiſh'd for by my wife,
Who loves me, and by me no leſs is lov'd;---
But more eſpecially, ſeeing ſucceſs
Has crown'd our enterpriſe, the enemy
Subdued, by all men deem'd invincible:--- 40
(Them by my conduct and command we vanquiſh'd
In the firſt battle.) Of a truth I know,
She much expects, and longs for my return.

SOS. And don't you think my Dear expects me too?

[AMPHITRYON *advances, with* SOSIA.]

ALC. Sure 'tis my huſband.

AMPH. Follow me this way. 45

ALC. Wherefore returns he, when he ſaid juſt now

V. 44. *My dear expects me too.*] From this expreſſion *Moliere* has very happily ſtruck out an additional improvement of our Author's plan, in the character of *Sofia*'s Wife, whom he calls *Cleanthes*. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed, that, as *Mercury* bears the reſemblance of *Sofia*, many natural embarraſments muſt ariſe. *Dryden* has alſo a wife to *Sofia*, whom he calls *Bromia*; but he has likewiſe added an attendant, or waiting-maid, to *Alcmena*, by the name of *Phædra*. In this latter inſtance I cannot help thinking, that *Mercury* (under the diſguiſe of *Sofia*) betrays his godſhip beyond all the rules of *probability*; and in the former, there is ſurely too much of the *vulgar*.

He was in hurry to be gone ?—And is it
His purpose then to try me ?—Would he prove,
How I affect his parting ?—By my faith
To me he's always welcome.
Sos. We had best 50
On board again, Sir,
AMTH. Wherefore ?
Sos. Nobody
Will give us here a dinner.
AMPH. How came that
Into your mind ?
Sos. Because we're come too late.
AMPH. How so ?
Sos. See there before our house *Alcmena*
Stands with her belly full.
AMPH. At my departure 55
I left her big with child.
Sos. Alas, poor me !
AMPH. Why ? What's the matter ?
Sos. O I am come home
Just in the nick of time to fetch her water :
For she is gone, according to your reckoning,
Ten months.
AMPH. Have a good heart.
Sos. Nay, do you know 60
What a good heart I have ? If I but take
The bucket once in hand, now never trust me
From this day forward, if I do not draw

V. 55. *Her belly full.*] *Ante ædes stare* saturam *intelligo.*

V. 58. *Fetch her water.*] The commentators have shewn, that bathing was used among the ancients upon child-delivery.

The

The well's heart's-blood up, when I ſet about it.

AMPH. Follow me.--Never fear: I will appoint 65
Another to that buſineſs.

ALC. (*advancing*) I ſhall ſhew
My duty more, if I approach and meet him.

[AMPHITRYON *and* ALCMENA *meet.*]

AMPH. With joy *Amphitryon* greets his wiſh'd-for ſpouſe,
Whom he accounts the beſt of all in *Thebes*,
Whom all our *Thebans* ſo extol for virtue! 70
How have you far'd this age ſince?—Did you long
For my return?

SOS. (*ironically*) O yes, extremely long'd—
One could not take leſs notice of a dog.

AMPH. It joys me that I ſee you burthen'd thus,
Bearing your load ſo well.

ALC. Prithee, my lord, 75
Why do you thus ſalute me in the way
Of mockery? why addreſs me all ſo ſtrange,
As though you had not ſeen me very lately,
As though it were the firſt time you return'd
Home hither from the conqueſt of your foes? 80
Why, why do you accoſt me now, as though
You had not ſeen me for a long time paſt?

AMPH. By all that's ſacred, never till this hour
Have I beheld you.

ALC. Why will you deny it?

V. 64. *The well's heart's-blood.*] *Puteo animam.* The *Engliſh* is *Echard's*; and conveys, I think, the ſenſe of the original. The learned *Camerarius*, as *Cooke* informs us, gravely ſays, that "water is to a well, what the life, or *ſoul*, is to animals."

AMPH.

AMPH. Becauſe that I have learnt to ſpeak the truth.
ALC. He who unlearns what he has learnt, does wrong.---
You'd try my diſpoſition !—But what makes you
Return ſo ſoon ?—Has any ominous thing
Retarded, or the weather kept you back ?—
How comes it to the army you're not gone, 90
As lately you declar'd that you was going ?
AMPH. Lately ! how lately was it ?
ALC. Do you try me ?—
A while ago, juſt now, this very inſtant.
AMPH. How can that be, I pray you, as you ſay,—
A while ago, juſt now ?
ALC. And can you think 95
I'd play the fool as you do, who maintain
This is your firſt arrival, when e'en now
You parted hence ?
AMPH. How wild ſhe talks !
SOS. Have patience,
Till ſhe has ſlept out this one dream.
AMPH. She dreams
With her eyes open.
ALC. No, I do not dream ; 100
But am awake, and waking I relate
That which is true : for now ere break of day
I ſaw both him and you.
AMPH. Where ? in what place ?
ALC. Here, in your own houſe.
AMPH. No, it could not be.
SOS. Hold, Sir.—Who knows but that the veſſel brought us 105

From

From the port hither, while we were asleep?

AMPH. Will you too join in her extravagance?

SOS. What would you have me do, Sir? Don't you know,

If you oppose a *Bacchant* in her rage, 109

You'll make her desperate; she'll strike the oft'ner;

But if you humour her, one stroke contents her.

AMPH. By heav'ns but I'm resolv'd to rate her, since

She will not welcome me.

SOS. Do, thrust your hand

Into an hornet's nest.

AMPH. Hold your tongue, sirrah.---

Alcmena, I would ask one question.

ALC. Ask, 115

And welcome.

AMPH. Is it phrenzy, or is't pride,

Which thus possesses you?

ALC. My lord!---How came it

Into your thoughts to ask so strange a question?

AMPH. You were wont hitherto to welcome me

On my return, and greet me in such terms, 120

As virtuous wives use to their husbands.---Now

I've found your practice other.

ALC. By my faith,

My lord, most certainly on yesternight

I welcom'd you as soon as you arriv'd,

V. 109. This is explained by a religious custom among the *Romans*; when women, in honour of *Bacchus*, used, at the festival appropriated for that purpose, to strike every one, that came in their way, with a *Thyrsis*, a wand so called. It is humour in *Sosia* to suppose, that *Alcmena* is a *Bacchant*, or (in other words) *frantic*.

And

And aſk'd you at the ſame time of your health, 125
And took you by the hand, and gave a kiſs.

Sos. How! yeſternight you welcom'd him?

ALC. I did;—

And you too, *Soſia.*

Sos. Sir! I was in hopes,
She'd bring you forth a boy; but now, believe me,
She is not gone with child.

AMPH. How do you mean? 130

Sos. Far gone with madneſs.

ALC. No, I am not mad,
And pray to heav'n to ſpeed me in my labour:
But if your maſter treat you as he ought,
You'll be rewarded for your ominous words.—
'Twill *hap ill* to you.

Sos. It ſhould be to you: 135
An *apple*'s proper for a pregnant woman,
That ſhe may have ſomething to chew upon,

V. 126.] We may hence learn the particular mode of ſalutation or reception practiſed by the ancients.

V. 130—31. *Gone with child—far gone with madneſs.*]
Non eſt puero *gravida*—inſaniâ.

This is a joke, which I have endeavoured to expreſs in the beſt manner I could. But I own, I was extremely puzzled to preſerve the leaſt trace of that which follows.

V. 136. *'Twill* hap ill *to you.*] *Tu magnum* Malum *habebis.*
Sos. *Enim vero prægnanti oportet* Malum *dari.*

Malum, in the original, has the double meaning of an *Ill* and an *Apple*. The commentators who have explained this paſſage, have yet left us in the dark about the reaſon, why an apple (or any fruit) ſhould be given to a pregnant woman. Poor as this pun ſeems to be, it is repeated in Act IV. Scene III. v. 16. of this play.

If ſhe begin to faint.

AMPH. You ſaw me here
Laſt night?

ALC. I did, I ſay:—muſt I repeat it
Ever ſo often?

AMPH. In a dream perhaps. 140

ALC. No, we were both awake.

AMPH. Alas! alas!

SOS. What ails you, Sir?

AMPH. My wife is gone diſtracted.

SOS. She's troubled with black bile, and nothing ſooner
Works men to madneſs.

AMPH. (*to Alc.*) When did you perceive
Yourſelf firſt ſeiz'd?

ALC. By heav'n there's nothing ails me. 145

AMPH. Why then d'ye ſay you ſaw me, when we came
But laſt night into port; and there I ſupp'd,
There reſted the whole night on board the ſhip;
Nor have I ſet my foot here in the houſe,
Since with the army I march'd hence againſt 150
Our foes the *Teleboans*, and o'ercame them.

ALC. With me you ſupp'd, with me you paſs'd the night.

AMPH. How's that?

ALC. I ſpeak the truth.

AMPH. No, not in this,
Howe'er in other matters.

V. 143. *Black bile.*] Atrâ Bili *percita eſt.* Madneſs by the *ancients was* attributed to the Bile.

ALC.

ALC. You departed
Back to the army at the dawn of day. 155
AMPH. How could that be?
SOS. She's very right: ſhe's telling you
Her dream, while now 'tis freſh upon her memory.
Indeed, good dreaming Madam, when you wak'd,
You ſhould have offer'd a ſalt cake of frankincenſe
To *Jove*, diſpoſer of ſtrange prodigies. 160
ALC. A miſchief on your head!
SOS. On your's, unleſs
You have a care.
ALC. This fellow dares again
Speak rudely to me with impunity.
AMPH. (*to Soſia.*) Hold your tongue, ſirrah. (*to Alc.*)
Tell me, did I leave you
At break of day this morning?
ALC. Who but you 165
Recounted to me, how the battle went?
AMPH. And know you that too?
ALC. Surely,---ſince from you
I heard it; how you took their capital city,
And ſlew king *Pterelas* yourſelf.
AMPH. Did I,
I tell you this?
ALC. Yes, you;—and *Soſia* here 170
Was by too.
AMPH. (*to Soſia.*) Did you hear me tell her this?
SOS. Where ſhould I hear you?
AMPH. Aſk herſelf.

V. 159.] A cuſtom among the ancients.

Sos. In troth
No, never in my presence, that I know of.
ALC. Ay to be sure,---he'll contradict you doubtless!
AMPH. Come hither, sirrah :—look me in the face.
Sos. I do, Sir. 175
AMPH. I would have you speak the truth
Without or favour or affection to me.—
Say, did you hear me give her such account
As she affirms ?
Sos. Prithee art thou too mad.
To ask me such a question ?---when it is 180
The first time I have seen you here together.
AMPH. Now, Madam !—do you hear ?
ALC. I hear him utter
That which is false.
AMPH. So—then you won't believe
Or him, or me your husband ?
ALC. I believe
Myself,—and know what I have said is true. 185
AMPH. Will you affirm I came here yesterday ?
ALC. Will you deny you went from hence to-day ?
AMPH. I do ;---and do affirm, that this is now
My first arrival.
ALC. And will you deny too,
That you presented me with a gold cup, 190
You told me had been giv'n to you ?
AMPH. By heav'n
I neither gave it you, nor told you of it ;—
Though I was so dispos'd, and am so now,
That cup to give you.—But who told you of it ?
ALC.

ALC. I heard it from yourſelf,—from your own hands 195
Receiv'd the cup.

AMPH. Hold, hold, I do beſeech you.—
Soſia, I marvel much how ſhe ſhould know
I was preſented with a golden cup;—
Unleſs yourſelf have lately been with her,
And told her all.

SOS. Not I;—I never told her, 200
Nor ſaw her, till with you, now.

ALC. What a knave!—
Would you that I produce the cup?

AMPH. Produce it.

ALC. It ſhall be done.—Go, *Theſſala*, and bring
The cup here, which my huſband this day gave me.

[THESSALA *goes in, and* AMPHITRYON *and* SOSIA *walk on one ſide.*]

AMPH. Step hither, *Soſia*.—Of all wonders I 205
Should wonder moſt, if ſhe ſhould have the cup.

SOS. Can you ſuppoſe that poſſible, when here
It's in the caſket, *(ſhewing it)* ſeal'd with your own ſeal?

AMPH. Is the ſeal whole?

SOS. Look at it.

AMPH. 'Tis ſecure,—

V. 201. *What a knave!*] *Quid hoc ſit hominis!* There is a diſpute among the commentators about the meaning of this ſentence, and by whom it ſhould be ſpoken. I may perhaps be wrong in giving it to *Alcmena*; but I cannot perſuade myſelf, that it will come with more propriety from any other perſon.

V. 205.] *Præter alia* mira miror *maximè*.

Just as I seal'd it.

Sos. Should she not be treated 210
Like a mad person?

AMPH. On my troth there's need on't;
For sure she is possess'd.

[THESSALA *returns with a Gold Cup.*]

ALC. Need there more words?
See, here's the cup.

AMPH. O give it to me.

ALC. There,—
Look at it well, you that deny your deeds:
But this will openly convince you.---Say, 215
Is't not the same, with which you was presented?

AMPH. O *Jupiter!* what do I see?—It is
The very cup.---*Sosia*, undone for ever!

Sos. Sure she's the greatest juggler that e'er breath'd,
Or else the cup must be in here.

AMPH. Dispatch,--- 220
Open the casket,—quick.

Sos. Why need I open it?
'Tis seal'd securely :---so far all is well.---
You have brought forth, Sir, an *Amphitryon*; I
A *Sosia* :---If the cup bring forth a cup,
Then shall we all have doubled one another. 225

AMPH. I am resolv'd to open, and inspect.

Sos. Look if the seal be right,—that afterwards

V. 210, &c.] The Latin words are *Cerrita,—Larvarum plena*, By this is meant, "tormented in mind by the anger of *Ceres*, or the possession of Spirits," according to *Nonius*, as translated by *Cooke*.

You

You may not lay the blame on me.

AMPH. Come open it
This instant; for she means to drive us mad.

ALC. Whence could I have this present but from you? 230

AMPH. That must I find.

SOS. *(Opening the casket.)* O *Jupiter!* O *Jupiter!*

AMPH. What ails you?

SOS. There's no cup here in the casket!

AMPH. What do I hear?

SOS. The truth.

AMPH. Sad truth for you,
Unless the cup appear.

ALC. *(Shewing it.)* It doth appear.

AMPH. Who gave it to you?

ALC. He that asks the question. 235

SOS. You're on the catch, good master!---You have stole
Some other way in private from the ship
Before me, took the cup out, giv'n it her,
And seal'd the casket up again.

AMPH. Ah me!
You help her frenzy too.—*(To Alc.)* You say we came 240
Last night here?

ALC. So I say, and on your coming
Strait you saluted me, as I did you,
And met you with a kiss.

AMPH. *(aside)* I do not like
That kiss in the beginning.---Well---go on.

ALC. You bath'd.

AMPH. What after bathing?

ALC.

ALC. You ſat down 245
To table.

SOS. Bravo! excellent! examine her.

AMPH. *(to Soſ.)* Don't interrupt.---*(to Alc.)* Proceed you in your ſtory.

ALC. The ſupper being ſerv'd, we ſupp'd together. I ſat me down---

AMPH. On the ſame couch?

ALC. The ſame.

SOS. So then!---methinks this banquet is not reliſh'd! 250

AMPH. *(to Soſ.)* Let her go on.---*(to Alc.)* What after we had ſupp'd?

ALC. You ſaid you found yourſelf inclin'd to ſleep: The table was remov'd: we went to bed.

AMPH. Where did you lye?

ALC. With you in the ſame chamber, In the ſame bed.

AMPH. You've utterly deſtroy'd me! 255

SOS. What ails you?

AMPH. She has giv'n me my death's wound!

ALC. What have I done, I pray?

V. 249. *On the ſame couch?*] *In eodem lecto?* This is agreeable to the cuſtom of the ancients, who, at their repaſts were placed upon couches in a reclining poſture.

V. 258. *What ails you?*] *Quid tibi eſt?* "*Amphitryon* having "a little before ſaid—*quid tibi eſt?*—to *Soſia*, when he ſeemed "aſtoniſhed at opening the caſket, and finding the cup gone, the "poet makes *Soſia* retort the queſtion upon his maſter with ſome "humour here." This is an obſervation of *Cooke*, but perhaps it may ſeem too refined, as this is a common expreſſion frequently *uſed without any particular* alluſion.

AMPH.

AMPH. O a loſt, loſt wretch!
Since foul diſhonour, while I was away,
Has ſtain'd her chaſtity.
ALC. My Lord!---I pray you,
Why do I hear ſuch language from your tongue? 260
AMPH. Am I your Lord?---Thou falſe one!---do not call me
By that falſe name.
SOS. A pretty buſineſs truly,
If ſhe has chang'd him now from Lord to Lady!
ALC. What have I done, that you ſhould talk to me
In terms like theſe?
AMPH. When you yourſelf proclaim 365
What you have done, why aſk of me in what
You have offended?
ALC. Is my being with you,
Who are my huſband, an offence to you?
AMPH. With me? was you with me?---O impudence
Unparallel'd!---If you are void of ſhame, 270
You might at leaſt have borrow'd the appearance.
ALC. The crime, with which you charge me, ne'er diſgrac'd

V. 263.] *If ſhe has chang'd him now from Lord to Lady.*] The original is,

ALC. *Cur iſtuc, mi Vir, ex te audio?*
AMPH. *Vir ego tuus ſum? Ne me appella, falſa, falſo nomine.*
SOS. *Hæret hæc res, ſiquidem hæc jam mulier facta eſt ex viro.*

The ambiguity of *Sofia*'s pun in this place depends on the double ſignification of *Vir*, which means a *Man* and an *Huſband*. Poor as it is, it anſwers very well in the Engliſh Word Lord, which *I found in Echard's* tranſlation.

Our

Our family ; and though you mean to fix
The imputation on me of incontinence,
You cannot trap me.

AMPH. O immortal Gods !--- 275

At leaſt you know me, *Soſia ?*

Sos. Pretty well.

AMPH. Did I not ſup laſt night on board our ſhip
In the *Euboean* port ?

ALC. I have at hand
Witneſſes likewiſe, ready to confirm
All that I ſay.

AMPH. How ! witneſſes ?

ALC. Yes, witneſſes. 280

AMPH. You produce witneſſes ?

ALC. Yet one's ſufficient :
For nobody was by beſides ourſelves,
But *Soſia.*

Sos. Troth I know not what to ſay
In this affair.---Haply there is ſome other
Amphitryon, who takes care, Sir, of your buſineſs, 285
And does your office here, while you're away.
'Tis very wonderful that other *Soſia*,---
But this *Amphitryon* is a greater wonder !

ALC. Now by the kingdom of the Pow'r Supreme,
By *Juno*, Matron Goddeſs, whom to fear 290
And reverence is moſt fitting, here I ſwear,
That never mortal man, ſave you alone,

V. 293. *Mortal man.*] *Mortalis nemo.* I have hitherto had ſufficient occaſion to take notice of the refinements of the critics in finding out beauties never thought of by the Author *Boxhorn*, from this common expreſſion, meaning, no *man* or no *perſon* in *general*, and often uſed as ſuch by our Author and others, has diſcovered

Has had my love,—none wooed me to dishonour.

AMPH. Would this were true!

ALC. I speak the very truth;

But all in vain, since you will not believe. 295

AMPH. You are a woman, and can boldly swear.

ALC. Bold may she be, who no offence has wrought,

And with a confident and haughty spirit

Plead her own cause.

AMPH. You're bold enough.

ALC. No more

Than does become a modest and a virtuous. 300

AMPH. As far as words can make you, you are honest.

ALC. I hold not that my portion, which is call'd so,

But honour, modesty, subdued desires,

Fear of the gods, affection for my parents,

And friendship with my kindred,---that to you 305

I am obedient, bounteous to the good,

And ever ready to assist the virtuous.

SOS. Now by my soul, if what she says is true,

She is the very model of perfection. 309

AMPH. I scarce know who I am, I'm so bewilder'd.

covered a *salvo* for *Alcmena* in this declaration, with respect to her telling truth, because, says he, it was *Jupiter* (a *God*) whom she took for *Amphitryon*.

V. 303.] I have followed the correction made by *Gruterus*—*Verbis proba's*—(that is, *proba es*—) as I think it conveys a more forcible meaning with it than the common reading, *Verbis, probas*.

V. 308.] This speech is very natural for *Alcmena*, and serves to illustrate the excellence of her character. See the following note, on v. 329.

SOS.

Sos. You are *Amphitryon* doubtless: but beware,
You do not lose yourself: for men, you find,
Are strangely metamorphos'd since our coming.

AMPH. I am resolv'd to search into this matter.

ALC. With all my heart.

AMPH. How say you?—answer me. 315
What if I bring your kinsman *Naucrates*,
Who in the same ship bore me company:
If he deny all you assert for fact,
What treatment is your due?—Can you shew cause,
Why you should not be punish'd with divorce? 320

ALC. Prove me delinquent, then there is no cause.

AMPH. Agreed.—You, *Sosia*, lead these *captives* in.—
I'll find out *Naucrates*, and bring him hither.

[*Exit* AMPHITRYON.

Sos. *(To Alc.)* Now there is no one here besides ourselves,

V. 320. *Punish'd* with divorce.] *Mulctare matrimonio*, in the original, is explained by the commentators to mean, "fined or "*mulcted* in the *dowry*." We learn, that among the ancients, when a wife was convicted of adultery, the husband not only put her away, but he had a power also to retain her marriage portion. This will throw an additional lustre on *Alcmena*'s speech just before, beginning v. 302, wherein she professes to prize the virtues becoming her character as her real dowry.

Non ego illam mihi Dotem *duco esse, quæ* Dos *dicitur*,
Sed pudicitiam, &c.

I hold not that my *portion*, which is called so,
But *honour*, &c.

V. 323.] *These captives.*] We have nothing in the original to direct us to the precise meaning of the relative *hos*. The commentators agree in supposing it to relate to the *captives*, which *Amphitryon* had brought with him.

Tell

Tell me in ſober ſadneſs, is there not 325
Within another *Soſia*, like to me?

ALC. Go, fellow—a fit ſlave for ſuch a maſter!

SOS. I will be gone for good, if you command.

[*Exit* SOSIA.

ALCMENA *alone.*

'Tis wondrous ſtrange, my huſband ſhould be pleas'd
Thus to accuſe me of ſo foul a crime, 330
So wrongfully.—But I ſhall learn it ſoon,
Whate'er the cauſe be, from my kinſman *Naucrates.*

[ALCMENA *goes in.*

V. 329. *Gone for good.*] This is a joke in the original, which I have endeavoured to preſerve, in the beſt manner I could, in the tranſlation. The word—ABI—was uſed at the manumiſſion, or freeing of a ſlave; whence *Soſia* takes occaſion to ſay,—ABEO, *ſi jubes*,—in reply to *Alcmena*'s ABI.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

JUPITER *addresses himself to the Spectators.*

I'M that *Amphitryon*, whose slave is *Sosia* :
The same is *Mercury*, when there's occasion :
My dwelling's in the highest loft ; and I
Am also *Jupiter*, whene'er I please :
But now that I descend, I shift my garb, 5
And strait I am *Amphitryon*. For your sakes
I now come hither, that I might not leave
This play imperfect. I am come besides
To bring the innocent *Alcmena* aid,

V. 1.] This again is another Prologue, as it were, in the character of *Jupiter*, for which indeed there appears to be no kind of necessity or reason : It contains no information to the spectators, but what had been given them before by *Mercury*, Act I. Scene II and nearly in the same terms.

V. 3. *My dwelling's in the* highest loft.] *In* superiore *habito* cænaculo—is explained by all the commentators, as conveying a double sense, signifying in the first place the habitation of the heavenly *Jove*, and in the second, the humble lodging of the poor actor, who plays the character, which from his mean condition, it is taken for granted, is in the upper loft or garret. There is undoubtedly in this scene the same jumble as in the Prologue by *Mercury*, concerning the character of *Jupiter* as a deity, and as an actor in his own person. There does not, however, appear any necessity, as it seems to me, for understanding this passage in any other sense than the plain and obvious one, as meaning the celestial habitation of *Jupiter*, especially as *Ennius* uses the very same expression—*cænacula maxima cæli—the highest lofts of heav'n.*

Whose

Whoſe huſband has accus'd her of diſhonour :— 10
The crime myſelf contriv'd, to let it fall
Upon her guiltleſs head, were baſeneſs in me.
Now will I feign me, as I did before,
To be *Amphitryon*, and confound the houſe ;
The myſtery I'll afterwards diſcloſe. 15
I will afford *Alcmena* timely aid ;
And at the ſelf-ſame birth the child by me,
And that with which ſhe's pregnant by her huſband,
I'll cauſe her to bring forth without a pang.—
I order'd *Mercury* to follow me 20
Forthwith, if haply I ſhould want his ſervice.—
But ſee, *Alcmena* comes—I muſt accoſt her.

JUPITER *retires back.*

SCENE II.

Enter ALCMENA.

I cannot bear to ſtay here in the houſe.—
O that my huſband ſhould accuſe me thus
Of wanton proſtitution and diſhonour !

Enter ALCMENA.] The reaſon given by *Alcmena* for coming out of the houſe, when her preſence was abſolutely neceſſary for carrying on of the plot, has been admired as a moſt ingenious contrivance in our Author It is, indeed, at once natural and affecting. No pretext, however, was thought of for *Alcmena*'s appearance in the ſecond ſcene of the ſecond act, when ſhe comes out without any cauſe aſſigned, or any apparent motive. It is true, that the practice of adhering ſtrictly to the *unity of place* has produced many abſurdities ; and incidents, which naturally ſhould have happened within doors, or in a chamber, have been repreſented as tranſacted in a ſtreet. In conſequence of this, the conduct of this very play before us, muſt appear to the moderns

in

Facts he avers on facts, and loudly clamours,
Whilst to my charge he lays things never done, 5
Never by me admitted, or allow'd.
He thinks too I shall bear it with indifference:
No, by the Gods, I will not: I'll not suffer
The imputation of dishonesty,
To lay against me without cause; for I 10
Will either leave him, or from him receive
Due satisfaction: further, he shall swear,

in many instances as forced and improbable. It can scarcely be believed, that any one should continue so bigoted to antiquity, as not to think the shifting of the scenes as practised on our stage, a natural as well as a necessary improvement; though perhaps it should be used by us with more propriety and moderation. The drama among the ancients was one continued representation: but as the modern practice has divided it into so many breaks or acts, when the spectator's attention is entirely interrupted, what reason can be given why he may not be presented with a new scene, when the drama is resumed? Perhaps indeed it may not appear quite so natural to change the scene during the act: but even this, supposing it a defect, is surely much preferable to a defect in the conduct of the piece itself, merely to preserve the *unity of place*. Much has been said in the defence of the ancient practice in this particular: but after all, may it not be reasonably conjectured, that one principal motive was perhaps their ignorance in scenical machinery?

Moliere, and *Dryden* after him, make *Alcmena* come out to go to the Temple, to thank the Gods for *Amphitryon*'s success; but this is cold and uninteresting.

V. 7. *Bear it with indifference.*] *Sus deque habituram.* This is the construction put upon these words by *A. Gellius*.

V. 12. *He shall swear.*] It was reckoned a sufficient atonement among the ancients, if the accuser took an oath, that he had accused any person wrongfully, which wiped off the infamy. See the form of the oath, v. 66. of this scene.

That

That he repents him it had e'er been ſaid,
What he alledg'd aganſt me innocent.

JUP. I muſt conſent to do what ſhe requires, 15
If I would meet reception as a lover.
And ſince it is imputed to *Amphitryon*
What I have acted, and my love for her
Has wrought her trouble although innocent,
I that am innocent muſt feel th' effects 20
Of his reproaches and reſentment t'wards her.

ALC. But lo! behold him here,---ſee, ſee the man,
That charges me, unhappy as I am,
With ſhameleſs proſtitution and diſhonour.

JUP. (*Advancing.*) Wife, I would hold diſcourſe
with you.---Ah why, 25
Why do you turn away your face thus from me?

ALC. It is my nature.---I have always loath'd
To look upon my foes.

JUP. Your foes!

ALC. So is it,---
I ſpeak the truth,---although you will pretend,
This too is falſe.

JUP. (*Offering to embrace her,*) Nay, now you are
too angry. 30

ALC. Keep your hands off:---for ſure, if you are
wiſe,
Or in your ſenſes, you would never hold
Parley with her, in earneſt or in mirth,
Whom you imagine and pronounce a ſtrumpet?

V. 28. *My foes.*] *Inimicos. Gronovius* informs us, from *Scipio Gentilis*, that *inimicus* was a term in law, by which the huſband was denoted after divorce. But perhaps this conſtruction may appear unneceſſary.

No no,---unless of all the fools that are 35
You are the veriest dolt.

JUP. It does not make you
Awhit the more so, for that I have said it:---
Nor do I think you such: and therefore am I
Hither return'd, to clear myself before you.
For nothing ever did I lay to heart 40
So sore as the report of your displeasure.
Why did you mention it? Yourself shall say,
I can acquit me of design.---By heav'n
I did not think that you was false: 'twas only
To try your temper, see what you would do, 45
And with what ease you would be brought to bear it.
All that I said indeed was said in mirth,
Only for sport: do but ask *Sosia* else.

ALC. But why not bring my kinsman *Naucrates*,
To testify you was not here before? 50

JUP. It is not fair to turn to earnest what
Was only spoke in jest.

ALC. But yet I know,
And feel, how much it pains me to the heart!

JUP. By this right hand, *Alcmena*, I intreat,
(taking her hand.)
Implore, beseech, you'd grant me this request:--- 55
Forgive me, and be angry now no longer.

ALC. I by my virtue render your reproaches
Vain, and of no effect; and though you now
Acquit me of dishonour, I'd avoid
The very imputation.---Fare you well; 60

V. 61. *Fare you well,*
Keep your own things, and give me mine.]
Valeas, tibi habeas res tuas, reddas meas.
This was the formulary used in divorce.

Keep your own things, and give me mine. You'll suffer
My women to attend me ?

JUP. Are you mad ?

ALC. Or if you will not, I will go without them.
Bearing my virtue with me for companion. *(going.)*

JUP. Stay :---I submit this oath to your discretion.
" I do believe my wife is truly virtuous :" 66
If I deceive in this, then, highest *Jove*,
I do beseech you, let your anger fall
With unremitted vengeance on *Amphitryon*.

ALC. Ah ! may he rather be propitious to him ! 70

JUP. Trust that he will : The oath that I have taken,
Is a sincere and true one.---Now, I hope
You're no more angry.

ALC. I am not.

JUP. 'Tis well.
For in the life of men full many a chance

V. 62. *My women to attend me.*] It was accounted, among the ancients, indecent for any woman of rank and character to appear abroad without her female attendants. This consideration gives an additional elegance to what *Alcmena* says afterwards.

Or, if you will not, I will go alone,
Bearing my Virtue *with me for companion*

V. 66. *My wife is truly virtuous.*] Madam *Dacier*, in my opinion, is justly ridiculed by M. *Gueudeville* for supposing that *Jupiter* here means to equivocate with *Alcmena*, and by a kind of mental reservation designs in the expression of—*my wife is truly virtuous*—his celestial consort *Juno*. Such a refinement appears wholly unnecessary and improbable.

If we consider the strict regard that was paid to *Oaths* among the ancients, we may easily conceive, that nothing could be so satisfactory to *Alcmena*, or more thoroughly produce a reconciliation, than this Oath.

Befalls them in this wise: and now they take 75
Their fill of pleasure, then again of misery:
Now quarrels intervene, and now again
They're reconcil'd:---but when these kind of quarrels
Haply arise betwixt two loving souls,
When reconciliation's made again, 80
Their friendship doubles that they held before.

ALC. You ought not to have said what late you did:
But, as you clear yourself, I am content.

JUP. See that the sacred vessels be prepar'd,
To pay the vows I promis'd to perform, 85
If I return'd in safety.

ALC. I'll take care.

JUP. Call *Sosia* hither. He shall go to *Blepharo*,

V. 81. This reflection is a very just one, and suitable to the circumstances of *Alcmena*'s quarrel with the supposed *Amphitryon*, The character of *Alcmena* is finely supported. She is in the utmost rage and indignation at having been suspected; but as soon as she is satisfied that her husband is not jealous of her, her love for him makes her readily reconciled. *Moliere* and *Dryden* make *Jupiter* (the false *Amphitryon*) threaten to kill himself, which I cannot but think a poor artifice to enforce a reconciliation, and fitter for Prince *Prettyman* in the *Rehearsal*.

———If once more you can but say, I hate you,
My sword shall do you justice.

ALC. Then—I hate you.

JUP. Then you pronounce the sentence of my death.

ALC. I hate you much; but yet———I love you more.

Several pretty *antitheses* of the same kind follow; and *Alcmena* at her departure says, like a true coquet,

———Let me go,
Where I may blush alone;—but come not you,
Left I should spoil you with excess of fondness,
And let you love again.

The

The maſter of our veſſel, and invite him
To come and dine with us.---As for himſelf, *(aſide)*
He ſhall be fool'd ſo as to loſe his dinner; 90
And when unwittingly *Amphitryon* comes,
I'll drag him by the throat from hence.

ALC. I wonder
What he is talking to himſelf about!
But the door opens---Oh, 'tis *Soſia* comes.

SCENE III.

Enter SOSIA.

I'm here.---Command me, if you want my ſervice:
I will obey your orders.

JUP. You are come
Moſt opportunely.

SOS. Is it peace betwixt ye?
For I am glad, and 'tis a pleaſure to me,
To ſee ye in good humour. It becomes 5
A truſty ſervant ſtill to faſhion him
So as to be himſelf as is his maſter,
To ſet his face by his face, to be grave
If he is grave, and merry if he's merry.---
But come now, tell me, are you reconcil'd? 10

V. 89. *As for himſelf*, &c.] There does not appear to be an abſolute neceſſity for ſuppoſing with the commentators, that this ſpeech (which I have marked—*aſide)* was adrreſſed to the ſpectators; but, as *Echard* has very properly obſerved. it ſerves to raiſe their expectation, and prepare them for the incidents that are to follow.

V. 9.] This portrait of a ſervant ſuiting himſelf to his maſter's humour, may be compared with that of an obſequious paraſite,

JUP. You jeer me ſure,---as if you did not know,
That what I ſaid before was but in jeſt.

Sos. In jeſt you ſaid it? By my troth I thought
You ſpoke it ſeriouſly in ſober ſadneſs.

JUP. I've clear'd myſelf: we've made peace.

Sos. Beſt of all. 15

JUP. I have a ſolemn buſineſs to tranſact
Within, which I have vow'd.

Sos. Ay, I ſuppoſe ſo.

JUP. Go to the veſſel, in my name invite
The maſter, *Blepharo*, to dine with me
After the ſacrifice. 20

Sos. I ſhall be here,
Ere you can think me there.

JUP. Return with ſpeed.

[*Exit* SOSIA.

as drawn by *Terence* in the character of *Gnatho* in the *Eunuch*, Act II. Scene II.

Eſt genus hominum, qui eſſe primos ſe omnium rerum volunt,
Nec ſunt. Hos conſector: hiſce ego non paro me, ut rideant,
Sed hi ultrò arrideo, et eorum ingenia admiror ſimul.
Quicquid dicunt, laudo: id reusùm ſi negant, laudo id quoque:
Negat quis? nego: Ait? aio: poſtremò imperavi egomet mihi,
Omnia adſentari.

There are
A kind of men, who wiſh to be the head
Of ev'ry thing, but are not. Theſe I follow;
Not for their ſport and laughter, but for gain,
To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts:
Whate'er they ſay, I praiſe it; if again
They contradict, I praiſe that too: Does any
Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too
Affirm: and in a word I've brought myſelf
To ſay, unſay, ſwear, and unſwear at pleaſure.

COLMAN.

ALC.

ALC. Would you ought elſe? or ſhall I now go in,
That what is needful be prepar'd?

JUP. Pray go,
And to your beſt ſee ev'ry thing be ready.

ALC. Come in, what time you will: I'll take due care,
That nothing ſhall be wanting.

JUP. 'Tis well ſpoken:
Like an obſervant wife.

[ALCMENA *goes in.*

SCENE IV.

JUPITER *alone.*

So---both of theſe
The ſervant and the miſtreſs, are deceiv'd,
In thinking me *Amphitryon:* much they err.
Now, thou immortal *Sofia*, be at hand:---
(You hear me, though not preſent:)---You muſt bar
Amphitryon's entrance, and contrive to fool him,
While I indulge me with this borrow'd wife.
Look to't,---you know my pleaſure,---and aſſiſt me,
While to myſelf I offer ſacrifice.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter MERCURY *running, at the farther End of the Stage.*

STAND by, make room, all clear the way before me,
Nor any be ſo bold to ſtop my ſpeed.
[*To the Spectators.*]
Why may not I, who am a deity,
Have the ſame licence as a ſlave in comedies,

SCENE I.] *Echard* has very judiciouſly remarked, that there is "a manifeſt Ceſſation of Action upon the Stage" at the departure of *Jupiter* in the laſt Scene. He therefore makes this begin the Fourth Act inſtead of concluding the Third, as it does in all the Editions of our Author. The propriety of this alteration will appear ſtill plainer, if it be conſidered, that *Mercury*, at the end of his ſpeech in this ſcene, mentions the approach of *Amphitryon*, who advances forward, and a dialogue ſoon after enſues betwixt them. The ancient drama, being one continued repreſentation, was not originally marked out into ſeparate acts like the modern; but the diviſions were afterwards ſettled by the ſeveral intervals: It is no wonder, therefore, that ſome miſtakes may have happened. A ſimilar change has been made in the *Captives*, in this Volume, with reſpect to the beginning of Act V. for an account of which, ſee the Note upon the paſſage.

This Scene is a kind of continuation of the Prologue, and *Mercury* addreſſes himſelf to the Spectators, as he has done in Act I. Scene II.

V. 4. *As a ſlave in comedies.*] It is remarkable, that this circumſtance, which appears to be here ridiculed, is introduced in on

With threats to bid the people clear the way? 5
He comes to tell th' arrival of a ſhip,
Or the approach of an enrag'd old man:
I am *Jove*'s meſſenger, and hither now
Have hied me at his bidding: therefore is it
More fitting, they ſhould clear the way for me. 10
My father calls, I follow him, and pay
Attention to his orders: I'm to him,
Such as a good ſon ſhould be to his father.
I ſecond his amours, encourage him,
Aſſiſt him, counſel him, rejoice with him: 15
If any thing's a pleaſure to my father,
The pleaſure is to me the greater far.
He loves, and he is wiſe; and he does right,
When he perſues the bent of his deſire;
Which all men ſhould, in a legitimate way.--- 20
Now would he have *Amphitryon* play'd upon:---
I'll do it rarely,---here before your eyes,

no leſs than three of our Author's plays. In the *Merchant*, for example, *Acanthio* runs to his maſter *Charinus*, to tell him that his miſtreſs *Paſicompſa* had been ſent in the ſhip by his father *Demipho*: In the *Stichus*, *Dinacium*, a ſlave, informs his miſtreſs *Panegyris*, that her huſband was put into port on his return from *Aſia*; and in the *Moſtellaria*, (or the *Apparitions*) *Tranio* brings information of the unexpected coming of *Theuropides*, an old gentleman. *Terence* has cenſured the like practice in a playwright of his time, in the Prologue to the *Self-Tormentor*.

Qui nuper fecit ſervo currenti in viâ
Deceſſe populum.

Who lately introduced a breathleſs ſlave,
Making the croud give way. COLMAN.

V. 20. *In a legitimate way.*] *Dum id* modo *fiat* bono. This is underſtood by the commentators to mean, *dum ne quid fiat contra leges,—ſo that nothing be done contrary to law.*

E'en

E'en now.---I'll place a chaplet on my head,
And ſham the drunkard, get me up above,
And drive him hence, this huſband, with a vengeance.
As ſoon as he approaches, from above 26
I'll give him ſuch a ſluicing, he ſhall ſay,
He's ſober, yet *in liquor*. *Soſia* then
Will ſuffer for't accus'd of having done
What I ſhall do.---But what is that to me? 30
It is my duty to obey my father,
And be ſubſervient to his will and pleaſure.---
But lo! *Amphitryon* comes.---Now, if you'll lend
Attention, ye ſhall ſee him bravely fool'd.---
I'll in, and ſtrait equip me for my part, 35
Then to the houſe-top and thence drive him off.

[MERCURY *goes in*.

SCENE II.

Enter AMPHITRYON.

This *Nancrates*, whom I did wiſh to meet,
Was not on board; nor found I any one,
At home, or in the city, that had ſeen him.
I've crawl'd through ev'ry ſtreet, been at the riding-
houſe

V. 23. *A chaplet.*] It was a cuſtom among the ancients to wear a chaplet at their carouſals.

V. 28. *He's ſober, yet in* liquor.] *Faciam ut ſit* madidus ſobrius. I have endeavoured to preſerve the pun of the original, poor as it is, in the beſt manner I could think of. *Madidus* ſignifies *wet*, as well as *drunk*.

V. 35. *Equip me.*] *Ornatum ſumam*—the chaplet he had ſpoken of.

At

At the perfumers, the exchange, the market, 5
The wreſtling ring, the forum, at the barbers,
Th' apothecaries ſhops, at all the temples.---
I'm tir'd with ſearching ;---no where can I find him.--
I'll now go home, and of my wife proceed
To make enquiry,---who 'twas, for whoſe ſake 10
She gave her body up to proſtitution ;
For it were better I were dead, than leave
This ſearch unfiniſh'd.
(Going to the door, finds it ſhut.) They have barr'd the door !
'Tis very fine !---juſt like their other doings !---
But I'll make bold to knock, and ſoundly too. *(knocks)*
Open the door---Hola there ! Who's within ? 16
Open the door, I ſay---Will no one open ?

V. 8. *No where can I find him.*] In this little ſcene there is a great deal of art of the poet, by making *Amphitryon* ſo particularly tell the ſeveral places he had been at, to look for *Naucrates :* for if it had been otherwiſe, the ſpectators might all have wondered, that *Soſia* did not meet him, ſince he was gone but a little before to the ſame place. *Echard.*

Demea's ſpeech in *Terence*'s *Brothers*, after having been put on a wrong ſcent by *Syrus*, is ſomewhat ſimilar to this in our Author.

Defeſſus ſum ambulando. Ut, Syre, te cum tuâ
Monſtratione magnus perdat Jupiter !
Perreptavi uſque omne oppidum : ad portum, ad lacum ;
Quò non? neque illic fabrica ulla erat, neque fratrem homo
Vidiſſe ſe aiebat quiſquum.

I'm tired
With walking.—Now great *Jove* confound you, *Syrus*,
You and your blind directions ! I have crawl'd
All the town over ; to the gate, the pond ;
Where not ? No ſign of any ſhop was there,
Nor any perſon who had ſeen my brother.

COLMAN.

SCENE

SCENE III.

MERCURY *appears above, with a Chaplet on his Head, pretending to be drunk.*

MERC. Who's at the door?

AMPH. 'Tis I.

MERC. I? who is I?

AMPH. 'Tis I, I tell you.

MERC. *Jove* and all the Gods
Owe you a ſpite, you bang ſo at the door.

AMPH. How?

MERC. How?—that you may live a wretch for ever.

AMPH. *Soſia.*

MERC. Ay, I am *Soſia*:—you don't think 5
That I've forgot my name?—What is't you want?

AMPH. Aſk what I want, you villain?

MERC. Yes, you fool!
You've almoſt tore our door here off it's hinges:
Think you we're furniſh'd at the public charge
With doors? You numſcull! why do you ſtare ſo at me?
What would you have?—Who are you? 11

AMPH. You whipt knave,
D'ye aſk me who I am?---You hell of elm-rods!
I'll make you burn with ſmart beneath the ſcourge

V. 12. *Hell of Elm-rods.*] *Ulmorum Achernus.* That is, according to *Taubman*, whoſe back devours as many elm-rods as *Acheron* does ſouls. So in the *Captives* of our Author,

Væ illis virgis miſeris, quæ hodie in tergo morientur meo.

Woe to the hapleſs twigs
Will dye upon my back!

For

For theſe affronts.

MERC. Why ſure you muſt have been
A ſpendthrift in your youth.

AMPH. For why?

MERC. Becauſe 15
In your old age you beg a *choke-pear* of me.

AMPH. Slave! I will have you tottur'd for this language.

MERC. I ſacrifice to you.

AMPH. How?—what d'ye mean?

MERC. I offer a libation of ill luck.

(Throwing water.)

[*What follows is ſupplied by another hand, the original being loſt.*]

AMPH. Is this your off'ring, raſcal? If the Gods 20

V. 15. *Beg a* choke-pear *of me.*] *Mendicus Malum.* This is the ſecond time in this play, that our Author has pun'd upon the word *Malum*, which happens to ſignify an *Ill* and an *Apple*. See the Note on Act II. Scene III. v. 136. I have given it the beſt turn I could think of in our language.

V. 19. *Libation of ill luck.*] The *Latin* is, *te macto infortunio.* —*I ſacrifice ill luck to you.* As the original is loſt, it is impoſſible to determine, whether *Mercury* was to throw water upon *Amphitryon* at this place or not; but as I make no doubt but that he was to do it ſomewhere, as he ſaid he would, I have ſuppoſed it to be at this paſſage.

Echard has obſerved with reſpect to the Supplement, which is very antient, "that the Plot and Incidents are as well carried on "in it as *Plautus* himſelf could have done; and that thoſe perſons, "who would prove it not his by the difference in ſtile, would be "leſs able to do it by the difference in ſpirit and genius." It muſt be owned indeed, notwithſtanding the affected contempt of ſome critics, that the imitation very nearly reſembles the original.

Preſerve

Preſerve me what I am, your back ſhall bend
With many a leathern thong, laid heavy on it;
Victim of *Saturn!*—Yes—I'll ſacrifice you—
With torture on the gallows.—Come you out,
You hang-dog.—

MERC. Apparition!—What, you think 25
To fright me with your threats?—But if you don't
Take to your heels, if you dare knock, or touch
Our door here even with your little finger,
I'll beat about your pate ſo with this tile,
You'll ſputter tongue and teeth out all together. 30

AMPH. You raſcal! wo'n't you ſuffer me to come
Into my own houſe?—knock at my own door?—
I'll pluck it off the hinges. (*Beating vehemently.*)

MERC. You perſiſt?

AMPH. I do.

MERC. Take this then. (*Throwing a tile.*)

AMPH. Villain! at your maſter?
If I but catch you, to ſuch miſery 35
I will reduce you, you ſhall live a wretch
For evermore.

MERC. You've play'd the *Bacchanalian*,
Old grey-beard.

V. 23. *Victim of Saturn.*] *Saturni hoſtia.* *Taubman* remarks, that this is in alluſion to thoſe Slaves, which the *Carthaginians* uſed to buy, in order to ſacrifice them in lieu of their own children to *Saturn.*

V. 25. *Apparition.*] *Larva umbratilis.*

V. 37. *Play'd the* Bacchanalian.] *Bacchanal exercuiſſe* The feaſts of *Bacchus* were celebrated with much riot and intemperance: whence a *Bacchanalian* and a *madman* were ſynonymous terms. So again, v. 64. *Mercury* tells *Amphitryon*, that he is *Bacchus* himſelf.

AMPH. Why ?

MERC. To think I am your ſlave !

AMPH. Not think it ?

MERC. Plague confound you ! for I own
No maſter but *Amphitryon*.

AMPH. Have I loſt 40
My form ?—'Tis ſtrange that *Soſia* ſhould not know me !
I'll make a farther tryal.—Hola ! tell me,
Whom do I ſeem ? is't plain I am *Amphitryon ?*

MERC. *Amphitryon ?*---Are you mad ?—I told you, dotard,
That you had play'd the *Bacchanalian*, 45
To aſk another, who you are !—But go,
Go, I adviſe you, and make no diſturbance :
Amphitryon is return'd, and is at reſt
A-bed now with his wife.

AMPH. What wife ?

MERC. *Alcmena.*

AMPH. Who is ?

MERC. How often would you have me tell you ? 50
Amphitryon my maſter.—Don't be troubleſome.

AMPH. Who is he with ?

MERC. Beware you do not ſeek
Your own miſchance in trifling with me thus.

AMPH. Nay prithee tell me, my good *Soſia*, do.

MERC. Now you beſpeak me fairly !—with *Alcmena.*

AMPH. In the ſame chamber ? 56

MERC. The ſame chamber,—yes,
And the ſame bed too.

AMPH. O I am moſt wretched !

MERC.

MERC. *(aside.)* What he counts loſs, is gain.---To lend one's wife,
Is to let out a barren land for ploughing.

AMPH. *Soſia !*

MERC. Well---what a plague now would you have
With *Soſia*,---*Soſia ?* 61

AMPH. Don't you know me, ſirrah ?

MERC. I know you for a wrangling ſaucy fellow.

AMPH. Yet once more,---tell me,---am I not *Amphitryon*,
Your maſter ?

MERC. You are *Bacchus*,---not *Amphitryon*.
How often would you have me tell it you ?--- 65
Muſt I repeat it ?---Our *Amphitryon*'s here,
And hugging his ſweet ſpouſe.---If you perſiſt,
I'll bring him hither,---to your coſt I warrant you.

AMPH. I would that you would call him here.---
Pray heav'n, *(aside.)*
I may not loſe thus my good ſervices 70
My country, houſe, wife, family, Myſelf !

MERC. I'll call him !---But mean while get from the door.---
The ſacrifice is ended, I ſuppoſe,
And now to dinner.—Prithee don't diſturb us,—.
Or I will make a ſacrifice of you. 75

[MERCURY *withdraws.*]

V. 64. *You are* Bacchus, *not* Amphitryon.] Bacchus *es, haud* Amphitryo. The meaning is, that you are not only frantic like a *Bacchanalian*, but to the higheſt degree, even to reſemble *Bacchus* himſelf.

See the Note on v. 37. of this Scene.

AMPH.

AMPH. Ye Gods! what madness has possess'd our house! 75
What wonders have I seen since my arrival!—
Now do I hold those fabulous tales for true,
Which I have heard of old, that *Attic* men
Were in *Arcadia* turn'd to savage beasts,
So that their friends could never know them after. 80

SCENE IV.

Enter BLEPHARO *and* SOSIA *at a Distance.*

BLEPH. How, *Sosia*!—'Tis most strange what you relate.
You found at home another *Sosia*, say you,
Resembling you?

V. 79. *Turn'd to savage beasts.*] The commentators explain this as alluding to certain people in *Arcadia*, whom the fables of antiquity called *Lycanthropi*, that is, *Wolf-Men*, who, it was pretended, quitted their human shapes, and assumed that of wolves for a certain time. There is a pleasant passage to this purpose in *Pliny*'s Natural History, book viii. chapter 22. "*Evanthes*, says he, a writer of no small credit among the "*Greeks*, relates, that the people of *Arcadia* have written, that "a man of the race of one *Anteus*, being brought to a pond in "the country, after having hung his cloaths upon an oak, and "swam across the pond, retired into the deserts, was changed "into a wolf, and herded with the animals of that species for "nine years, during which time he never did any mischief to "man. After this he repassed the same pond, and resumed "his former shape, being restored to the same condition he "was in before, except that he was nine years older."—What a pity it is, that the good *Evanthes* has not informed us, whether that *Wolf-Man* found his cloaths still hanging upon the oak, and in good condition, except that they were nine years older!

Sos. I did, I say.---But hearkye,
Since I myself have spawn'd another *Sosia*,
Amphitryon an *Amphitryon*, how d'ye know, 5
But you too peradventure may engender
Another *Blepharo*? Would to heav'n, that you
Were thump'd and bruis'd, your teeth knock'd out, and kept
Without a dinner; then you might believe me:
For I, that other *Sosia*, who am yonder, 10
Maul'd me most grievously.

BLEPH. 'Tis wondrous strange!
But we must mend our pace? for, as I see,
Amphitryon's waiting, and my empty guts
Begin to grumble.

AMPH. (*To himself.*) Wherefore should I talk
Of foreign legends, when they tales recount 15
More wondrous of the Founder of our *Thebes*?
This mighty searcher of *Europa* lost,
Having subdued the *Mars*-engender'd beast,
Rais'd on the spot a troop of armed men

V. 16. *Founder of our* Thebes.] This whole passage relates to the story of *Cadmus*, who was said to have built the city of *Thebes* in *Botia*.

V. 17. *Searcher of* Europa *lost*.] *Cadmus*, as the story goes, was sent by his father *Agenor* out of *Asia* into *Greece* in search of his sister *Europa*, whom *Jupiter* had carried off in the shape of a Bull. Those, who endeavour to investigate Truth in the dark disguise of Fable, have ingeniously enough imagined, that the *Ship*, in which *Jupiter* conveyed *Europa* to the island of *Crete*, was probably called the *Bull*.

V. 18. Mars-*engender'd beast*.] *Martigenam belluam*. The serpent which we are told *Cadmus* slew, and was supposed to have been sent by *Mars*.

By

By sowing of the serpent's teeth :---these parted, 20
And 'twixt the two bands a dread sight ensued?
With spear and helmet brother press'd on brother.
Nor is this all. *Epirus* has beheld
The author of our race, together with
His spouse *Hermione*, fair *Venus'* daughter, 25
Creep in the form of serpents. *Jove* supreme
Did thus ordain from high, thus will'd the Fates.
All, all the noblest chieftains of our house
Have for their bright atchievements been persued
With dire afflictions? and the same sad fate 30
Now presses me :---yet could I stand it's force,
And suffer miseries scarce to be endur'd,
Were but *Alcmena* honest.

Sos. *Blepharo!*

BLEPH. What?

V. 26. *Creep in the form of serpents.*] It is related that *Cadmus* and his wife were both turned into serpents.

V. 33. *Were but* Alcmena *honest.*] *De L'Oeuvre* (the *Delphin* Editor of our Author under the *Latinized* name of *Operarius*) supposes this sentiment understood, though it is not directly expressed in the context He therefore adds in his *Latin* Interpretation, --*si pudor conjugis esset salvus.* I have followed him, as it seems a very forcible and affecting conclusion.

The critics have cavilled at the beginning of this speech in asking, what has the sowing of the serpent's teeth to do with the situation of *Amphitryon?* He is reflecting on the distresses in which his progenitors had been involved, and very naturally begins with the author of his race.

Though it may seem a foreign quotation, I am tempted to transcribe part of *Othello's* speech, when worked up to jealousy, as an admirable comment on this reflection of *Amphitryon.*

Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had it rain'd

Sos. I fear there's ſome miſchance or other.

BLEPH. Why?

Sos. Look you.---our door is ſhut, and there's my maſter 35

Sauntering before it, like an humble courtier
Waiting to bid good-morrow,

BLEPH. Poh! that's nothing:---
He's walking only for an appetite.

Sos. A curious thought indeed!---to ſhut the door,
Leſt it ſhould come too early.

BLEPH. Ceaſe your yelping, 40
You puppy you.

All kinds of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But alas! to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of Scorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at——
Yet I could bear that too, well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart, &c.

Echard remarks upon this ſoliloquy of *Amphitryon*, that it is of a right *tragic* ſtrain; the paſſion truly juſt and natural; and the thought as ingenious and moral. It ſeems (he ſays) to be writ exactly with the ſame ſpirit as *Alcmena*'s ſpeech in the beginning of Scene II. Act II.

V. 36. —— —— —— *Like an humble courtier,*

Waiting to bid good morrow.] This is compriſed in the original in one word, *Salutator*, which cannot ſo readily be expreſſed in our language. It was the cuſtom among the ancients for the friends and dependants of great people to attend them in the morning to pay their reſpects to them, as ſoon as they were riſen. Hence the modern phraſe *Levèe*, which is borrowed from the *French*, and ſignifies *riſen*, or *got up*.

Sos.

Sos. I neither yelp nor bark.
If you'll be rul'd by me, pray let's obiérve him:
Something he's muſing on, I know not what:
He's reckoning ſome account methinks: I here
Can over-hear him.--Don't be in an hurry. 45

AMPH. O how I fear me, leſt the Gods ſhould raſe
The glory I have gain'd in vanquiſhing
Our foes the *Teleboans!* All our family
I find in ſtrange confuſion and diſorder:
My wife too!---O ſhe kills me, ſhe's ſo full 50
Of ſtain, of proſtitution, and diſhonour.---
But I do marvel much about the cup?
For yet the ſeal was whole.---What ſhall I ſay?
She told me the particulars of the fight,
And how king *Pterelas* I bravely ſlew 55
With my own hand.---Oh, now I know the trick!
'Tis *Soſia*'s doing, who has had the impudence
To get before me here.

Sos. He talks of me,
And little to my liking.--I beſeech you,
Don't let us face him, till he has diſcover'd 60
What 'tis broils in his ſtomach.

BLEPH. As you will.

AMPH. If I But lay hold on him,---a whipt ſlave!
I'll teach him what it is with tricks and threats

V, 41. *I neither yelp nor bark,*] *Nec* gannio, *nec latro. Gannio,* ſignifies properly to cry like a fox.

V. 44. *Reckoning ſome account.*] *Rationes colligit.* This is an expreſſion often uſed by our author, denoting any perſon to be wrapt in profound thought. See the Note on the *Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. in this Volume.

V. 61. Broils in his ſtomach.] *Donec* ſtomachum detexerit.

To put upon a maſter.

Sos. Do you hear him?

BLEPH. Yes, very plain.

Sos. The burthen on't will light 65
Upon my ſhoulders.---Prithee let's accoſt him.---
Do you not know the ſaying?---

BLEPH. Troth I know not
What you'll be ſaying, but I ſhrewdly gueſs
What you'll be ſuffering.---

Sos. An old proverb---"Hunger
"And a ſlack gueſt breeds anger."

BLEPH. By my faith 70
A true one. Let's accoſt him then directly.---
Amphitryon!

AMPH. Sure 'tis *Blepharo*'s voice I hear.
I wonder wherefore he ſhould come to me!
He comes though opportunely to aſſiſt
In proving my wife's baſeneſs.—*Blepharo!* 75
What brings you hither?

BLEPH. How! have you forgot
So ſoon your ſending *Soſia* to the ſhip
This morning, to invite me here to dinner?

AMPH. I never did. But where's the villain?

BLEPH. Who?

AMPH. *Soſia.*

BLEPH. Behold him.

AMPH. Where?

BLEPH. Before your eyes. 80
There—don't you ſee?

V. 69. Hunger—And a ſlack gueſt breeds anger.] *Fames et mora bilem in naſum concinit.*

AMPH.

AMPH. I can scarce see for anger.
The rascal has distracted me.—*(to Sosia.)* Don't think
Thou shalt escape—I'll sacrifice thee,—villain!
(Offering to strike SOSIA, BLEPHARO *holds him.)*
Suffer me, *Blepharo.*
BLEPH. Hear me, I beseech you.
AMPH. What is it? Speak, I hear you.—There—
take that. *(to* SOSIA, *striking him.)* 85
SOS. And wherefore do you strike me? Am I not
Come time enough? I could not have gone quicker,
If I had borne me on the wings of *Dædalus.*
(AMPHITRYON *offers to strike* SOSIA *again.)*
BLEPH. Hold, I beseech you. 'Twas not in our
power
To come a quicker pace, believe me.
AMPH. Whether 90
He strode on stilts, or crept with tortoise speed,
I am resolv'd to be his death,—a villain!
(Striking him at every sentence.)
This for the tiles!—this for the house-top!—this
For barring of the door!—this for your making
Sport of your master!—this for your foul language!
BLEPH. What harm pray has he done you? 96
AMPH. Done, d'ye ask?
He shut the door against me, from the house-top

V. 88. *Wings of* Dædalus.] The original is, *Dædaleis remigiis.* The story of *Dædalus* making wings for himself and his son *Icarus* is well known. *Virgil* has the same expression—*Remigio alarum.*

V. 91. *Strode on stilts, or crept with tortoise speed.*] *Sive gral'atorius, sive testudineus fuerit gradus.* Gral'a signifies a Stilt.

Pelted

Pelted and drove me off with tiles.

Sos. What, I?

AMPH. What did you threaten you would do, if I
But touch'd the door?--Can you deny it, villain? 100

Sos. Why not? Here's ample witness, he I'm come, with,
Whom I was sent with speed t' invite to dinner.

AMPH. Who sent you, rascal?

Sos. He that asks the question,

AMPH. Ha! when?

Sos. Just now,—lately,—a moment since,—
When you was reconcil'd here with your lady. 105

AMPH. *Bacchus* has turn'd your head.

Sos. May I not see
Bacchus to-day, nor *Ceres!*—You gave orders
The vessels should be clean'd, that you might make
A sacrifice, and sent me to invite
Him here to dinner.

AMPH. *Blepharo*, let me dye, 110
If I have been within yet, or e'er sent him.—
Where did you leave me? Speak.

Sos. At your own house.

V. 106. Bacchus *has turn'd your head.*

Sos. *May I not see*
Bacchus *to-day, nor* Ceres!]

Bacchus *te irritassit.*

Sos. *Nec* Bacchum *salutem hodie, nec* Cererem.

I have already taken notice, that it was usually said of frantic persons, that they were *Bacchanalians*, or that *Bacchus* had possessed them. *Sosia* wishes to see neither *Bacchus* nor *Ceres*, because it was the ancient opinion, that whoever saw either of those deities ran a risk of being mad.

And

And with my lady,---when I parted from you,
Flew to the port, and in your name invited
Blepharo here to dinner.---We are come,--- 115
I never saw you after till this instant.

AMPH. How! villain, with my wife?---You shall not hence
Without a drubbing. (*Strikes him.*)
Sos. *Blepharo!*

BLEPH. (*interfering*) Good *Amphitryon*,
Let him alone now for my sake, and hear me.

AMPH. Well---speak your pleasure.

BLEPH. He has lately told me 120
Of things most strange.---Some juggler peradventure
Or sorcerer has enchanted all your family.
Enquire into it, see what it can be,
And do not torture this poor wretch, until
You've learn'd the truth.

AMPH. You counsel me aright: 125
Let's in: I'd have you for an advocate
Against my wife. [*They move towards the door.*

SCENE V.

Enter JUPITER.

JUP. Who is it with such vast
And vehement bangs hath almost shook our door
From off it's hinges? Who is it hath rais'd

V. 126.] *An advocate.*] *Advocatus.* It is proper to observe, that this general term does not imply a pleader merely, but any friend or person, who supported by his presence, or assisted with his advice, or was a witness, or any other way interested for another in a cause.

Such

Such foul disturbance for so long a time
Before the house? Whom if I once can find, 5
By *Jove* I'll sacrifice him to the souls
Of slaughter'd *Teleboans*.---Nothing now
Speeds, as they say, right with me. I left *Blepharo*
And *Sosia* to go seek my kinsman *Naucrates*:
Them I have lost, and him I have not found. 10

Sos. *Blepharo!* That's my master just come out;
But This here is the sorcerer.

BLEPH. O *Jupiter!*
What do I see? This is not, but That is
Amphitryon; or if This be he, That cannot;
Except indeed he's double.

JUP. See---here's *Sosia* 15
And *Blepharo* with him: I'll accost them first:
So, are you come at last?---I dye with hunger.

Sos. Did not I say, this other was the sorcerer?
(*Pointing to* AMPHITRYON.)

AMPH. That is the sorcerer, my fellow *Thebans*,
Who has seduc'd my wife, and stor'd my house 20
With shame and prostitution.

V. 7—10.] Many have mistaken the design of this place, and have thought it was spoken by *Amphitryon*, or that something had been left out; whereas *Jupiter* speaks this only to puzzle and confound *Amphitryon*, *Blepharo*, and *Sosia*, and so carry on his design the better. ECHARD.

There follows a verse in the original, which Madam *Dacier* has omitted in her translation, and I have copied her example, as it is palpably wrong placed where it stands, and forestalls what *Jupiter* says afterwards with propriety.

V. 20. *Stor'd my house.*] *Per quem teneo* thesaurum *stupri*. The antients used the word *thesaurus*, or *treasure*, to signify a quantity or abundance of any thing.

Sos. *(To Jup.)* My good master,
You may be hungry, for my part I've had
My belly-full of cuffs.

AMPH. Still prating, rascal?

Sos. Hie thee to *Acheron*, thou damned sorcerer!

AMPH. Ha!—dost thou call me sorcerer?—Then have at thee. *(Strikes him.)* 25

JUP. Stranger! what wild distemperature is this,
That you should strike my servant?

AMPH. Thine?

JUP. Yes, mine.

AMPH. Thou liest.

JUP. *Sosia*, go in, and see the dinner
Got ready, whilst I sacrifice this fellow.

Sos. I'll go.—*Amphitryon* will, as I suppose, 30
Receive *Amphitryon* with like courtesy
As I, the other *Sosia*, did receive
Me *Sosia*.---In the mean time, while they're squabbling,
I'll to the kitchen, there lick all the platters,
And empty all the cups.

[*Exit* SOSIA.

SCENE VI.

Remain JUPITER, AMPHITRYON, *and* BLEPHARO.

JUP. Say'st thou, I lie?

AMPH. Thou liest, I say,---corrupter of my family!

V. 34. *Kitchen.*] The *Latin* word is *popina*, which commonly signifies a *public-house*; but as *Sosia* goes in, kitchen seems to be *the more proper term*.

JUP.

JUP. Now for these scurvy terms I'll throttle thee.
(Takes him by the collar.)

AMPH. Oh, Oh!

JUP. You should have look'd to this before.

AMPH. Help, *Blepharo!*

BLEPH. They are both so like each other, 5
I know not which to side with; but I'll try
To finish their contention, if I can.
Amphitryon, do not kill *Amphitryon*: pray
Let go his collar.

JUP. Call'st thou him *Amphitryon?*

BLEPH. Why not? He was but one, but now he's double. 10
What though you say you are, the other too
Is still *Amphitryon* in his form. Then pray
Let go his collar.

JUP. Well;—but tell me truly,
Does he appear to you to be *Amphitryon?*

BLEPH. Both verily.

AMPH. O highest *Jupiter!* 15

V. 3. *I'll throttle thee.*] *Echard* takes notice, that it may seem very indecent for *Jupiter* and *Amphitryon* to scuffle at this rate, and not rather to have drawn their swords. The plea he makes for it is, "that it agrees exactly with that character which *Mercury* in "the Prologue gives of this play, when he calls it *Tragi-Comedy*. "Besides, (he very gravely adds,) drawing of swords might have "proved too *tragical*." His first reason appears to me to be no reason at all, and his last is too ridiculous to be treated seriously. The antient manners are not to be measured by the practice of modern ones; and though *Moliere* and *Dryden* may perhaps think it necessary to make *Amphitryon* draw his sword like a man of honour and a gentleman, yet the times of *Plautus* might not have required such nice punctilios. It is certain, that the modern *notions of duelling* were not prevalent among the antients.

When

When did you take away this form of mine?—
But I'll examine him.—Art thou *Amphitryon?*

JUP. Doſt thou deny it?

AMPH. Surely: ſince there is
No other of that name in *Thebes* but I.

JUP. No, none but I:---then, *Blepharo*, be thou judge 20
Betwixt us.

BLEPH. I will make this matter clear
By tokens, if I can. *(to Amph.)* You anſwer firſt.

AMPH. Moſt willingly.

BLEPH. What orders did you give me,
Ere you began the battle with the *Taphians?*

AMPH. To hold the ſhip in readineſs, and ſtick 25
Cloſe to the rudder.

JUP. That in caſe our troops
Were routed, I might find a ſafe retreat.

AMPH. And for another reaſon:---to ſecure
The bag, well loaded with a ſtore of treaſure.

JUP. What money was there?

BLEPH. Hold, you:—'tis for me 30
To put the queſtion. *(To Jupiter)* Do you know the ſum?

V. 27. *A ſafe retreat.*] This circumſtance is truly comic in itſelf, without conſidering it, (as Madam *Dacier* and other penetrating critics have done,(as a ſatire highly to be reliſhed by a *Roman* audience in particular, who (according to this learned lady) were not uſed to ſee generals careful in providing for their own ſecurity in flight, and abandoning their ſoldiers. It is ſtrange, that theſe Refiners could not alſo find out a like beauty in what *Jupiter* ſays afterwards, about ſecuring the money-bag.

BLEPH.

JUP. Yes, fifty *Attic* talents.

BLEPH. To a jot.

And you—*(to Amph.)* how many *Philippeans* were there?

AMPH. Two thousand.—

JUP. And of *Oboli* twice as many.

BLEPH. Both hit the mark so truly, one of them 35
Must needs have hid him in the bag.

JUP. Attend.

With this right arm, (as you are not to learn,)
I slew king *Pterelas*; seized on the spoils,
And in a casket brought the golden cup,
Which he was wont to drink from: This I gave 40
A present to my wife, with whom to-day
I bath'd, I sacrific'd, I lay.

AMPH. Ah me!

What do I hear?—I scarcely am myself!
Awake I sleep; awake I dream; alive,

V. 32 3-4. *Attic talents—Philippeans—Oboli.*] For the value of these coins, see *Cooke*'s table, prefixed to this Volume.

An *Anachronism* in this place has been pointed out by the commentators in the mentioning of *Philippeans*, which were coined by *Philip* king of *Macedon*, the father of *Alexander* the Great, long after the time in which the incidents in this play were supposed to have happened. But I hardly can imagine, that these kind of *anachronisms* have arisen either from the ignorance or inattention of our author. They were rather considered, I suppose, of so very little consequence, that it is scarce worth while to put in a plea of privilege from poetical licence in their defence: However, as I profess merely a translation of my author, I have not thought it proper to modernize even the appellations of the coins; though *Echard* and *Dryden* talk without scruple of *Attic* Talents, Half-pence, and Farthings, in the same breath.

In

In health, and in my perfect mind, I perish. 45
I am *Amphitryon*, nephew of *Gorgophone*,
Commander of the *Thebans*, favourite
Of *Creon*, conqueror of the *Teleboans*,
Who vanquish'd with his might the *Acarnanians*,
And *Taphians*, by his warlike prowess slew 50
Their monarch, and appointed *Cephalus*
Their governor, son of *Dëioncus*.

JUP. I by my bravery in the battle crush'd
Those hostile ravagers, that had destroy'd
Electryon, and the brothers of our wife. 55
These wand'ring through th' *Ionian*, the *Ægean*,
And *Cretan* seas, with pow'r piratical
Laid waste *Achaia*, *Phocis*, and *Ætolia*.

AMPH. O ye immortal Gods! I scarce can have
Faith in myself, so just is his relation.— 60
What say you, *Blepharo?*

BLEPH. One thing yet remains:
If that appear, be double,—both *Amphitryons*.

JUP. I know what you would say; that scar you mean
Upon my right arm from the wound by *Pterelas*

V. 47. *Favourite.*] The *Latin* word is *Unicus*, which is often used by *Plautus* to signify *Friend* or *Darling*.

V. 54.] *Ravagers.*] *Latrones.* The ancients, we are told, used to call foreign soldiers by this name.

V. 70. *A scar.*] This artful circumstance, which is in particular well calculated for representation, is omitted by *Moliere*, as indeed is the whole examination of the two *Amphitryons*. It is impossible to guess at the reason, which induced this excellent judge of humour to pass it over, as it is certainly natural as well as highly comic. He indeed introduces *Jupiter* and *Amphitryon* both together in the presence of two *Thebans*, and after some uninteresting

Deeply intrench'd.

BLEPH. The ſame.

AMPH. Well thought on.

JUP. See you? 65

Lo! look!

BLEPH. Uncover, and I'll look.

JUP. We have

Uncover'd: look!

BLEPH. O *Jupiter* ſupreme!

(They both ſhew their arms.)

What do I ſee?—On both of you moſt plainly,
Upon the right arm, in the ſelf-ſame place,
The ſelf-ſame token does appear,—a ſcar, 70
New cloſing, of a reddiſh, wanniſh hue!
All reaſoning fails, and judgment is ſtruck dumb.
I know not what to do.

[*Here ends the ſuppoſititious part.*]

Between yourſelves
You muſt decide it: I muſt hence away;
I've buſineſs calls me.—Never did I ſee 75
Such wonders!

AMPH. I beſeech you, *Blepharo*, ſtay,
And be my advocate; pray do not go.

BLEPH. Farewell.—An advocate how can I be,
Who know not which to ſide with?

JUP. I'll go in:
Alcmena is in labour.

[BLEPHARO *goes off, and* JUPITER *goes into* AMPHITRYON's *houſe.*

unintereſting debate, *Jupiter* gives a diſtant hint of his intention to diſcover himſelf. *Dryden*, who in general cloſely follows his *French original*, has however introduced the circumſtances of this *Latin Scene* into his play.

SCENE VI.

AMPHITRYON *alone.*

Woe is me!
What ſhall I do, abandon'd by my friends,
And now without an advocate to help me?---
Yet ſhall he ne'er abuſe me unreveng'd,
Whoe'er he is.---I'll ſtrait unto the king, 5
And lay the whole before him.---I'll have vengeance
On this damn'd ſorcerer, who has ſtrangely turn'd
The minds of all our family.---But where is he?---
I doubt not, but he's gone in to my wife.---
Lives there in *Thebes* a greater wretch than I?--- 10
What ſhall I do now, ſince all men deny me,
And fool me at their pleaſure?---Tis reſolv'd:
I'll burſt into the houſe, and whomſoe'er
I ſet my eyes on, ſervant male or female,
Wife or gallant, father or grandfather, 15
I'll cut them into pieces:---Not ſhall *Jove*,
Nor all the Gods prevent it, if they would,
But I will do what I've reſolv'd.---I'll in.

[*As he advances towards the door, it thunders, and he falls down.*

Thunder and Lightning.

*** The concluſion of this act is at once grand and affecting. *Amphitryon* having been worked up to the higheſt pitch of rage and deſpair, reſolves to wreak his vengeance on the whole family, and is provoked even to utter blaſphemies, and ſet the Gods at defiance; when in an inſtant he is ſtruck down by a terrible ſtorm of thunder and lightning! This could not fail of having a fine effect in the repreſentation.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T. V.

S C E N E I.

Enter BROMIA, AMPHITRYON *continuing in a ſwoon.*

BROM. I have no means of ſafety left ? my hopes
Lye in my breaſt extinct and buried ? I
Have loſt all confidence of heart and ſpirit ?
Since all things ſeem combin'd, ſea, earth, and heav'n,
T'oppreſs and to deſtroy me.---I am wretched !--- 5
I know not what to do, prodigies
Have been diſplay'd within !---Ah, woe is me !
I'm ſick at heart now,---would I had ſome water,---
I faint, my head aches.--I don't hear, nor ſee
Well with my eyes.---Ah me ! no woman ſure 10
Was e'er ſo wretched, an event ſo ſtrange
Has happen'd to my miſtreſs !---When ſhe found
Herſelf in labour, ſhe invok'd the Gods :---
Then what a rumbling, grumbling, flaſhing, claſhing,

Enter BROMIA.] The poet had a particular occaſion for *Bromia*'s appearing at this time : therefore he has found a very fair pretext for bringing her out, [as there was a neceſſity of preſerving the *unity of place*,] to wit, the great fright ſhe was in within doors, which reaſon ſhe more particularly alledges hereafter.

Echard.

V. 14. *Rumbling, grumbling, flaſhing, claſhing.*] *Strepitus, crepitus, ſonitus, tonitrus.* As theſe words profeſſedly echoe one another in their ſound, I have adopted *Cooke*'s tranſlation of them. *Echard* tranſlates them in this manner.—"What voices and "noiſes,

Straitway enſued! ſuddenly, how quick, 15
How terribly it thunder'd! All that ſtood
Fell flat down at the noiſe: and then we heard
Some one, I know not who, with mighty voice
Cry out, "*Alcmena*, ſuccour is at hand:
"Be not diſmay'd: the heav'n's high ruler comes 20
"To you propitious and to yours. Ariſe,
"(Says he,) ye who have fallen through the terror
"And dread of me."---I roſe from where I lay,
And ſuch a brightneſs ſtream'd through all the houſe,
Methought it was in flames. Then preſently 25
Alcmena call'd, and this afflicted me
With horror? for I fear'd much more for her
Than for myſelf: I ran to her in haſte,
To know what ſhe might want, and (bleſs my eyes)
Saw ſhe had been deliver'd of two boys 30
Nor any of us knew, or did ſuſpect,
When ſhe was thus deliver'd.---But what's this?

"noiſes, what flaſhes and claſhes!" It has been remarked, that whenever *Jupiter* is repreſented as appearing like a God, he is always accompanied with thunder and lightning.

V. 30. *Two boys.*] *Filios pueros.* The redundance of expreſſion in the original has miſled *Cooke* into a refinement on our Author, by ſuppoſing that *pueros* means larger boys than ordinary, and accordingly he tranſlates the paſſage,—I found her delivered of two ſons, *and jolly boys they were.* It is a common caſe with critics, when they fancy they have made ſome notable diſcovery, to ſit down contented without enquiring whether there is any foundation for it or not. *Cooke* ſhould have conſidered, that at leaſt only one of *Alcmena*'s two ſons differed from common children. Beſides the word *puer* is uſed in this very play for a child in general:—*Non eſt* puero *gravida.—She is not gone with* child. Act II. Scene III.

Who is this old man, ſtretch'd before our houſe ?
Has he been thunder-ſtricken ? I believe ſo :
For he is laid out as if dead : I'll go, 35
And learn who 'tis.--- (*Advancing to Amph.*) 'Tis
certainly *Amphitryon*,
My maſter.—Hoa, *Amphitryon !*

AMPH. I am dead.

BROM. Come, riſe, Sir.

AMPH. I'm quite dead.

BROM. Give me your hand.

AMPH. (*recovering.*) Who is it holds me ?

BROM. I, your maid, Sir, *Bromia.*

AMPH. I tremble every joint, with ſuch amaze 40
Has *Jupiter* appall'd me ! and I ſeem,
As though I were juſt riſen from the dead.
But wherefore came you forth ?

BROM The ſame dread fear
Fill'd us poor ſouls with horror. I have ſeen,
Ah me ! ſuch wond'rous prodigies within, 45
I ſcarce am in my ſenſes.

AMPH. Prithee tell me,
D'ye know me for your maſter, for *Amphitryon ?*

BROM. Yes, ſurely.

AMPH. Look again now.

BROM. I well know you.

AMPH. She is the only perſon of our family,
That is not mad.

BROM. Nay verily they all 50

V. 42. *Riſen from the dead.*] The original is—*ab* Acheronte *veniam. Come from* Acheron, one of the rivers of the infernal *regions.*

Are in their perfect ſenſes.

AMPH. But my wife
By her foul deeds has driv'n me to diſtraction.

BROM. But I ſhall make you change your language, Sir,
And own your wife a chaſte one? on which point
I will convince you in few words. Know firſt, 55
Alcmena is deliver'd of two boys.

AMPH. How ſay you, two?

BROM. Yes, two.

AMPH. The Gods preſerve me!

BROM. Permit me to go on, that you may know,
How all the Gods to you are moſt propitious
And to your wife.

AMPH. Speak.

BROM. When your ſpouſe began 60
To be in labour, and the wonted pangs
Of child-birth came upon her, ſhe invok'd
Th' immortal gods to aid her, with waſh'd hands,
And cover'd head? then preſently it thunder'd,
And with a crack ſo loud, we thought at firſt 65
The houſe itſelf was tumbling, and it ſhone
As bright throughout, as if it were of gold.

AMPH. Prithee relieve me quickly, ſince you have
Perplex'd me full enough.—What follow'd after?

BROM. Mean time, while this was done, not one of us 70
Or heard your wife once groan, or once complain?
She was deliver'd ev'en without a pang.

V. 63. *With waſh'd hands,—And cover'd head.*] Agreeable to the *religious ceremonies* of the ancients.

AMPH. That joys me, I confeſs, however little
She merits at my hands.

BROM. Leave that, and hear
What more I have to ſay. After delivery 75
She bade us waſh the boys: we ſet about it:
But he that I waſh'd, O how ſturdy is he!
So ſtrong and ſtout withal, not one of us
Could bind him in his ſwadling-cloaths.

AMPH. 'Tis wondrous
What you relate: if your account be true, 80
I doubt not but *Alcmena* has been favour'd
With large aſſiſtance and ſupport from heaven.

BROM. You'll ſay what follows is more wondrous ſtill
After the boy was in his cradle laid,
To monſtrous ſerpents with high-lifted creſts 85
Slid down the ſky-light: in an inſtant both
Rear'd up ther heads.

AMPH. Ah me!

BROM. Be not diſmay'd.
The ſerpents caſt their eyes around on all,
And, after they had ſpied the children out,
With quickeſt motion made towards the cradle. 85
I, fearing for the boys, and for myſelf,
Drew back the cradle, ſtir'd it to and fro,
Backwards and forwards, on one ſide and t'other:
The more I work'd it by ſo much the more
Theſe ſerpents fierce purſued. That other boy, 90
Soon as he ſpied the monſters, in an inſtant
Leaps him from out the cradle, ſtrait darts at them,
And ſuddenly he ſeizes upon both,

In each hand grasping one.

AMPH. The tale you tell
Is fraught with many wonders, and the deed 95
That you relate is all too terrible;
For horror at your words creeps thro' my limbs.---
What happen'd next? Proceed now in your story.

BROM. The child kill'd both the serpents. During this
A loud voice calls upon your wife---

AMPH. Who calls? 100

BROM. *Jove*, supreme sovereign of Gods and men,
He own'd that he had secretly enjoy'd
Alcmena, that the boy, who slew the serpents,
Was his, the other he declar'd was your's.

AMPH. I now repent me, an' it pleases him, 105
To share a part with *Jove* in any good.
Go home, and see the vessels be prepar'd
For sacrifice forthwith, that I may make
My peace with *Jove*, by offering many victims.

BROMIA *goes in.*

I'll to the soothsayer *Tiresias*, and 100

V. 94. This description of the serpents, and the manner of their being attacked and killed by the infant *Hercules*, is very excellent, as well for its exactness and perspicuity, as for the elegance and purity of the stile. The account which *Bromia* gives of her moving the cradle to and fro, is highly natural and picturesque. In short, her whole narrative is admirable, and is drawn up in the same spirit with *Sosia*'s narrative of the battle in Act I. Scene I.

V. 100. *Tiresias.*] Our author has been accused of an *Anachronism*, or violation of *Chronology*, in mentioning *Tiresias*, who did not live till long after the time of this play: but others tell us, that he uses this name only to signify any Soothsayer.

Consult

Consult with him what's fittest to be done:
I'll tell him what has happen'd.---But what's this?---
How dredfully it thunders!---Mercy on us!

SCENE II.

JUPITER *appears above.*

[*Thunder and Lightning.*]

Be of good cheer, *Amphitryon*; I am come
To comfort and assist you and your family.
Nothing you have to fear; then let alone

JUPITER *appears above,*] The remark is obvious, that *Jupiter* appears here as a God in conformity to *Horace*'s rule.

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.———

Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a business worthy of a God. ROSCOMMON.

His presence was absolutely necessary, for the vindication of *Alcmena*'s honour, which naturally brings the play to a conclusion.

There is no doubt, but that this rule respected *Tragedy* alone, as it can hardly be conceived, that the presence of a Deity could be ever requisite for bringing on the end or catastrophe of a *Comedy*. I mention this in order to shew; that by the word *Tragico-Comœdia,—Tragi-Comedy*, used by *Mercury* in the Prologue to this Play, our Author really meant, that it consisted of serious and *tragic*, as well as humourous and *comic* parts, in some measure agreeably to the modern acceptation of the phrase. The characters of *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena,—spirant tragicum satis*—and are undoubtedly of the grave and *tragic* kind throughout. There is frequently an elevation in the sentiments and diction in these characters, which would appear exalted enough in a professed tragedy, and I am greatly mistaken, if there is not likewise the true tragical *pathos* in them, at least with respect to the circumstances of their situation. Upon the whole, I cannot but consider this play as being of the same cast with those of our old

English

All soothsayers and diviners : I'll inform you
Of what is past, and what is yet to come, 5
Much better than they can, since I am *Jove*.
Know first of all, I have enjoy'd *Alcmena*,
Whence she was pregnant by me with a son :
You likewise left her pregnant, when you went
To th' army. At one birth two boys together 10
She has brought forth: the one, sprung from my loins,
Shall gain immortal glory by his deeds.
Restore *Alcmena* to your ancient love :
In nothing does she merit your reproaches :.
She was compell'd by my resistless power, 15
To what she did.—I now return to heav'n.

JUPITER *ascends.*

SCENE *the Last.*

AMPHITRYON *alone.*

I'll do, as you command ; and I beseech you,
That you would keep your promises.—I'll in

English Dramatic Writers, in which there is an agreeable mixture of the *serious* as well as *comic* ;—a composition, that perhaps is as easily reconcileable to nature, as the nicer productions of modern art, which has drawn a line between the two branches of dramatic writing, and would ever place them at a forced distance from each other.

V. 12.] *Suis factis se immortali afficiet gloriâ. Te* is in all the copies which I have seen : but surely it could never come from *Plautus*. How could the actions of *Hercules* bring immortal glory on *Amphitryon ? Jupiter* is foretelling the greatness of *Hercules* himself : *se* therefore must be the word. *Cooke.*

The passage may be understood as meaning, that the actions of *Hercules* will reflect glory on *Amphitryon*'s house : but I think *Cooke*'s emendation preferable.

Unto

Unto my wife, and think no more of old
Tireſias.—Now, Spectators, for the ſake
Of higheſt *Jove* give us your loud applauſe. 5

V. 4. *For the ſake—Of higheſt* Jove.] The *Romans* believed, that this play made much for the honour of *Jupiter*; therefore, afterwards, it was commonly acted in times of public troubles and calamities, to appeaſe his anger. *Echard* from *Dacier*.

There is no doubt, but that this play ends happily and ſeriouſly in our Author, with the vindication of *Alcmena*'s honour entirely to the ſatisfaction of *Amphitryon*. *Moliere*, to accommodate his piece more to the modern taſte, humourouſly enough makes *Soſia* conclude it with ſaying, (when the company preſent were for congratulating *Amphitryon* upon the honour done him by *Jupiter*.)

Sur telles affaires toujours
Le meilleur eſt de ne rien dire.

Dryden copies him exactly in this ſpeech; but he gives it, (though not nearly ſo much in character,) to *Mercury*, who had already declared his Godſhip.

"ALL. We all congratulate *Amphitryon*.

"MERC. Keep your congratulations to yourſelves, Gen-
"tlemen. 'Tis a nice point, let me tell you that; and the leſs
"that is ſaid of it the better."

After this, the *Soſia* of our *Engliſh* Author, inſtead of concluding with a diſtant hint, as in the decent *Frenchman*, ends the play in a manner which the libertine taſte of his age muſt, I make no doubt, have highly applauded.

Having had occaſion to point out the deficiencies, (when compared with our Author,) in both *Moliere* and *Dryden*, it is a juſtice required of me to acknowledge, that there are many excellent additions in both his imitators, which were abſolutely neceſſary for the modern taſte. *Moliere*'s *Amphitryon* deſerves ever to be admired on the *French* Stage; and *Dryden*'s, ſince it has been purged of its licentiouſneſs by Dr. *Hawkeſworth*, can never fail of meeting with approbation from an *Engliſh* audience.

The End of AMPHITRYON.

THE

BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

THE

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

PYRGOPOLINICES, *the* BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.
ARTOTROGUS, *a Parasite.*
PERIPLECTOMINES, *an old Gentleman.*
PLEUSIDES, *a young* ATHENIAN.
PALÆSTRIO, *formerly Servant to* PLEUSIDES, *but now to the* BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.
SCELEDRUS, *Servant to the* BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.
LUCRIO, a *Lad, the same.*
CARIO, *Cook to* PERIPLECTOMINES.
A LAD, *belonging to the same.*

PHILOCOMASIUM, *Mistress of the* BRAGGARD CAPTAIN, *beloved by* PLEUSIDES.
ACROTELEUTIUM, *a Courtesan.*
MILPHIDIPPA, *her Maid.*

SCENE, *EPHESUS,*

Before the Houses of PERIPLECTOMINES *and the* BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

THE

BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter PYRGOPOLINICES, ARTOTROGUS, *and Soldiers.*

PYRGOPOLINICES.

SEE that the ſplendour of my ſhield outſhine
The ſun's bright radiance, when the heav'ns are fair:
That, when we join in battle, it may dazzle

The BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.] It is remarkable, that the Prologue to this play is at the opening of the Second Act; and indeed the whole Firſt Act is merely *epiſodical*, and might have been ſpared, as it is void of all incident, has nothing at all to do with the main plot, and only ſerves to acquaint us with the character of the *Braggard Captain*; for which purpoſe only the character of a *Paraſite* is introduced, who appears no more than in this Firſt Scene. No compariſon can therefore properly be drawn between the *Paraſite* of our Author and the *Gnatho* of *Terence*, in his play of the *Eunuch*, that character being intended (as Mr. *Colman* has judiciouſly remarked) "as a new ſort of Paraſite, "neve

The enemies eyes throughout their thickeſt ranks.
Fain would I comfort this good ſword of mine, 5
Leſt he deſpond in ſpirit, or lament,

" nver ſeen on the ſtage before; the maſter of a more delicate " manner of adulation than ordinary flatterers." Neither indeed will the character of our Author's *Braggard Captain*, and that of *Thraſo* in the *Eunuch*, bear any juſt degree of compariſon with each other. *Thraſo* ſets himſelf up for a wit, and prides himſelf in ſaying what he imagines good things; whereas the *Braggard* of our Author is vain-glorious only of his valour and perſon. It muſt be confeſſed, that this character in the firſt particular is drawn beyond all degrees of probability, and is moſt extravagantly farcical; but this is in a great meaſure dropt in the progreſs of the play, and his vanity on account of his ſelf-opinion of the beauty of his perſon is made productive of very natural comic incidents.

The *Braggards* of our modern writers have been conſtantly repreſented as rank Cowards; ſuch as the *Parolles* of *Shakeſpeare*, the *Beſſus* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and the *Bobadil* of *Johnſon*. In this indeed they differ, (or at leaſt it is not ſo particularly pointed out,) from thoſe of our Author and of *Terence*. Cowardice, though by induction it may fairly be ſuppoſed an ingredient in their compoſition, is not however made a principal object of ridicule, as with the moderns. There is indeed one ſtroke of this kind, which is truly comic, in the *Thraſo* of *Terence*, who, after marſhalling his ragamuffins in order to make an attempt upon *Thais*'s houſe, ſays,

Ergo ero poſt principia.—I'll bring up the rear. Upon which *Gnatho* archly remarks,

Illuc eſt ſapere! ut hoſce inſtruxit, ipſus ſibi cavit loco.

What wiſdom is!
Now he has drawn up theſe in rank and file,
His poſt behind ſecures him a retreat. COLMAN.

V. 4. *The enemies eyes.*] *Oculorum præſtingat, aciem in acie.* This is a jingle in the original, of which I could not preſerve the leaſt ſimilitude in the tranſlation; nor indeed does it ſeem to deſerve any attention to it.

For that I wear him unemploy'd, who longs
To make a carbonado of the foes.
But where is *Artotrogus?*

ART. He is here,
Close by an hero brave and fortunate, 10
And of a princely form,—a warrior! such
As *Mars* himself would not have dar'd to bring
His prowess in compare with your's.

PYRG. Who was it
In the *Gurgustidonian* plains I spar'd,
Where *Bombamachides Cluninstaridysarchides* 15
Great *Neptune*'s grandson, bore the chief command?

ART. Oh, I remember---doubtless it is he
You mean to speak of, with the golden armour;---
Whose legions with your breath you puff'd away
Like the light leaves, or chaff before the wind. 20

PYRG. O! that indeed! that on my troth was nothing.

ART. Nothing, 'tis true, compar'd with other feats,

V. 14. *Gurgustidonian,—Bombomachides*, &c.] These are words coined by our author in the stile and taste of our modern *Chrononhotonthologos*. However farcical and ridiculous this kind of humour may appear to be, it is certainly unnatural and improper, wherever probability is required. The same humour is indulged, with respect to the invention of a ridiculous name, in a grave scene of the *Captives* in this Volume, Act II. Scene II. v. 52. on which see the Note. I hardly think it worth while to explain the constituent parts of these fanciful appellations.

V. 5. *Chaff.*] The original is, *peniculum tectorium*, or (according to others) *paxniculam tectoriam*. By either of these expressions is meant something light; and therefore I have substituted the word *chaff*.

That

That I could mention, *(aſide)* which you ne'er perform'd.—
Shew me whoever can, a greater lyar,
One fuller of vain boaſting than this fellow 25
And he ſhall have me, I'll reſign me up
To be his ſlave, though, when I'm mad with hunger,
He ſhould allow me nothing elſe to eat
But whey and butter-milk.

PYRG. Where art thou?

ART. Here.—
How, in the name of wonder, was't you broke 30
In *India* with your fiſt an elephant's arm?

PYRG. How! arm?

ART. His thigh, I meant.

PYRG. I was but playing.

ART. Had you put forth your ſtrength, you would have driv'n
Your arm quite through his hide, bones, guts, and all.

PYRG. I would not talk of theſe things now.

ART. Indeed 35
You would but ſpend your breath in vain to tell
Your valorous feats to me, who know your proweſs.
(Aſide) My appetite creates me all this plague;
My ears muſt hear him, or my teeth want work;
And I muſt ſwear to every lie he utters. 40

PYRG. Hold,—what was I about to ſay?

ART. I know

V. 39. *Teeth want work.*] *Dentes dentiant*; this is explained to mean the ſhooting of the tooth at the time of infants cutting them. The *Paraſite* would therefore imply by this expreſſion, *that his teeth* would grow for want of grinding down by exerciſe.

What

What you design'd to say ?---a gallant action !---
I well remember---

PYRG. What ?

ART. Whate'er it be.

PYRG. Hast thou got tablets ?

ART. Yes, I have---d'ye want them ?---
A pencil too.

PYRG. How rarely thou dost suit 45
Thy mind to mine !

ART. 'Tis fit that I should study
Your inclinations, and my care should be
Ev'n to forerun your wishes.

PYRG. What remember'st ?

ART. I do remember---let me see---an hunded
Sycolatronidans---and thirty *Sardians*.--- 50
And threescore *Macedonians*,---that's the number
Of persons, whom you slaughter'd in one day.

PYRG. What's the sum total of these men ?

ART. Sev'n thousand.

V. 54. *Seven thousand.*] This is so far removed from the appearance of any thing like delicate flattery, that nothing can be more gross and inartificial. It is not to be conceived, that any one could swallow such palpable impossibilities by way of praise, as that he should take to himself the glory of having broke the thigh of an elephant with his single fist,—of having slaughtered seven thousand men in one day,—and (still more) his having been able to have cut off five hundred men at one stroke, the remains of a routed army, if his sword had not been blunt. These are extravagances to be conceived only of a *Garagantua*, as drawn by *Rabelais*, and are stretched far beyond the bounds of probability, which are requisite in legitimate comedy. What follows, respecting our *Braggard*'s vain conceit of his person, is truly humourous and natural.

PYRG. So much it ſhould be.---thou'rt a right
accomptant. 55
ART. I have it not in writing, but remember.
PYRG. Thou haſt an admirable memory.
ART. 'Tis ſharpen'd by my ſtomach.
PYRG. Bear thyſelf
As thou haſt hitherto, and thou ſhalt eat
Eternally,---for ever ſhalt thou be 60
Partaker of my table.
ART. Then again
What feats did you perform in *Cappadocia!*
Where at one ſingle ſtroke you had cut off
Five hundred men together, if your ſword
Had not been blunt, and theſe but the remains 65
Of th' infantry, which you before had routed,—
(Aſide) If ever there were any ſuch in being.
Why ſhould I tell you, what all mortals know?
That *Pyrgopolinices* ſtands alone,
The only one on earth fam'd above men 70
For beauty, valour, and renown'd exploits.
The ladies are enamour'd of you all,
Nor without reaſon,---ſince you are ſo handſome;
Witneſs the gay young damſels yeſterday,
That pluck'd me by the cloak.---
PYRG. *(Smiling)* What ſaid they to you? 75
ART. They queſtion'd me about you.---Is not that,
Says one of them, *Achilles?*---Troth, ſaid I,
It is his brother.---Why indeed forſooth
He's wondrous handſome, quoth another:---how
His hair becomes him!---O what happineſs 80
Thoſe ladies do enjoy, who ſhare his favours!

PYRG.

PYRG. Did she indeed say so?

ART. Two in particular
Beg'd of me I would bring you by their way,
That they might see you march.

PYRG. What plague it is
To be too handsome!

ART. They are so importunate, 85
They're ever begging for a sight of you:
They send for me so often to come to them,
I scarce have leisure to attend your business.

PYRG. 'Tis time methinks to go unto the *Forum*,
And pay those soldiers I enlisted yesterday: 90
For king *Seleucus* pray'd me with much suit
To raise him some recruits:---I have resolv'd
To dedicate this day unto his service.

ART. Come, let's be going then.

PYRG. Guards, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

V. 84. *That they might see you march.*] *Quasi ad pompam.*

V. 90, *Soldiers.*] *Latrones.* See the note to *Amphitryon*, Act IV. Scene VI. v. 54. The etymology of this word, as given us by *Varro* in his Sixth Book on the *Latin Tongue*, is so very curious, that I am tempted to transcribe it. "Latrones *dicti ab* latere, "*quia circum* latera *erant regi*, ATQUE AD LATERA HABEBANT "FERRUM." To make this in any sort intelligible to the mere *English* reader, I must translate it with some little latitude, "Guards, says this grave Author, were called (as it were) *Sides-*"*men*, from the word *Side*, because they are stationed at the *Side* "of their prince, and BECAUSE THEY WEAR A SWORD BY THEIR "SIDES." What wonderful eruditiòn! May we not with equal reason take it for granted, that our *English* word *Soldier* comes from *Shoulder*, BECAUSE, (like *Patrick Fleming* in the old Song,) HE CARRIES HIS MUSKET UPON HIS SHOULDER?

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter PALÆSTRIO.

TO tell the argument of this our play
I have the courtesy, if ye will have
The kindness but to here it. Whoso will not,
Let him get up, go out, and to another
Resign his seat, that would be glad to hear. 5
I'll tell you now the name and argument
Of this same play we are about to act,
For which ye are seated in this mirthful place.
In *Greek* the comedy 'tis stil'd *Alazon*, 9
Which, render'd in our tongue, we call *The* BRAGGARD.

SCENE I.] This is the Prologue to the Piece, which to a modern must undoubtedly seem misplaced; but indeed (as I observed before) the play in fact begins properly at this act, the preceding one being in a manner superfluous and unnecessary.

V. 9. *Alazon.*] Αλαζων, *Iactator*, *Braggard.* It does not appear, who was the *Greek* Author, from which *Plautus* took his play. From the Prologue to the *Eunuch* we learn, that *Terence* had been accused of having stolen his characters of the *Soldier* and *Parasite* from the *Colax* of our Author and of *Nævius*, originally borrowed from a *Greek* play of *Menander* under that title, Κολαξ signifying a *Flatterer.* There is indeed one single line among the Fragments of our Author, quoted by *Nonius* as from the *Colax*; but as the above charge is flatly denied by *Terence*, who asserts, that no such play had been produced either by our Author, or by *Nævius* to his knowledge, we should be candid enough to think, that *Terence* had no other pattern to go by than the original of *Menander*, to which he confesses his obligations.

This

This town is *Ephesus*. The Captain, he
That went hence to the *Forum*, is my master,
An impudent, vain-glorious, dunghill-fellow,
As full of lies as of debauchery.
He makes his brag forsooth, that he is follow'd 15
By all the women; though he is the jest
Of all, where'er he goes. Our very harlots,
That wooe him to their lips, make wry mouths at him.
It is not long, since I have been his slave;
And I should tell you how, into his service 20
I chanc'd to come from him I serv'd before.
Attend: the argument I now begin.
I had a master, 'twas the best of youths,
At *Athens*: he upon a damsel doated,
(Herself too an *Athenian*,) she on him;--- 25
And sweet the cultivation of such love!
My master on a publick embassy
Went to *Naupactum*, on account and part
Of our most high republic: in the interim
This captain, who by chance to *Athens* came 30
Insinuates himself into her company,
My master's love; sets him about to coax
And wheedle the good mother with his presents
Of gewgaw ornaments, his precious wines,
And costly banquets, so that he becomes 35
An intimate familiar with the bawd.
Soon as occasion did present, he trick'd
This bawd her mother, and without her knowledge
Seiz'd on the girl, clap'd her on board a ship,

V. 18. Wry mouths.] *Valgis suaviis.*

And

And carried her against her will to *Ephesus.* 40
Soon as I learn'd, that she was borne away
From *Athens*, I, with all the speed I could,
Got me a vessel, and embark'd, to bear
The tidings to my master at *Naupactum.*
When we were out at sea, the pirates took 45
The vessel I was in, a prize to them
Most grateful; and I found myself undone,
Ere I could reach the place where I was going.
The rogue, that took us, gave me to this captain:
When he had brought me home unto his house, 50
Whom should I see there but this very damsel,
Her whom my master lov'd, who was at *Athens!*
She saw me on her side, and with her eyes
Gave me a sign not to take notice of her,
Nor call her by her name. After a while, 55
When she had opportunity, the damsel
'Plain'd to me of her fortunes,---said, she long'd
To fly from hence to *Athens*, that she lov'd
My master the *Athenian*, hated no one
Worse than this captain. Soon as I had learnt 60
The damsel's sentiments, I took a tablet,
Seal'd it in private, gave it to a merchant
To carry to my master, the girl's lover,
That hither he might haste. He slighted not
The message,---for he's come, and now he lodges 65
In the next house here with his father's friend,
Who seconds his fond guest in his amour,
And aid us both in counsel and in deed.
A grand contrivance have I therefore form'd, 70
That they may meet together, these two lovers:

For in the chamber, giv'n her by the captain
For no one to fet foot in but herfelf,
I've dug an opening through into this houfe,
With the confent of our old neighbour,—nay
Himfelf advis'd it.— Now my fellow-fervant, 75
Appointed by the captain for her keeper,
Is a dull rafcal, and of little worth:
With pleafant ftratagems and quaint devices
We'll caft fo thick a film athwart his eyes,
Shall make him not to fee what he fhall fee. 80
But I fhould tell you, to prevent miftakes,
The damfel will perform a double part,
And bear the form and image of two perfons,
Now here, now there; but fhe will be the fame,
Though fhe will counterfeit herfelf another: 85
So fhall her keeper be moft rarely gull'd.—
I hear a noife here at our neighbour's door:
'Tis he himfelf comes out. This, this is he,
The pleafant brifk old fellow, that I fpoke of.

V. 79 *A film.*] The original is *glaucomam ob oculos objiciemus.* *Glaucoma* is properly a difeafe in the chryftalline humour of the eye.

V. 84. *Now here, now there.*] That is, by means of the fecret communication, fometimes in one houfe, fometimes in the other.

V. 87. *Fores concrepueruut.*] It may be proper to take notice, that the doors of the ancients were conftructed to open outwards into the ftreet, and not (like the fafhion of the moderns) within. For this reafon, when any one was coming out, it was cuftomary to give warning by making a noife on the infide.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter PERIPLECTOMINES, *ſpeaking to his Servants within.*

If ye don't break his legs, whatever ſtranger
Ye ſhall hereafter ſee upon the tiles,
Your ſides ſhall ſuffer for't.—Why now forſooth,
My neighbours, they are witneſſes of all
That paſſes in my houſe, when thus they look 5
Down through the ſky-light.—I command you all,
Whomever ye ſhall ſee upon the tiles
Belonging to this captain here, except
Palæſtrio only, puſh him headlong down
Into the ſtreet, though he pretends forſooth 10
That he is only looking for an hen,
A pigeon, or a monkey: Woe be to you,
If you don't beat the raſcal e'en to death.

PAL. Something is done amiſs, I know not what,
To the old fellow by our family, 15
As far as I can hear, ſince he has ordered

V. 3. *Your ſides ſhall ſuffer for't.*] The original is *veſtra faciam latera lorea*, which ſignifies, *I will make over your ſides to the laſh*, or (as others interpret it) *I will cut the ſkin of your ſides into thongs.*

V. 13.] There follow two lines in the originl, which I have been obliged to paſs over in the tranſlation, as it was impoſſible to preſerve the alluſion.

Atque adeò, ut ne legi fraudem faciam Talariæ,
Accuratote, ut ſine talis domi agitent convivium.

The ſenſe of this paſſage depends upon the equivocal meaning of the word *talus*, which ſignifies an *ankle-bone* and a *dye* to play with, which was the cuſtom among the antients in their entertainments.

That

That they ſhould break my fellow ſervant's legs :
But me he has excepted : nothing care I,
How he ſhall ſerve the reſt. I'll make up to him.
Is he not coming tow'rds me ? Sure he is.--- 20
Periplectomines ! your ſervant, Sir.

PER. Oh,—if I were to wiſh, there are not many
I'd rather ſee and talk with than yourſelf.

PAL. Why ? wherefore ? what's the matter ?

PER. All's diſcover'd !

PAL. What all's diſcovered ?

PER. From our tiles e'en now 25
One of your family, I know not who,
Saw through the ſky-light all that paſt within :
Philocomaſium and my gueſt he ſaw
Exchanging kiſſes.

PAL. Ha—who ſaw them ?

PER. 'Twas
Your fellow-ſervant.

PAL. Which ?

PER. I know not that, 30
So ſuddenly he took himſelf away.

PAL. My ruin I ſuſpect.

PER. As he went off,
" Hoa there, cried I, what do you on our tiles ?"
The runaway replied, he had been ſeeking
A monkey that had ſtray'd.

PAL. Ah me ! that I 31
Should ſuffer for a beaſt ſo little worth.---
But is the lady with you ſtill ?

PER. She was,
When I came out.

PAL. Then, ſoon as e'er ſhe can,

Bid her return to us, that our domeſtics
May ſee ſhe is at home, unleſs ſhe wills, 40
That we poor ſervants ſhould be put to torture
By reaſon of her love.

PER. I bade her do it:
Would you ought elſe?

PAL. I would. Pray tell her this;
She muſt uſe cunning, prove her an apt ſcholar,
And hold unchang'd her colour.

PER. Wherefore? how? 45

PAL. That he, who ſaw her, may be wrought upon
To think he ſaw her not: nay, though he ſaw her
An hundred times, ſhe muſt deny it ſtill.
She has a lying tongue, a wit that's ripe
For miſchief, an aſſurance ſo undaunted, 50
Nothing can ſhake it; whoſoe'er accuſe her,
She would not ſtick at perjury to refute him.
She has at home, within herſelf, a mind
Fraught with falſe words, falſe actions, and falſe oaths,
Tricks, ſtratagems, devices, and intrigues. 55
Nor need a woman, that is bent on ill,
Seek from abroad the means, who is herſelf
All plot.

V. 58. *All plot.*] I have been inclined to give this paſſage a different turn from the original.

Nam mulier olitori nunquam ſupplicat, ſiqua eſt mala:
Domi habet hortum et condimenta ad omnes mores maleficos.

The meaning of this is—*A woman need not go to a gardener's, who has a garden of her own with a plentiful* growth of tricking *arts*, &c.

PER.

PER. I'll tell her this, if she's within here.
But what is it, *Palæstrio*, in your mind
You're with yourself revolving?
PAL. Peace awhile,— 60
While that I call a council in my breast,
Consulting how to act, what craft t' oppose
Against my crafty fellow-servant, he
Who saw the lovers billing,—so that what
Was seen may not be seen.
PER. I prithee, seek it: 65
Mean time I'll get me at a distance from you.—
(Retires.
Look!—how he stands apart, with brow severe,
As wrapt in thought, and full of cares:—His hand
Knocks at his breast;—I fancy, he's about
To call his heart out. See, he shifts his posture, 70
And leaning his left elbow on his thigh
The fingers of his right hand he employs,
As it should seem, in reckoning some account;
And his right thigh he smites so vehemently,
As speaks him with his thoughts dissatisfied: 75
And now he snaps his fingers: how he's worked!
And ever and anon he shifts his place:
See, see, he nods his head: he likes it not,
What he has hit upon; for nothing crude
Will he at length bring forth, but well digested. 80
But see, he builds his head up, and his arm

V. 73. *Reckoning some account.*] This passage alludes to the manner of computation in use among the Ancients. Our Author frequently makes use of this allusion, when he is speaking of any person employed in meditation.

V. 81. Builds his head up.] *Ædificat*, columnam mento suffulsit suo.

Serves

Serves as a pillar to ſupport his chin.
Fye, fye,—in troth I do not like this building;
For I have heard a certain poet us'd
To lean his head upon hir elbow thus, 85
And in cloſe cuſtody he liv'd confin'd.
Bravo! O brave! how well he plays his part!
Ne'er will he reſt, till he has perfected
What he's in ſearch of.---Oh, he has it ſure.---
Come—to the buſineſs—mind what you're about: 90
Awake, and do not ſleep; unleſs you chuſe
To have your back chequer'd with ſtripes: Awake,
I tell you: don't be idle: Hoa, 'tis I
That ſpeak to you, *Palæſtrio:* Wake, I ſay;
Why wake, I ſay: 'tis day-light, man.

PAL. I hear you. 95

PER. Do you not ſee your foes are coming on you?
Do you not know they'll lay ſiege to your back?
Conſult on meaſures then; procure aſſiſtance:
Do it with ſpeed; no ſluggiſhneſs is fitting:
Get of your foes the ſtart; draw forth your army; 100
Beſiege them firſt; and for yourſelf provide
A ſafe-guard and defence; cut off their convoys;
Secure yourſelf a paſſage, that proviſions

V. 84. *A certain poet.*] We are told by the commentators, that by this is meant *Nævius*, who (they ſay) uſed to ſtudy in this poſture. We are further inform'd by them, that the ſatire in one of his comedies having offended the *Metellus* family, which was very powerful, he was put into priſon, and cloſely confined. *Nævius* is called in the original *barbarus poeta*, becauſe all authors, except the *Greeks*, were called *barbarous*. So *Plautus*, in the Prologue to his *Trinummus*, v. 19. ſpeaking of his having tranſlated a *Greek* Play, ſays *vertit barbarè*.

May

May unmolested reach you and your troops.
Look to the business: the affair is sudden: 105
Invent, contrive, find some expedient strait,
Some counsel on the spot, that what was seen
May seem not seen, what done not done at all.
Grand is the enterprize: yet say the word,
That you will take it on yourself alone, 110
My heart is confident that we shall rout them.

PAL. I say it then,—I take it on myself.

PER. And I, whatever you require, will grant.

PAL. Heav'ns bless you!

PER. But, good friend, impart to me
What is it you've devis'd.

PAL. Then list in silence, 115
While I admit you to the mysteries
Of all my cunning: you shall know my counsels
Ev'n as myself.

PER. What you entrust me with
You shall have back entire upon demand.

PAL. My master's thicker than the elephant's hide,
Has no more wisdom than a stone. 121

PER. I know it.

PAL. Now this is my devise: I will pretend
That a twin-sister of *Philocomasium*
(As like her as one drop of milk to another)
Is with a certain gallant come from *Athens*, 125
And that they lodge with you.

PER. O bravo! bravo!
An exquisite conceit! I 'plaud your thought.

V. 120. *Thicker than the elephant's hide.*] The original is, *Elephanti corio circumtectus est, non suo.*

PER.

PER. So if my fellow ſervant ſhould accuſe
Our lady to the captain, that he ſaw her
Careſſing of another, on my part 130
I'll argue t'was her ſiſter that he ſaw;
With her own lover kiſſing and embracing.

PER. Moſt excellent! And I will ſay the ſame,
If that the captain ſhould enquire of me.

PAL. Be ſure you ſay, they are moſt like each other:
The lady too muſt be inſtructed, leſt 136
He catch her tripping, ſhould he queſtion her.

PER. Moſt artful the contrivance!—But ſuppoſe
That he ſhould want to ſee them both together
In the ſame place:—What then is to be done? 140

PAL. That's eaſy: you may find enough excuſes:
She's not at home, ſhe is gone out a walking;
She is aſleep, ſhe's dreſſing, ſhe is bathing;
She's buſy, ſhe's at dinner, not at leiſure,
She cannot come: as many as you will 145
Of theſe put-offs you'll readily think on, if
We can induce him to believe at once
Our firſt grand fib.

PER. It likes me what you ſay.

PAL. Then go you in, and if the lady's with you,
Bid her come home to us immediately. 150
Acquaint her with theſe matters, and inſtruct her,
That ſhe may comprehend the plot, which now
We're entering on, concerning her twin-ſiſter.

PER. I warrant, you ſhall find her aptly tutor'd.
Would you ought elſe? (*Going.*)

PAL. No, go, Sir.

PER. I am gone. 155

[*Exit* PERIPLECTOMENES.

SCENE III.

PALÆSTRIO *alone.*

And I'll go home too, uſe my beſt endeavours
To trace my man out : but I muſt diſſemble,
(A ſtranger to the matter I,) to learn
Which of my fellow-ſervants 'twas, to-day
That ſought this monkey : for it cannot be, 5
But he muſt prate to ſome one of our family
About my maſter's lady, how he ſaw her
Next door careſſing of a ſtranger ſpark.
I know their manners, and myſelf alone
Of all our houſe have learn'd to hold my tongue. 10
If I do find him, my whole armament
I'll plant againſt him : all things are prepar'd ;
And for a certainty my force muſt conquer him.
If I don't find him, like an hound I'll go
Smelling about, until I ſhall have traced 15
My fox out by his track. But our door creaks :
My voice I'll lower : here comes my fellow-ſervant,
The guardian of *Philocomaſium.*

V. 11. *My whole armament.*] The original is *vineas, pluteoſque agam. Vinea* was a contrivance formerly uſed in war, made of timber covered with raw hides, to prevent it's being burnt, under which the aſſailants were ſheltered in their attempts to ſcale the walls of a fortification. *Pluteus* was an engine of much the ſame kind and materials, and for the ſame uſe, in the form of a turret, and moving upon wheels. The allegory in the ſpeech of *Periplectomenes*, in the preceding ſcene, is here continued.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter SCELEDRUS.

If I have not been walking in my sleep
Upon the tiles, I'm certain that I saw
My master's lady in our neighbour's house;
And she has sought her out another lover.

PAL. As far as I can learn, 'twas he then saw her. 5

SCE. Who's that?

PAL. Your fellow-servant.—So, *Sceledrus!*
How fares it?

SCE. O *Palæstrio!* I am glad
I've met you.

PAL. How now? what's the matter? Tell me.

SCE. I fear—

PAL. What fear you?

SCE. That we all shall dance
To the musick of a cudgel.

PAL. Nay, do you 10
Dance by yourself: for me, I like it not,
This jigging work, this capering up and down.

SCE. Haply you do not know, what new mischance
Has just befall'n us.

V. 9. *We all shall dance,* &c.] I have taken the liberty of giving a somewhat different turn to the original, as it could not easily be expressed in our language.

Maximum in malum cruciatum infiliamus. PAL. *Tu sali . .*
Solus: nam ego istam insulturam et desulturam nihil hic morer.

Our Author plays upon the word *infiliamus,* alluding to the punishment inflicted upon slaves.

PAL.

PAL. What mischance ?

SCE. A filthy. 15

PAL. Then keep it to yourself, don't tell it me,
I would not know it.

SCE. But you must.---To day,
As I was looking for our monkey, here
Upon our neighbour's tiles---

PAL. One worthless beast
Was looking for another.

SCE. Plague confound you ! 20

PAL. You rather.---But go on, as you've begun.

SCE. I haply chanc'd to peep down through the sky-light
Into next house, and there did I espy
Our lady fondling with I know not whom,
Another spark.

PAL. What do I hear you say ? 25
A villainous scandal !---

SCE. By my troth I saw her.

PAL. What, you ?

SCE. Yes, I myself, with both these eyes.

PAL. Go, go, it is not likely what you say ;
Nor did you see her.

SCE. How ? do I appear,
As if my eye-sight fail'd me ?

PAL. You had better 30
Ask a physician that.---But as you wish
The Gods to love you, do not rashly foster
This idle story, or you will create

V. 32. *Do not rashly foster—This idle story.*] Temere haud tollas *fabulam.* As the word *tollas* is in allusion to the ancient custom

A *capital* mischief to your head, and heels too.
For if you do not stop your foolish chattering, 35
A two-fold ruin waits you.

SCE. But how two-fold?

PAL. I'll tell you. First, if falsely you accuse
Our lady, woe be to you; and again,
Suppose it be true, yet woe be to you,---you,
Her guardian.

SCE. What will me befall, I know not? 40
But I do know for certain, that I saw her.

PAL. Dost thou persist in't, thou unhappy wretch?

SCE. What would you have me say, but that I
saw her?
Moreover she's within here at this instant,
Here at next door.

PAL. How? is she not at home? 45

SCE. Go yourself in and see; for I will ask you
To credit me in nothing.

PAL. I will do it.

SCE. I'll wait you here. [PALÆSTRIO *goes in.*

of parents *taking up* their children, which were laid upon the ground as soon as they were born, to signify their intention of bringing them up, [See the Note, Act I. Scene III. v. 6, of *Amphitryon*,] our *English* word *foster* in some measure preserves the allusion.

V. 34. *A* capital *mischief to your head.*] Capiti *fraudem* capitalem. A very indifferent jingle, but scarce worse than the pun in *Shakespeare's Hamlet*, in the conversation between that Prince and *Polonius*. Act. III. Scene 5.

HAM. My Lord, you once played in the University, you say.

POL. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a godd actor.

HAM. And what did you enact?

POL. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*. I was killed in the *Capitol*. *Brutus* killed me.

HAM. *It* was a *Brute* part of him to kill so Capital a calf there.

SCENE V.

SCELEDRUS *alone.*

The ſame time will I watch,
Till our ſtray'd heifer ſhall return from grazing
To her old ſtable.---What now ſhall I do ?---
The captain gave me charge of her, and now
If I impeach her, I'm undone ;---again, 5
If I am ſilent, and 'tis blaz'd abroad,
I then to am undone.---What can be more
Abandon'd, more audacious, that a woman ?
The while I was upon the tiles, this huſſy
Stole out o' doors.---A moſt audacious act ! 10
And ſhould the captain know it, on my troth
He'd pull the houſe down,---tuck me up directly.---
No, no I'll hold my tongue, rather then end
My days ſo ſcurvily.---I cannot guard
One that will ſell herſelf.

SCENE VI.

Enter PALÆSTRIO.

Seeledrus ! hoa !

SCE. Who is that calls ſo menacing and loud ?

PAL. Lives there a falſer knave, or any born
Under a planet more unlucky ?

V. 4. *Under a planet more unlucky.*] *Magis Diis inimicis natus atque iratis.*

SCE. Why?

PAL. Prithee dig out those eyes, with which you see 5
What never was.

SCE. What never was?

PAL. I wouldn't
Give ev'en a rotten nut now for your life.

SCE. Why, what's the matter?

PAL. Ask you what's the matter?

SCE. Why not?

PAL. Prithee cut out that tongue of thine,
Which prates so freely and at large.

SCE. For why? 10

PAL. Lo! she's at home, whom you affirm'd you saw
Next door embracing of another spark.

SCE. I marvel you should chuse to feed on darnel,
When corn's so cheap

PAL. What do you mean?

SCE. Because
You are dim-sighted.

PAL. Out, you rascal! you 15
Are not indeed dim-sighted, but stark blind:
For she's at home, I tell you.

SCE. How! at home?

V. 13. *Feed on darnel.*] *Mirum est* lolio *victitare te, tam vili tritico.* *Lolium* which signifies *Darnel* or *Cockle-Weed*, was reckoned prejudicial to the eye-sight, as may be learned from a line of *Ovid* in the first Book of his *Fasti*.

Et careant loliis oculos vitiantibus agri.

And free
From darnel be the fields, which hurts the eyes.

PAL.

PAL. She's moſt aſſuredly at home.

SCE. Go, go,
You make an handle of me for your ſport.

PAL. So,---then my hands are dirty.

SCE. Why?

PAL. Becauſe 20
I've handled ſuch a dirty thing.

SCE. A miſchief
Light on your head!

PAL. It will on your's, I promiſe you,
If you don't change your language, and your eyes.
But our door creaks.

SCE. I watch it narrowly:
For ſhe can paſs no way but by the fore door. 25

PAL. I tell you, ſhe's at home.---I know not what
Strange fancies you're poſſeſs'd with

SCE. For myſelf
I ſee, and for myſelf I think; myſelf
I have moſt faith in; nor ſhall any one
Perſuade me, that ſhe is not in this houſe. 30
(Pointing to PERIPLECTOMENES's *houſe.)*
Here then I'll plant me, that ſhe may'nt ſteel out
Without my knowledge.

PAL. *(Aſide)* Oh,---the man's my own:---

V. 19. *An handle,* &c.] The original is,
SCE. *Abi; ludis me, Palæſtrio.*
PAL. *Tum mihi ſunt manus inquinatæ.*
SCE. *Qui dum?*
PAL. *Quia ludo luto.*

V. 25. *Fore-door.*] *Recto oſtio,* that is, *Anticum* opposed to *Poſticum.*

I'll drive him from his ſtrong hold. *(To Sce.)* Shall I make you
Own you are ſimple-ſighted ?

SCE. Do.

PAL. And that
You neither think, nor ſee aright ?

SCE. I'd have you. 35

PAL. Do you not ſay the lady's here ?

SCE. I'll ſwear
I ſaw her here, careſſing of another.

PAL. Do you not know, there's no communication
Betwixt our houſe and this ?

SCE. I know it.

PAL. Neither
Terrace, nor garden,---nothing but the ſky-light. 40

SCE. I know it well.

PAL. Then, if ſhe be at home,
And ſhe come out before your eyes, you'll own
An hearty drubbing is your due.

SCE. My due.

PAL. Guard well that door then, leſt ſhe privily,
Steal forth, and paſs to us.

SCE. 'Tis my intent 45
To do ſo.

PAL. I will ſet her here before you.

SCE. Pray do.

[PALÆSTRIO *goes in*.

V. 40. *Terrace.*] *Solarium.* A place on the top of the houſe every where open to the ſun. For the better underſtanding many paſſages in this play, it ſhould be remembered, that the houſes of *the ancients* had flat and plain roofs, ſo that they might eaſily be *walked upon.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

SCELEDRUS *alone.*

I would fain know, if I have ſeen
What I have ſeen, or whether he can prove,
That ſhe's at home.-- I've eyes ſure of my own,
And needs not borrow others.---But this rogue,--
He pays his court to her ; he's ever near her ; 5
He's call'd to meals firſt, ſerv'd firſt with his meſs.--
'Tis now three years or thereabouts, ſince he
Has liv'd with us, and no one of the family
Fares better than his knaveſhip.---I muſt mind
What I'm about though :---I muſt watch this door. 10
Then here I'll plant myſelf.---No, no,---I warrant you
They'll ne'er impoſe on me.

SCENE VIII.

Enter PALÆSTRIO *and* PHILOCOMASIUM.

PAL. [*Speaking to* PHILOCOMASIUM *entering.*]

Be ſure, that you
Remember my inſtructions.

PHIL. It is ſtrange,
You ſhould ſo oft remind me.

V. 6. *Serv'd firſt with his meſs.*] *Primo pulmentum datur. Pulmentum* was a kind of pottage, which was the common food of ſlaves.

PAL.

PAL. But I fear
You are not read enough in cunning.
PHIL. Prithee
I could ſchool thoſe who are themſelves proficients. 5
I have known women, famous for their arts;
But I alone ſurpaſs them-
PAL. Come then---Now,
Now put your tricks in force.---I'll get me from you.
(To Sce.) Sceledrus!---Why d'ye ſtand thus?
SCE. I'm about
My buſineſs:---I have ears;---ſpeak, what's your
pleaſure? 10
PAL. You'll ſhortly march, I fancy, in this poſture
Without the *Metian* gate, bearing along
A gibbet with your hands ſpread out thus.
SCE. Why?
PAL. Look there,---upon your left.---Who is that
woman?
SCE. Immortal Gods! 'tis ſhe, our maſter's lady! 15
PAL. And ſo I think indeed.---Do, prithee now---
SCE. Do what?---
PAL. Go, hang yourſelf this inſtant.
PHIL. *(Advancing.)* Where

V. 12. *Without the* Metian *Gate*] *Extra portum.* This is explained by Commentators to mean the *Metian* Gate, through which the ſlaves paſſed, in the manner deſcribed by our Author, to the place for gibbeting, which in thoſe times was not allowed to be inflicted within the city walls.

V. 13. *Hands ſpread out.*] *Diſpeſſis manibus.* We muſt ſuppoſe *Sceledrus* to be ſtanding by *Periploctomenes*'s door with his hands ſpread out, that he might readily lay hold on *Philocomaſium*, as ſoon as ſhe came out.

Is this good ſervant, who accus'd me wrongfully
Of indiſcretions, me who am moſt innocent ?

SCE. See ! there he is.---He told me.---

PAL. I did tell you. 20

PHIL. Villain !---who was it, that you ſaid you ſaw me
Embracing at next door ?

PAL. A ſtranger ſpark,
He ſaid.

SCE. I ſaid ſo verily.

PHIL. You ſaw me ?

SCE. Yes, with theſe eyes.

PHIL. Thoſe eyes you'll loſe, I fancy,
Which ſee more than they ſee.

SCE. By heav'n I never 25
Can be convinc'd, but what I ſaw I ſaw.

PHIL. I am a fool, have too much lack of wit,
To parly with this madman,---whom I'll puniſh.

SCE. Pray ſpare your threats.---I know the gallows waits me,
A ſepulchre where all my anceſtors 30
Have gone before me,---father, grandfather,
Great grand-father, and great great grandfather.---
Yet all your menaces can't dig my eyes out.---
A word with you, *Palæſtrio*.--Prithee now
Whence came ſhe hither ?

PAL. Whence but from our houſe ? 35

V. 32. *Can't dig my eyes out*] That is, cannot make me blind, cannot prevent my having ſeen what I ſaw, to wit, *Philocomaſium* at the next houſe.

SCE.

SCE. Our houſe?

PAL. And in your ſight too.

SCE. True, I ſaw her.

(*Aſide.*) Tis ſtrange, how ſhe got in; for verily
Our houſe has neither terrace, garden, no
Nor window, but is grated.---(*To Phil.*) I am ſure
I ſaw you at next door.

PAL. What! ſtill perſiſt, 40
You raſcal! to accuſe her?

PHIL. In good ſooth
The dream I dreamt laſt night now turns out true.

PAL. What did you dream?

PHIL. I'll tell you: but I pray you,
Lend me your ſerious ear.---Laſt night methought
I ſaw my ſiſter, my twin-ſiſter, who 45
Was come from *Athens* here to *Epheſus*
With a young ſpark, and that they lodg'd next door.

SCE. The dream ſhe's telling is *Palæſtrio*'s.

PAL. On pray.

PHIL. Methought it joy'd me much my ſiſter's coming,
But I lay under a moſt ſtrong ſuſpicion 50
On her account: for, as it ſeem'd, the ſlave
Appointed me, as is the caſe ev'n now,
Accuſed me of careſſing a ſtrange ſpark,
When 'twas my ſiſter fondling with her lover.---
Thus did I dream, myſelf was falſely cenſured. 55

PAL. The like befalls you waking, which you ſay

V. 41. *The dream I dreamt laſt night.*] This is a very artful contrivance in our Author, of telling what it was neceſſary that *Sceledrus* ſhould be made to believe.

Your

Your ſleep preſented.---See, how all things tally!
Go in now, and addreſs the Gods.---I think,
You ſhould acquaint the captain with this matter.

PHIL. I am reſolv'd to do it:---I'll not ſuffer
My honour wrongfully to be impeach'd,
And let the inſult paſs unpuniſhed. 60

(Goes into the CAPTAIN'S *houſe.*

SCENE IX.

SCELEDRUS, PALÆSTRIO.

SCELEDRUS.

I tremble for the conſequence,---my back
Does tingle ſo all over!

PAL. Know you not,
That you are undone?--She's now at home for certain.

SCE. Where'er ſhe be, I'll watch our door for certain.

(Places himſelf before the CAPTAIN'S *door.)*

PAL. But pray, what think you of this dream ſhe dreamt? 5
How like it was to what has paſt,---as how
You ſhould ſuſpect, you ſaw her with a lover?

SCE. And do you think, I did not ſee her?

PAL. Prithee
Repent thee.---Should this reach our maſter's ear,

V. 57. *Addreſs the Gods.*] It was uſual with the ancients to addreſs the Gods after any ill-omen'd dream, eſpecially *Jupiter*, who in our Author's *Amphitryon* is, on this occaſion, called *Prodigialis*, Diſpoſer of ſtrange Prodigies. See the whole paſſage, *Act II. Scene II. v. 58.*

You are undone for ever!

SCE. I am now

At length convinc'd, that I have had a mist
Before my eyes.

PAL. That long ago was plain:
For she has been at home here all the while.

SCE. I know not what to say: I did not see her,
Though I did see her.

PAL. Verily by your folly
You've near undone us: wishing to appear
True to your master, you have near been ruin'd.—
But hark—I hear a noise at the next door.—
I'll say no more.

SCENE X.

Enter PHILOCOMASIUM, *from* PERIPLECTOMENES's *House.*

(*To a servant within.*) Put fire upon the altar,
That when my bathing's ended, I may pour
My thanks and praises to *Ephesian Dian*,

Enter PHILOCOMASIUM.] *Sceledrus* having been prepared by the recital of a pretended dream, *Philocomasium* now makes her appearance as her twin-sister, who is supposed to have just come by sea from *Athens* to *Ephesus*, and consequently gives directions about her returning thanks for having escaped the dangers of her voyage. The business thickens here apace; and the delusion is very artfully managed by our Author. As the circumstance of the private communication between the two houses is known to the spectators, and not in the least suspected by *Sceledrus*, his embarrasment on this occasion is highly diverting, and makes, what the French call, an excellent *Jeu de Theatre*.

With

With fragrant incenſe of *Arabian* ſweets:
For ſhe has ſav'd me in the watry realms 5
Of *Neptune*, in his boiſterous temples, where
With unrelenting billows I was toſt,
And ſore diſmay'd.

SCE. *Diſcovering her.)* *Palæſtrio*, O *Palæſtrio!*

PAL. *Sceledrus*, O *Sceledrus!*---Well, what would you?

SCE. That lady,—ſee there,—who came out from hence 10
This inſtant,—ſay, is ſhe *Philocomaſium?*
Or is ſhe not?

PAL. Truly I think it her.—
But it is ſtrange, how ſhe conld get there,—if
Indeed ſhe be the ſame.

SCE. And do you doubt,
If it be ſhe?

PAL. Tis like her.—Let's approach, 15
And ſpeak to her.

SCE. *Philocomaſium!*—hoa!—
How's this?—What buſineſs have you in that houſe?
Why are you ſilent? 'Tis to you I ſpeak.

V. 6. *Boiſterous temples*] *Templis turbulentis.* In poetical language *Neptune*, and the inferior water-deities, are ſuppoſed to have Temples in the ſea, rivers, and fountains. The diction is here elevated, to give a ſerious air (which makes it truly humorous) to what *Philocomaſium* ſays in the character of her twin-ſiſter.

V. 18. *To you I ſpeak*, &c.] The joke is more perfect in the *Latin* Idiom.

SCE. *Tecum loquor.*
PAL. *Immò ædepol tute tecum.*

PAL.

PAL. Nay verily you ſpeak but to yourſelf;
For nothing does ſhe anſwer.

SCE. Shameleſs woman! 20
To you I ſpeak,—you that thus roam about
Among the neighbours!

PHIL. Whom d'ye ſpeak to?

SCE. Whom,
But to yourſelf?

PHIL. Who are you? and what buſineſs
Have you with me?

SCE. Hey!—Aſk you, who I am? 24

PHIL. And why not aſk you, what I do not know?

PAL. Pray who am I then, if you know not him?

PHIL. One very troubleſome, whoe'er you are,—
Both you and he.

SCE. What! don't you know us then?

PHIL. No,—neither.

SCE. I do greatly fear—

PAL. What fear you?

SCE. That we have loſt ourſelves ſomewhere or other: 30
For ſhe knows neither you, ſhe ſays, nor me.

PAL. Let us examine, if we are ourſelves,
Or elſe ſome other:—may be, they have chang'd us
Without our knowledge.

SCE. Surely I am I.

V. 21. *You that thus roam about.*] *Quæ circùm vicinos, vagas* or *vaga's*, i. e. *vaga es.*

V. 30. *Loſt ourſelves.*] The reader may remember much of this humour, in the part of *Soſia* in our Author's *Amphitryon.*

PAL.

PAL. And so am I. (*To Phil.*)—Lady, you seek
your ruin.— 35
Philocomasium! hoa!—to you I speak.

PHIL. What madness does possess you thus to call me
By a strange name?

PAL. Oh ho! how are you call'd then?

PHIL My name is *Glycere.*

PAL. Fye now, this is wrong.—
You'd go by a false name.—'Tis not becoming, 40
And truly you do wrong my master by it.

PHIL. I?

PAL. You

PHIL. I came but yesterday to *Ephesus*
From *Athens*, with my young *Athenian* lover.

PAL. Tell me, what business have you here at
Ephesus?

PHIL. I heard that my twin-sister sojourn'd here. 45
And came to seek her.

PAL. O thou art a sad one!

PHIL. I am a fool to hold discourse with you.—
I'll go.

SCE. (*Laying hold of her.*) But I'll not let you.

PHIL. Loose me.

SCE. No—
Tis plain!—I will not quit you.

PHIL. But I'll make
Your cheeks ring, if you don't let go.

SCE. *Palæstrio?*— 50
Plague:—why do you stand still?—why don't you
hold her
On t' other side?

PAL.

PAL. I do not chuſe to bring
A buſineſs on my back.—How do I know,
Whether ſhe be *Philocomaſium*, or
Some other, that is like her?

PHIL. Will you looſe me, 55
Or will you not?

SCE. No.—I will drag you home
By force againſt your will, except you'll gently
Go of your own accord.

PHIL. (*Pointing to* PERIPLECTOMENES'*s houſe.*)
My lodging's here,—
This door,—At *Athens* I've an home, and patron,---
Your home I reck not; neither do I know, 60
What men ye are.

SCE. Seek your redreſs by law.---
I'll never looſe you, till you give your word,
That, if I do ſo, you will go in here. (*To the* CAPTAIN'*s*)

PHIL. Me you by force compel, whoe'er you are.---
I promiſe, if you looſe me, I will go 65
In there, where you command.

SCE. Then,---I do looſe you.

PHIL. And I, as I am free, will go in here.
Runs into PERIPLECTOMENES'S *houſe.*)

V. 59. *At* Athens *I've an home and patron.*] *Athenis domus atque herus.* This is read differently in different editions. *Limiers*, the *French* Tranſlator of our Author, interprets *herus* in this place, to mean the perſon that takes a woman into keeping.

V. 61. *Seek your redreſs by law.*] *Lege agito.* This, the commentators tell us, was a formal expreſſion in commencing a ſuit at law.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

SCELEDRUS, PALÆSTRIO.

SCE. Fool that I was, to truſt a woman's honour!

PAL. So,—you have let the prey ſlip through your hands,
Sceledrus!

SCE. It is her, as ſure as can be,—
My maſter's lady.

PAL. Will you act with ſpirit?

SCE. Act what?

PAL. Bring me a cutlaſs.

SCE. What to do? 5

PAL. I'll break into the houſe, and whomſoe'er
I ſee careſſing *Philocomaſium*,
I'll kill him on the ſpot.

SCE. And do you think,
'Twas her?

PAL. O, plainly her.

SCE. But how the jade
Diſſembled!

PAL. Go, and bring a cutlaſs hither. 10

SCE. It ſhall be here directly.

[SCELEDRUS *goes in.*

V. 6. *I'll break into the houſe.*] Different editions of our Author have given theſe ſpeeches differently to *Palæſtrio* and *Sceledrus:* but I cannot help thinking, that the mock rage of *Palæſtrio* is moſt in character. It is obſervable, that nearly the ſame expreſſions are uſed by *Amphitryon*, at the end of Act IV. when he is worked up to the higheſt pitch of rage and deſperation.

SCENE XII.

PALÆSTRIO *alone.*

Not a ſoldier,
Of horſe or foot, can prove himſelf ſo bold,
As can a woman.—How ſhe topt her part
In both her characters! how charmingly
She gull'd my fellow-ſervant, her wiſe keeper! 5
That opening thro' her chamber-wall, how happy!

SCENE XIII.

Enter SCELEDRUS.

Palæſtrio!—We have no need of the cutlaſs.
PAL. What then?
SCE. Our maſter's lady is at home.
PAL. How? What! at home?
SCE. She's lying in her bed.
PAL. You've brought yourſelf into an ugly ſcrape.
SCE. Why?
PAL. That you've dar'd to touch this
neighbour-lady. 5

V. 1. *Not a ſoldier*, &c.] It is remarkable, that alluſions to military operations are frequently uſed, particularly by *Palæſtrio* and *Periplectomenes*, throughout this Play. May we not ſuppoſe, it is on account of a principal character in it, from which the Play has it's title?

SCE.

SCE. I fear it much.---Now no one ſhall convince me,
But that it muſt be her twin-ſiſter.

PAL. True,—
'Twas her you ſaw careſſing.—It is plain,—
It muſt be her,—e'en as you ſay.

SCE. How near
To ruin was I, had I told my maſter! 10

PAL. Then, if you're wiſe, henceforth you'll hold your tongue.—
A ſervant ought to know more than he ſpeaks.—
I'll leave you to your thoughts alone;—I'll now
Unto our neighbour's.—I don't like theſe turmoils:
My maſter if he comes and aſks for me, 15
I will be here directly.---Call me hence.

(Goes into PERIPLECTOMENES'*s houſe.*

SCENE XIV.

SCELEDRUS *alone.*

So—Is he gone?—A pretty fellow this!—
He cares not for his maſter's buſineſs more
Than if he weren't his ſervant!—I am ſure,
Our lady is within here; for I found her
At home, and in her bed, this very inſtant. 5
But I'm reſolv'd to be upon the watch.

(Places himſelf before the CAPTAIN'S *door.*

SCENE XV.

Enter PERIPLECTOMENES.

Why ſure theſe fellows here, theſe varlet-knaves,
Theſe ſervants of our neighbour captain,—What ?
They take me for a woman, not a man ;
To make me thus their paſtime ! in the ſtreet
T' aſſault and uſe ſuch freedoms with my lodger, 5
(Who with her lover is from *Athens* come,)
A modeſt, and a gentle.—

SCE. I am ruin'd.
He bears down ſtrait upon me. I am afraid,
This ſame affair will bring me to great trouble,
As much as I have heard this old man talk. 10

PER. I'll up to him.---*Sceledrus !* was it you,
A raſcal as you are, that dar'd affront
My lodger here juſt now before my door ?

SCE. Good neighbour, I beſeech you, hear.

PER. I hear you?

SCE. I would fain clear me.

PER. How ! you clear you ? You, 15
Who've put ſuch groſs indignities upon me ?—
Becauſe you ſerve a ſoldier, do you think,
That you may do whate'er you liſt ?—You raſcal !

SCE. May I—

PER. But let the Gods ne'er proſper me,

V. 16. *Serve a Soldier.*] *Latrocinanimi.* See the Note at the end of the Firſt Act of this Play.

If I don't have you punish'd with a whipping, 20
A long and lasting one, from morn to even:
First, that you broke my gutters and my tiles,
In seeking for a monkey like yourself;
Next, that you peep'd down thence into my house,
And saw my lodger fondling with his mistress; 25
Then, that you dar'd accuse your master's lady,
(A modest,) of incontinence, and me
Of a most heinous action; further, that
You dar'd assault my lodger at my door.
And if you are not punish'd with due stripes, 30
Your master I will load so with disgrace,
He shall be fuller of it than the sea
Of billows in a storm.

SCE. *Periplectomenes,*

I'm driven to such a strait, I know not whether
'Twere fitter to dispute this matter with you, 35
Or clear myself before you: for if she
Be not the lady, then our lady is not;
Nor do I even know now what I've seen;
So very like your lady is to our's,
If not the same.

PER. Go to my house, and see; 40
You soon will know.

SCE. Will you permit me?

V. 26. *Of a most heinous action.*] *Summi flagitii.* This is explained lower down, in Scene XVII. v. 21.

To think that wittingly
I e'er could suffer such an injury,
So glaring, in my house, and to my neighbour.

Nay,
I do command :—examine at your leiſure,
SCE. And ſo I will.
(SCELEDRUS *goes into* PERIPLECTOMENES'*s houſe.*

SCENE XVI.

PERIPLECTOMENES *calling through the Window.*

Philocomaſium, hoa,
Paſs with what ſpeed you can into our houſe ;
The affair is preſſing : after, when *Sceledrus*
Shall have come out, return you with like ſpeed
To your own houſe.—I fear, leſt ſhe miſtake. 5.
Should he not ſee her here, our trick's diſcover'd.

SCENE XVII.

SCELEDRUS *entering.*

O heav'ns ! one woman ſure more like another,
And if the ſame ſhe be not, more the ſame
I do not thinks the Gods can make.

Calling through the window.] There is nothing in our Author to lead us to conjecture, by what means *Periplectomenes* addreſſes himſelf to *Philocomaſium*, who is ſuppoſed to be in the *Captain's* houſe. The œconomy of the ſtage required, that it ſhould not be without an actor upon it, and it was neceſſary to preſerve the *Unity of Place.* For theſe reaſons we may ſuppoſe the old gentleman to call through the window, where, it is natural to imagine, *Philocomaſium* might be ſtationed within hearing, to obſerve all that paſſed,

PER

PER. What now?

SCE. I merit chastisement.

PER. So—Is it her?

SCE. Though it be her, it is not.

PER. Have you seen her? 5

SCE. I saw her, fondling with the youth your guest.

PER. And is it her?

SCE. I know not.

PER. Would you know
For certain?

SCE. I could wish it.

PER. Go you in
This instant to your own house, and see whether
Your lady be within.

SCE. I'll do so: rightly 10
You have advised me: I'll return forthwith.

(He goes into the CAPTAIN'*s house.*

PER. I never saw a man so sweetly fool'd,
And by such rare devices.---But he's coming.

SCENE XVIII.

Enter SCELEDRUS.

Periplectomenes! by Gods and men
By my own folly too, I do beseech you;
By these your knees---

PER. What is it, you'd beseech me?

SCE. Pardon my ignorance, my folly pardon,
Since now at length I know I am half-witted, 5
Blind, and unthinking; for *Philocomasium*,
Behold! she is at home.

PER.

PER. Why, how now, hang-dog?
Haſt ſeen them both?
SCE. I've ſeen them.
PER. Prithee ſend
Your maſter to me.
SCE. I indeed confeſs,
That I've deſerv'd moſt ample chaſtiſement, 10
And done an injury to your fair lodger:
But I believ'd ſhe was my maſter's lady,
Of whom I had the charge; for never can there
From the ſame well be drawn one drop of water

V. 14. *From the ſame well.*] *Ex uno pluteo.* Some Editions, and among them *Lambin's*, read *ſummo*, upon which this learned commentator takes occaſion to remark, that our Author has properly added *ſummo* or the *top* of a well; for (ſays he very gravely) the water, which is on the *top* of a well, is commonly different from that, which is at the *bottom*, which is foul and muddy; whereas at the *top* it is pure and clear.—This wonderful erudition, reſpecting *well-water*, may be matched with that of the great *Camerarius*, of which notice has been taken in the Note to Act II. Scene II. v. 64. of *Amphitryon*.

This kind of ſimilitude is uſed alſo in the *Amphitryon*, where *Soſia* ſays of *Mercury*,

Neque lac lacti magis eſt ſimile; quàm ille ego ſimilis eſt mei.
One drop of milk
Is not more like another than that I
Is like to Me.

So again in the *Menæchmi*, or *Twin Brothers*, of our Author, the Slave *Meſſenio* ſays to one of them,

——*Ego hominem homini ſimiliorem nunquam vidi alterum.*
Neque aqua aquæ, neque lacte eſt lacti, crede mihi, uſquam ſimilius,
Quàm hic tui eſt, tuque hujus.
I never ſaw one man more like another.
Water to water, milk to milk, believe me,
Is not more like, than he is like to you,
And you to him.

More

More like another, than our lady is 15
To this your lodger :---And I do confeſs too,
I look'd into your houſe down through the ſky-light.
PER. Confeſs indeed ! what I myſelf did ſee.
SCE. I fancy'd, that I ſaw *Philocomaſium.*
PER. And do you rate me at ſo ſmall a price 20
Of all mankind, to think that wittingly
I e'er could ſuffer ſuch an injury,
So glaring, in my houſe, and to my neighbour ?
SCE. Now do I judge at laſt, that I have done
Moſt fooliſhly, ſince now I know the truth :--- 25
Yet with no ill intent.
PER. 'Twas wrongly done.
A ſervant ſhould reſtrain his eyes, and hands,
And ſpeech too.
SCE.---I ?---If I but mutter ought
From this day forward, ev'n of what I know
Myſelf for certain, put me to the torture, 30
I'll give me up to you. Now I beſeech you
To pardon me this once.---
PER. I ſhall perſuade me,
'Twas with no ill intent : I pardon you.
SCE. May the Gods proſper you !
PER. And verily,
If you would have them proſper you, your tongue 35
Henceforward you'll reſtrain : what you ſhall know,
You'll know not ; and not ſee, what you ſhall ſee.
SCE. you counſel me aright : I am reſolv'd
To do ſo.---But I hope, you are appeas'd.
Would you ought elſe ?
PER. That you would know me not. 40

Sce. (*Aſide*) He has cajol'd me.—How benignly he
Vouchſafed his grace no longer to be angry!
I know what he's about :—he means, the Captain
Should catch me here at home, when he returns
(As ſhortly I expect him) from the *Forum*.— 45
He and *Palæſtrio* together hold me
At their diſpoſal :—but I've found it out,
And ſome time have I known it.—Verily
They ſhall not catch me nibbling at their bait :
I'll now take to my heels, and for ſome days 50
I'll hide me ſomewhere, till the ſtorm is huſh'd,
And their reſentment ſoften'd .—I have merited
Enough, and more of chaiſtiſement—But yet,—
What'er befall me,---I will e'en go home.

Exit.

SCENE XIX.

PERIPLECTOMENES *alone.*

So,---he is gone then.---Well---the proof, they ſay,
Is in the eating.---That he ſhould be wrought on

V, 47. *Hold me—At their diſpoſal.*] The original is, *Me habent venalem.* The *French* Idiom anſwers exactly to the *Latin,—me veulent* vendre.

V. 49. *Nibbling at their bait.*] The original is,

Nunquam hercle ex iſtâ naſſâ ego hodiè eſcam petam.

Naſſa properly ſignifies what is called in our language a *weel,* which is a kind of trap to catch fiſh, made of twigs, with a bait put into it, and of ſuch a conſtruction that the fiſh may readily have admittance, but cannot get out again. The alluſion is obvious.

V. 1. *The proof, they ſay,—Is in the eating.*] It was impoſſible to preſerve the exact ſenſe of the original, with any grace.—

Scio,

To think he has not ſeen what he has ſeen!
For now his eyes, his ears, his very thoughts
Have as it were, deſerted, and come o'er 5
To us.---So---hitherto we've managed rarely:---
The lady play'd her part moſt charmingly.
I'll back unto our ſenate; for *Palæſtrio*
Is in my houſe; *Seledrus*,---he's away.---
Now he may hold a full and frequent ſenate: 10
I'll in then, leſt they fine me for my abſence.

[*Goes in.*

Scio
Occiſam ſæpe ſapere plus multò ſuem,
Cùm manducatur.

The humour of this, ſuch as it is, turns upon the double meaning of the word *ſapere*. according to commentators. The alluſion to a common *Engliſh* proverb, which I have here ſubſtituted, does not, I imagine, depart entirely from the ſentiment of our Author.

V. 5. *Deſerted.*] *Transfugêre ad nos.* An alluſion to military affairs, which (as I before remarked) is frequent in this play.

V. 11. *Fine me.*] *Sortitò ſuam.* It is plain, that what *Periplectomenes* ſays here, is in alluſion to the forms and practices of the *Roman* Senate. The commentators are full in their explanations of the meaning of *ſortitò*: I have followed that which appears to me the leaſt refined. We are told, that ſome MSS have *obſtitò*. The ſenſe would be then, *leſt I ſhould be an hindrance or obſtruction.*

*** As the character of the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN, in the firſt Act of this Play, was ſtretched beyond the bounds of probability, we may remark on the other hand, that no character can be ſupported with greater propriety, and more true humour than this of *Periplectomenes*, in the ſecond; who is, indeed, in all reſpects, by far the moſt principal one; and perhaps he is hardly to be matched in ancient or modern Comedy. The Scene that follows, in the beginning of the third Act, diſplays him fully.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

PALÆSTRIO *to* PERIPLECTOMENES *and* PLEUSIDES *in entering.*

STAY ye awhile within doors, let me first
Look out, left any where an ambuſcade
Be plac'd againſt the council we would hold:
For now we need a ſafe and ſecret place,
Where never enemy can win the ſpoils 5
By intercepting of our private counſels,
Where never enemy can win the ſpoils
By over-hearing our deliberations:
For what is well advis'd is ill advis'd,
The foe if it advantage; and 't can't be 10
But, me it hurteth, if it profit him.
Good counſels many a time are filch'd from us,
If that the place for ſpeaking be not choſe
With care and caution: for if once the enemy
Learn your deliberation, they can tye 15
Your tongue, and bind your hands, with your own counſel,
And do the ſame to you, you would to them.---
But I will ſpy abroad, left any one

V. 5. *Win the ſpoils.*] *Spolia capiat.* This ſpeech is in alluſion to military proceedings, with which alluſions (as I have already obſerved) this play abounds.

To

To right or left ſhould be upon the hunt
To catch our counſels with his ears, like toils.--- 20
The proſpect through the ſtreet is deſart quite,
Ev'n to the fartheſt end.—I call them out.
Periplectomenes and *Pleuſides*,
Come forth.

SCENE II.

Enter PERIPLECTOMENES *and* PLEUSIDES.

PERIPLECTOMENES.

Behold us here obedient to you.

PAL. The ſway is eaſy o'er the juſt and good.---
But I would know now, if we are to act
According to the plan we form'd within.

PER. There's nothing our affair can profit more. 5

PAL. You, *Pleuſides*, ſay, what is your opinion?

PLEU. Can it diſpleaſe me, ought that pleaſes you?
(to Per.) Who can I call my friend more than yourſelf?

PER. You ſay what is obliging.

PAL. So he ſhould do.

V. 19. *Upon the hunt*, &c.]
Nequis aut hinc a lævâ aut a dextrâ
Noſtro conſilio venator aſſit cum auritis plagis.

V. 2. *The ſway is eaſy.*] *Facile eſt imperium in bonis.* We find another interpretation put upon this ſentence by the commentators, beſides that which I have followed, as it ſeems to me the moſt natural and obvious. Some explain it thus.—*It is eaſy to command people in matters which are to their advantage.*

PLEU.

PLEU. But, Sir, this hurts me,—to the very ſoul 10
Torments me.

PER. What is't, that torments you?---Tell me.

PLEU. To think I ſhould engage you in an act
So young and puerile,---one of your years,---
So unbecoming of you and your virtue;---
That you ſhould forward me with all your might 15
In my amour;---for you to do ſuch things,
Which age like your's doth more avoid than follow!
It ſhames me, I ſhould trouble thus your age.

PER. You are a lover, man, of a new mode,
That you can bluſh at any thing you do. 20
Go, go, you nothing love.---A lover? No,
The ſemblance you, and ſhadow of a lover.

PLEU. Can it be right in me, Sir, to employ
One of your age to ſecond my amour?

PER. How ſay you? do I then appear to you 25
One o' th' next world already? do I ſeem
So near my grave, and to have liv'd ſo long?
Why troth I am not above fifty four:---
I have my eye-ſight clear, and I can uſe
My hands, and walk well with my feet.

PAL. What though 30
His hair be grey, he is not old in mind:
The ſame ingenuous temper ſtill is in him.

PLEU. True---I have found it, as you ſay, *Palæſtrio:*

V. 26. *One o' th' next world already.*] *Acherunticus,*—Ripe (as we may ſay) for *Acheron*, or the next world. The ſame expreſſion is uſed in a very humourous paſſage in *Mercator*, or the *Merchant*, of our Author, Act II. at the beginning of Scene II. See the paſſage in Vol. II. of this tranſlation.

For

For he is kind and free as any youth.)

PER. Good guest, the more you try, the more you'll know 35

My courtesy towards you in your love.

PLEU. Needs he conviction, who's convinc'd already?

PER. Only that you may have sufficient proof

At home, so as abroad you need not seek it.—

He who has never been himself in love, 40

Can hardly see into a lover's mind:

For my part I have still some little spice

Of love and moisture in my frame; nor am I

Dried up as yet, or dead to love and pleasure.

And I can crack my joke at merry meetings, 45

And be a boon companion: I ne'er thwart

Another in discourse, but bear in mind,

To give offence to no one: I can take

My part and due share in the conversation;

But I am silent, when another's speak'ng: 50

No spitting, hawking, snivelling dotard I:

In fine, I'm right *Ephesian* born and bred,

V. 38. *That you may have*, &c.]

Ut apud te exemplum experiendi habeas, nè petas foris.

This phrase is frequently used by our Author.

V. 52. *Ephesian*, &c.]

Ephesi sum natus, non in Apulis, non in Umbriâ.

Without a nice enquiry into the frame and make, and general disposition, of the people of one or the other country, we may take it for granted, that a sarcasm is here intended on the *Apulians* and the *Umbrians*. We read in the *Delphin* Edition of our Author,—that the *Umbrians* were broad-shouldered, large-footed. large-ear'd, a sign of strength, (we are there told) and want of capacity.—Be this as it will, it is certain, that *Plautus* was himself an *Umbrian*; and what were his inducements to abuse his countrymen,

Not an *Apulian*, or an *Umbrian*.

PAL. What a facetious brave old gentleman,
If he poſſeſs the qualities he mentions! 55
Sure he was brought up in the ſchool of *Venus*.

PER. I'll give you proofs of my complacency,
More than I'll vaunt. At table I ne'er clamour
On ſtate affairs, or prate about the laws:
Nor do I ever, in the ſocial hour, 60
Once caſt a lewd glance at another's miſtreſs;
Nor do I ſnatch the tid-bits to myſelf,
Or ſeize upon the cup before my turn:
Strife and diſſention never do ariſe
From me through wine;—if any one offend me, 65
I go me home, and break off further parley:
When in the ladies company, I then
Reſign me up to ſprightlineſs and love.

PLEU. Sir, your whole manners have a ſpecial grace:
Shew me but three men like you, and I'll forfeit 70
Their weight to you in gold.

PAL. You ſhall not find
Another of his age, that's more accompliſh'd,
More throughly to his friend a friend.

PER. I'll make you
Own, in my manners I'm a very youngſter;

countrymen, may afford matter of conjecture to thoſe, who chuſe to trouble their heads about it.

V. 56. *School of* Venus.]
Eductum in nutricatu Veneris.

V. 71. *Weight in Gold.*]
Cedo tres mihi homines aurichalco *cont.à.*

Aurichalcum, or *Orichalcum*, was a metallic compoſition among the Antients, of the higheſt eſtimation, as gold is with us.

I'll

I'll ſhew myſelf ſo ready to oblige. 75
Need you an advocate t'inforce your ſuit,
Rude, and of fiery temper? I am he.
Need you a mild and gentle? You ſhall ſay,
I'm gentler than the ſea, when it is huſh'd,
And ſofter than the *Zephyr*'s balmy breeze. 80
A jovial buck am I, a firſt-rate wit,
And beſt of caterers: then as for dancing,
No finical ſlim fop can equal me.

PAL. *(To Pleu.)* Of all theſe excellent accompliſhments, 84
Which would you chuſe, were you to have the option?

PLEU. I would at leaſt, my poor thanks could be equal
To his deſerts, and your's; for I have giv'n you
A world of trouble.---But it much concerns me,
Th' expence I put you to. *(To Per.)*

PER. You are a fool;---
Expence forſooth!---Upon an enemy, 90
Or a bad wife, whatever you lay out,
That is expence indeed! But on a friend,
Or a good gueſt, what you expend is gain:
As alſo, what is coſt in ſacrifices,
Is by the wiſe and virtuos counted profit.--- 95
Bleſt be the Gods, that courteſy I have
With hoſpitality to treat a ſtranger.
Eat, drink, and take your pleaſure with me; load
Yourſelf with merriment; my houſe is free,
I free, and I would have you uſe me freely. 100
For, by the Gods kind favour I may ſay it,

V. 83. *Finical fop.*] *Cinædus malacus.*

I from my fortune might have ta'en a wife
Of the beſt family, and portion'd too :
But I don't chuſe to bring into my houſe
An everlaſting barker.

PLEU. Why not marry ? 105
'Tis ſweet burthen to have children.

V. 5. *A barker.*] *Oblatratricem.*

V. 106. *To have children.*] There is a jingle in this paſſage in the original, which I found impoſſible to be preſerved in the tranſlation.

——— *Procreare* liberos *tepidum eſt onus.*
——— Liberum *eſſe, id multò eſt lepidius.*

There is a paſſage in the *Brothers* of *Terence*, Act I. Scene I. which I cannot but think carries a greater force with it than is commonly underſtood, in the uſe of the word LIBERI ; which is interpreted to mean nothing more than ſimply CHILDREN. It appears to me, from the whole context, to bear a much ſtronger ſenſe, and to include both the ſenſes of the word LIBERI—not CHILDREN merely, but CHILDREN *that are* FREE. The whole of *Mitio*'s reaſoning, ſeems to me to turn upon the method proper to be followed in *exerciſing rule* over CHILDREN, *who are* FREE, in oppoſition to SLAVES, that are under the ſame *authority*. The paſſage is as follows.

Pudore et LIBERALITATE LIBEROS
Retinere, *ſatiùs eſſe credo quàm metu.*

He goes on afterwards — — —

Et errat longè, meâ quidem ſententiâ,
Qui IMPERIUM *credat gravius eſſe aut ſtabilius,*
Vi *quod fit, quàm illud quod* amicitiâ *adjungitur.*

What confirms me in my opinion, is the concluſion drawn from his argnment.

Hoc PATRIUM *eſt, potiùs conſuefacere filium*
Suâ ſponte rectè facere quàm alieno metu.
Hoc PATER *ac* DOMINUS *intereſt. Hoc qui nequit,*
Fateater neſcine imperare LIBERIS.

There

PER. Troth
'Tis ſweeter far to have one's liberty.
PAL. Sir, you are able to direct yourſelf,
And give advice to others.
PER. A good wife,---
If there was ever ſuch an one on earth,--- 110
Where can I find her ?---Shall I bring home one,
That never will addreſs me in this faſhion ?
" Buy me ſome wool, my dear, that I may make you
" A garment ſoft and warm, good winter cloathing,
" To keep your limbs from ſtarving. " Not a word
Like this you'll ever hear come from a wife :--- 116
But, ere the cock crow, from my ſleep ſhe'd rouze me,
Crying---" My dear, pray give me wherewithal
" I may preſent my mother in the *Calends:*---

There is a paſſage in *Pliny*'s Epiſtle to *Maximus*, (B. VIII. Ep. XXIV.) on his entering on the government of *Achaia*, which is much to the ſame purpoſe. *Vides a mediciis, quanquam in adverſâ valetudine nihil ſervi ac liberi differant, molliùs tamen liberos clementiùſque tractari.* " Phyſicians, you ſee, though with reſpect to " diſeaſes, there is no difference between freedom and ſlavery, " yet treat perſons of the former rank with more tenderneſs than " thoſe of the latter." MELMOTH.

After all, I ſubmit with all humility this conjecture to the learned, and hope to be excuſed, ſhould they look upon it as a fanciful refinement.

V. 119. *Calends.*] *Calendis*, that is, the *Calends of Mars*, which with the *Romans* began the New Year, (as we learn from *Macrobius)* and were celebrated particularly by the *Matrons*, who offered ſacrifices to *Juno*, to whom all the *Calends* were dedicated, as the *Ides* were to *Jupiter*. Hence theſe *Calends of Mars* were called *Feſta Matronalia*, the *Matrons Feſtivals*. It was alſo a cuſtom, as may be learned from *Juvenal*, at this time to make preſents in the ſame manner as our New-Year's Gifts.

 " Get

" Get me a cook; and get me a confectioner :--- 120
" Give something to bestow in the *Quinquatria*
" On the diviner, on th' enchantress, on
" The soothsayer :---it were an heinous crime
" To send them nothing ;---how they'd look upon me!---
" And then it can't be, but I must present 130
" The sorceress with some kind and gentle token :---
" The taper-bearer is already angry,
" That she has nothing had :---the midwife too
" Upbraids me, that she has so little sent her :---
" What!---won't you then send something to the nurse, 130

V. 121. *Quinquatria.*] *Quinquatribus Quinquatria* or *Quinquatrus*, were Festivals dedicated to *Minerva*, so called from *quinque*, because they lasted *five* days, as we are told by *Ovid*, who has given us the origin and the particular manner of celebrating these Festivals, in the third Book of his *Fasti*.

V. 121, &c. *Diviner—Enchantress—Soothsayer*, — &c.] *Præcantatrici, Conjectrici, Ariolæ*, &c. We have no words, that will answer exactly to these in the original, as they relate to the religious ceremonies and superstitions of the ancients; and I shall not trouble the reader with explaining them. As I profess to give a *Translation* of my Author, I am not at liberty to substitute modern customs in the place of ancient, though I cannot but agree with the observation of a sensible Critic in the *St. James's Magazine* for *January* 1763, on this very point. " That agreeable " satire, says he, in the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN, upon the con- " tinual selfish importunity of women to their husbands, loses " all its effect on an *English* reader, so long as those instances of " female coaxing in a morning relate only to a slave to cram the " fowls, or for something to give to her mother upon the *Calends*, " to the enchantress and soothsayer on the *Quinquatrice*; but " when such insinuating caresses tend to procure a foot-boy, or a " new

" That brings your ſlaves up, born beneath your roof?"
Theſe, and a thouſand other like expences,
Brought on by women, fright me from a wife,
Who'd plague and teaze me with the like diſcourſes.

PAL. The Gods in troth befriend you; for if once
You loſe that liberty which now you hold, 136
You will not eaſily be re-inſtated.

PLEU. Yet 'tis a reputation for a man
Of noble family and ample ſtate,
To breed up children, as a monument 140
Unto himſelf and race.

PER. Why need I children,
When that I have relations in abundance?---
I now live well and happily,---as I like,
And to my heart's content.---Upon my death,
My fortune I'll bequeath to my relations, 145
Dividing it among them.---They eat with me,
Make me there care, ſee what I have to do,
Or What I want; are with me before day,
To aſk if I have ſlept well over-night:
They are to me as children: they are ever 150
Sending me preſents: when they ſacrifice,
I have a larger portion than themſelves:

" new year's gift, or ſomething handſome to give to ſervants,
" or to the wet-nurſe, or methodiſt preacher, there is no mar-
" ried man whatever, but would enter directly into the ſpirit of
" ſuch requeſts."

V. 131. *Slaves born beneath your roof.*] *Vernas.* The ancients made a difference between the ſlaves born in the family, which they called *Vernæ*, and thoſe they purchaſed.

They

They take me to the entrails: they invite me
To dine, to ſup with them: he counts himſelf
The moſt unfortunate, that ſends me leaſt: 155
They vie with one another in their preſents;
When to myſelf I whiſper all the while,
Aye, aye, it is my fortune they gape after,
And therefore ſtrive they in their gifts to me.

PAL. You ſee things with a clear diſcerning ſpirit.
While you are well and hearty, we may ſay 161
You've children thick and three-fold.

PER. Had I had,
I ſhould have had anxiety enough
On their account: I think I ſhould have died,
If ſon of mine had had a fall in liquor, 165

V. 152.] *Entrails.*] *Exta*, called by *Virgil*, *Exta luſtralia*. The ancients in their ſacrifices, which were always accompanied with feaſting, uſed to offer part of the entrails of the victims to the Gods; the reſt they afterwards eat themſelves. Their relations, and moſt intimate friends, were invited to partake of the cheer, a portion of which was ſent to thoſe that could not attend.

—*Limiers* from *Turnebus* and *Caſaubon*.

V. 164. *If ſon of mine*, &c.]

Cenſerem emori, cecidiſſetne ebrius, aut de equo uſpiam;
Motuerem, nè ibi defregiſſet crura aut cervices ſibi.

In the *Brothers* of *Terence*, *Mitio* expreſſes himſelf in ſo ſimilar a manner, that it almoſt ſeems to have been copied from our Author.

Ego, quia non rediit filius, quæ cogito!
Et quibus nunc ſollicitor rebus! ne aut ille alſerit,
Aut uſpiam ceciderit, aut præfregerit
Aliquid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

And what a world of fears poſſeſs me now!
How anxious, that my ſon is not return'd;
Leſt he take cold, or fall, or break a limb!

COLMAN.

Or

Or tumbled from his horſe; ſo great had been
My dread, that he had broke a leg at leaſt,
If not his neck.---(And then my apprehenſions,
Leſt that my wife ſhould bring a monſtrous brood,
Deform'd, and mark'd,---ſome bandy-leg'd, knock-knee'd,
Or ſhambling, ſquint-eyed, tuſk tooth'd brat or other.)
(PAL. This gentleman deſerves an ample fortune,
And to have life continued to him long;
For why? he keeps him within bounds, and yet
Lives well, and is a pleaſure to his friends.)
PLEU. What a ſweet fellow!---As I hope heav'n's love,
'Twere fit the Gods ſhould order and provide,
That all men ſhould not live alike,
Squar'd by one rule: but as a price is fix'd
On different wares, that ſo they may be ſold
According to their value;---that the bad
It's owner may impoveriſh by it's vileneſs;---
So it were juſt, the Gods in human life
Should make diſtinction due, and diſproportion;
That on the well-diſpoſed they ſhould beſtow
A long extent of years; the reprobate
And wicked they ſhould ſoon deprive of life.
Where this provided, bad men would be fewer,
Leſt hardily they'd act their wicked deeds,

V. 169. *Bandy-leg'd, &c.*] *Aut varum, aut vulgum. aut compernem, aut broncum filium.*

V. 181. *Its owner may impoveriſh.*] *Dominum pauperet.*

Nor

Nor would there be a dearth of honeſt men. 190

PER. Whoever blames the counſels of the Gods,
And finds fault with them, is a fool and ignorant.—
No more then of theſe matters.—I'll to market,
That I may entertain you as I ought.

V. 190. *Dearth of honeſt men.*] There is ſome little difficulty in determining the preciſe meaning of the original, which is as follows.

Qui probri eſſent homines, eſſet his annona vilior.

At firſt ſight one might be led to interpret this with *Victorius* and others, that as the number of bad men, and conſequently of men in general, would be leſſened, good men would have proviſions cheaper on account of there being fewer conſumers. This is taking it in the apparent, obvious, literal ſenſe, as it may ſeem; but as *Lambin* has juſtly obſerved, it is abſurd to ſuppoſe, that ſo grave a ſentiment ſhould be cloſed ſo lightly and ridiculouſly. To which we may add, that it would be quite out of character for *Pleuſides*, whatever it might be in the mouth of a ſlave or paraſite. But *Lambin* has made it clear by obſerving, that *annona his* is the ſame as *annona eorum*, and the meaning is, metaphorically ſpeaking, that the *crop* of honeſt men would be larger, and conſequently *cheaper* on account of the plenty. *Horace* uſes exactly the ſame expreſſion in the ſame ſenſe. *Vilis amicorum eſt annona.*

V. 192. *A fool and ignorant.*] This is a noble rebuke to *Pleuſides* for having diſputed the diſtributions of eternal Providence, and ſerves to take off any prejudice we might otherwiſe have conceived againſt the character of *Periplectomenes*, who though a jolly buck, is conſtantly repreſented as entertaining a veneration for piety and religion, according to the notions of former times. So in another place he obſerves, v. 94. of this Scene,

As alſo what it coſts in ſacrifices
Is by the wiſe and virtuous counted profit.

It may be remarked, that our author abounds throughout all his plays with the fineſt moral and religious ſentiments; which more

And as you ſhould be treated,—with good cheer 195
And a kind hearty welcome.

PLEU. Shall I then
Have no remorſe in putting you to charge ?
Whene'er a man is quarter'd at a friend's,
If he but ſtay three days, his company
They will grow weary of ; but if he tarry 200
Ten days together, though the maſter bear it,
The ſervants grumble.

PER. Wherefore have I ſervants,
But to perform me ſervice, not that they
Should bear authority o'er me, or hold me
Bounden to them?—If what I like they like not, 205
I ſteer my own courſe : though 'tis their averſion,

more than atone for thoſe levities he ſometimes falls into, in compliance, (as we may ſuppoſe,) with the corrupt taſte of the times, in which he lived.

V. 196. *Shall I then—Have no remorſe*, &c.] The original is,

Nihil me pœnitet jam quanto ſumptui fuerim tibi.

The abſurdity of *Pleuſides* ſaying this, (conſidering what follows, and his former declaration, that "it grieved him, the expence he put his friend to,") has induced ſome critics to alter *Nihil* to *Nunc*. But this does not mend the matter. If we read the paſſage with a mark of interrogation (as I have tranſlated it,) I am inclined to think the ſenſe will be clear.

V. 201. *Servants—to perform me ſervice.*] The original—*Servos ſervientes ſervitute.* Though *ſervus* properly ſignifies a *ſlave*, I have for the moſt part tranſlated it *ſervant*, as being the more familiar term, except where the ſenſe required preciſion in the expreſſion.

V. 205. *I ſteer my own courſe.*] The original is,—*Meo remigio rem gero.* That is, as commentators explain it, I have my own rowers, whom I can command ; metaphorically meaning his ſervants.

Still

Still they muſt do't or be it at their peril.—
But I will now proceed, as I intended,
To get proviſions.

PLEU. If you're ſo reſolv'd,
Pray cater ſparingly, at no great coſt.— 210
For me, I am content with any thing.—

PER. Away now with ſuch antiquated ſtuff,
The ordinary cant of common folks,
Who, when they are ſat down, and ſupper's ſerv'd,
Cry,—" What occaſion was there for this charge 215
" On our account?—why ſure, Sir, you was mad :—
" For, look ye here's enough for half a ſcore."—
With what's provided for them they find fault,
And yet they eat.

PAL. Faith 'tis their very way.—
How ſhrewd is his diſcernment!

PER. All the while, 220
Theſe ſelf-ſame gentry, be it e'er ſo great
The plenty ſet before them, never ſay,---
" Here take this off?---away there with that diſh ;---
" Remove that gammon hence,---it is not wanted ;---
" Take off that chine ;---thiscongerwillbegood, 225
" When cold." --- Remove !---Carry away !---Take off !---

V. 213. *Ordinary cant.*] *Proletario ſermone. Proletarius* ſignifies a low perſon, and, according to *Nonius*, is derived from *proles, offſpring*,—one who has no further concern in ſerving the ſtate, than by getting children.

V. 225. *Chine*] *Offam penitam.* If it will be any ſatisfaction to the reader to know what this preciſely means, I can acquaint him, that *Feſtus* declares it to be a *chine of pork.* It may be ſo,—or a *chine of mutton*,—if, according to *Nonius*, it ſignifies any joint *with the tail.*

No,

No, no,---you never hear a word of this
From any of them ;---but they ſtretch them forward,
And hang with half their bodies o'er the table,
Straining to ſnatch the daintieſt bits.

PAL. Good ſoul ! 230
How well has he deſcrib'd their ſcurvy manners !

PER. What I have ſaid is ſcarce an hundredth part
Of what I have in ſtore, if leiſure ſerv'd.

PAL. Good,---it were fit then we ſhould turn our thoughts
Upon our preſent buſineſs.---Mark me now,--- 235
Both lend me your attenton.---I have need,
Periplectomenes, of your aſſiſtance ;
For I have hit upon a pleaſant trick
Will clip his cock's-comb, ſhave our captain cloſe,

V. 228. *Stretch them forward*, &c.]

—— *Procellunt ſe, et procumbunt dimidati, dum appetunt.*

This is a very natural and humourous pourtrait throughout, as indeed are all the reflections and deſcriptions of this hearty old fellow, who ſhews himſelf an admirable judge, and an accurate drawer, of men and manners. It may be objected, that the buſineſs of the play ſtands ſtill all the while, and nothing is carried on conducive to the plot : but no one, I fancy, can be diſpleaſed with this lively interruption, however long ; eſpecially in all points as this of *Periplectomenes*.

V. 239. *Will clip his cock's-comb, ſhave our captain cloſe.*] The original is,

Qui admutiletur miles uſque cæſariatus.

This alluſion to ſhaving, to ſignify a perſon's being impoſed on, is not uncommon in our Author, and was doubtleſs proverbial, as we may learn from a paſſage in the *Captives*.

Nunc ſenex eſt in tonſtrinâ, &c.

Now is the old man in the barber's ſhop, &c.

See the paſſage, and the Note upon it, Act II. Scene II. v. 24. in this volume.

Enable

Enable this *Philocomasium*'s lover 240
To bear her off with him.

PER. Impart to me
The plan of your device.

PAL. Impart to me
That ring of your's

PER. For what end would you use it?

PAL. When I have got it, I will then impart
The plan of my device. 244

PER. *(giving him the ring)* Here---use it, take it.

PAL. Take in return from me the plan I've laid.

PLEU. We both attend to you with open ears.

PAL. My master's such a rake, so fond of women,
There never was his equal I believe,
Nor ever will be,

PER. I believe the same. 250

PAL. He boasts, that in his person he exceeds
Ev'n *Alexander*'s self, and that he's followed
By all our women here in *Ephesus*.

PER. Needs there much said? I know you do not lie
But am convinc'd 'tis ev'en so as you say.--- 255
Be brief then, and compendious as you can.

PAL. Well, can you find me a smart handsome wench,
Buxom in mind and body, full of art?

V. 252. *Alexander.*] *Alexandri.* It may be proper to observe, that this is another name for *Paris*, which we frequently find in *Homer*.

V. 253. *Needs there much said?*] The commentators have been greatly divided about the reading of this passage in the original, and as much perplexed in explaining it. I have followed that reading which I found in the *Aldus* Edition of our Author, which is accounted almost equal in authority to a MSS, having been printed directly from one.

Ædepol quid de isto multa? Scia te non mentirier.

PER.

PER. Of what condition ?---free by birth, or bond-
woman
Made free ?
PAL. 'Tis equal to me, ſo you find 260
One that lets out herſelf for hire, and draws
Support from proſtitution.---She ſhould have
A knowing mind ;---I ~~ſpeak not of her heart,~~
~~For that no woman has.~~
PER. Would you a dame
Experienc'd, or a novice ?
PAL. I would have her 265
As briſk, as roguiſh, and as young as may be.
PER. I have hard by one under my protection
Fit for your purpoſe,---a young courteſan.---
But how would you employ her ?
PAL. Bring her home,
And let her be apparell'd like a matron, 270
Her head well dreſt, her hair bound up with fillets :
Let her pretend, that ſhe's your wife ;---for ſo
You muſt inſtruct her.
PLEU. I am at a loſs,
What road is it you take.
PAL. But ye ſhall know.
What maid has ſhe ?
PER. A rare one.
PAL. We have need 275

V. 265. *A dame experienc'd, or a novice ?*] The original is, *Lautam vis, an quæ nondum ſit lauta ?* The commentators explain *lauta*, to mean *one that has borne children*, that is, *has bathed*, it being cuſtomary for women to *bathe* after delivery, as may be learned from the *Amphitryon* of our Author. See Act II. Scene II. v. 58.

Of

Of her too.---You muſt thus inſtruct them both,---
Miſtreſs and maid.—The miſtreſs ſhall pretend,
That ſhe's your wife, and doats upon this captain:
And we'll pretend moreover, that ſhe gave
Her maid this ring, and that ſhe brought it me 280
To give it to the captain; and I'll ſeem
A go-between in this affair.

PER. I hear you,—
Don't ſtun me,— I'm not deaf.

PAL. You underſtand me.
I will preſent our captain with this ring;
Tell him 'twas brought and giv'n me from your wife,
To win his favour: he's of ſuch a nature, 286
That he'll affect her with a ſtrong deſire;
A rake-hell!---whoſe whole ſtudy is employ'd
In nothing but intrigue.

PER. The ſun himſelf,
Had you commiſſion'd him to ſearch them out, 290
Could not have found two fitter for the purpoſe,
Than thoſe that I ſhall furniſh.---Courage, man.

PAL. 'Tis neceſſary we ſhould act with care,
And with diſpatch.

[*Exit* PERIPLECTOMENES.

Exit PERIPLECTOMENES] Though the ſcene is not divided in any of the Editions, and there is no expreſſion that preciſely determines when *Periplectomenes* goes off, I have marked it here; as what follows regards *Pleuſides* only, and as much time as poſſible ſhould be allowed for the old gentleman's abſence, before he returns (as he does ſhortly after this) with the courteſan and her maid.

SCENE

SCENE III.

PALÆSTRIO *and* PLEUSIDES.

PAL. Now hearke me, *Pleusides.*
PLEU. I'm all obedience.
PAL. Mind you,—when the captain
Comes home, be sure remember not to call
Philocomasium by her name.
PLEU. What then?
PAL. Why, *Glycera.*
PLEU. Oh, the same we late agreed on. 5
PAL. No more:—begone now.
PLEU. I'll remember,—but,
I pray you, for what purpose is this caution?
PAL. I'll tell you, when occasion shall require;—
Mean time be quiet.—As He acts his part,
You on your side be mindful of your cue. 10
PLEU. I'll in then.
PAL. See, you follow your instructions.
[PLEUSIDES *goes in.*
PAL. What turmoils I create! what mighty engines
I set to work!—Now shall I carry off
Our captain's lady, if my band of soldiery

V. 9. *He acts his part.*] Meaning *Periplectomenes.*

V. 14. *Band of soldiery.*] *Si centuriati bene sunt manipulares mei.* In allusion again to military affairs.

Are

Are rightly train'd.—But I will call him forth.— 15
Hola,--*Sceledrus*,---if you are not busy,
Step here.---*Palæstrio* calls you.---Hoa---

SCENE IV.

Enter LUCRIO, *a Lad.*

Sceledrus
Is not at leisure.

PAL. Why?

LUCR. He's fast asleep
Gulping.

PAL. Gulping what?

LUCR. Snoreing I would say;—
But they are both so much alike;---to snore
Is as it were to gulp.

PAL What! is *Sceledrus* 5
Asleep within?

LUCR. Not with his nose indeed;---
With that he makes an hugh noise.---He has taken
A cup by stealth: the butler though neglect
Left in his way a pitcher-full of *Nardine.*

SCENE IV.] There being a necessity for some time to be allowed, before *Periplectomenes* could return, this Scene is purely *episodical*, having nothing to do with the business of the play.

V. 3. *Gulping.*] The original is,

LUCR. *Sorbet dormiens.*

PAL. *Quid sorbet?* LUCR. *Illud stertit volui dicere.*

V. 9. *Left in his way.*] *Demisit.* The commentators disagree about the meaning of the original, some inclining to think, that by

PAL. Hoa, rascal, you that are the under butler, 10
Hearkye me.---

LUCR. What's your pleasure?

PAL. How is it,
That he's asleep?

LUCR. How?---with his eyes, I think.

PAL. Sirrah, I do not ask you that.—Come hither.—
You are undone, except I know the truth.---
You drew him wine?

LUCR. Not I.

PAL. Do you deny it? 15

LUCR. Yes truly;---for he charg'd me not tell.---
Not I indeed forsooth,---I did not draw him
A pitcher of eight pints,---no, nor did he
Drink hot wine at his dinner.

PAL. Nor did you
Drink too.

LUCR. The Gods confound me, if I did,— 20
If drink I could.

PAL. For Why?

LUCR. I only sipt,—
It was too hot, it burnt my throat.

PAL. Well,---some

by *promus* or *butler* is understood *Sceledrus* himself, and that *demisit*, in this case, signifies, he *drank*. I have followed the other interpretation, which seems to me the most probable, as from this whole Scene there does not appear any reason to suppose *Sceledrus* was the butler, but rather the contrary. *Nardine* signifies scented wine, from *Nardus*, a sweet-smelling shrub, much celebrated by the ancients as a perfume.

V. 19. *Hot wine.*] The ancients used to drink their wine hot.

Get glorious drunk, ſome guzzle meagre ſtuff.—
The cellar's truſted to an honeſt butler,
As well as under-butler!

LUCR. You in troth 25
Would do the ſelf-ſame, if you had the care on't.—
Becauſe you cannot copy us, you now envy

PAL. Hoa,—did he never draw him wine before?—
Anſwer me, villian.---And be ſure of this,---
I give you warning,---if you tell me falſe, 30
You ſhall be tortur'd,---raſcal!

LUCR. So will you
Inform againſt me, hey; and then ſhall I
Be ouſted from my battening-poſt, that you
May have an under-butler to your mind,
To draw you wine in plenty.

PAL. Faith I will not.--- 35
Come then, ſpeak boldly to me.

LUCR. Then by heavens
I never ſaw him draw one drop of wine:---
But this it was;---he order'd and I drew.

PAL. What, did you ſtoop the caſk?

LUCR. That's not ſo eaſy:
Beſides, the cellar's very wet and ſlippery.--- 40

V. 23. *Meagre ſtuff.*] The original is, *Poſcam. Poſca*, we are told, was a kind of drink made of vinegar mixed with water. Others ſay, it was wine diluted with water in the preſs; ſomething, I imagine, of the nature of what we call *water-cyder.*

V. 33. *Battening-poſt.*] *Saginâ cellariâ.*

V. 39. *Stoop the caſk.*] It is extremely difficult to make out the ſenſe of this whole paſſage, on account of the various readings of the original, and the different interpretations put upon them. I have hammered out, to the beſt of my power, what I thought would appear moſt intelligible to the *Engliſh* reader.

Cloſe

Close by the cask a water-pot is plac'd,
That holds two pints. Now this was often fill'd,---
Ten times a day;—I've seen it quick replenish'd,
And emptied all as quickly.—As the pot
Mov'd to and fro, the cask would stoop to meet it. 45

PAL. Go, get you in.---Ye play the *Bacchanals*
Both of you in the wine cellar.—I'll fetch
My master from the *Forum*.

LUCR. *(Aside.)* I am ruin'd,—
When he comes home, and learns what as been done,
He'll have me whipt, because I did not tell him.—50
I'll e'en take to my heels,—and skulking somewhere
Stave off my sufferings to a further day. *(Going.)*
(To the spectators.) I do beseech you, that you will not tell him.

PAL. Whither art going?

LUCR. I am sent elsewehere,
And shall return this instant.

PAL. Who has sent you? 55

LUCR. *Philocomasium.*

PAL. Go,—be back directly.

LUCR. If there's a dividend, while I'm away,
Of a sound beating, do you take my share on't

LUCRIO *goes off.*

SCENE V.

PALÆSTRIO *alone.*

So—now I know our lady's drift: the while
Sceledrus is asleep, she has sent out

V. 53. *(To the spectators.)* These addresses to the audience, even in the middle of a speech, and sometimes with a total deviation from

Her under keeper, ſo that ſhe may paſs
From our houſe into this.—I like it well.—
But ſee—*Periplectomenes* comes yonder, 5
Bringing along, as I commiſſion'd him,
A woman of incomparable beauty.—
The Gods take part with us in our affair.—
See how demure ſhe treads! and how becoming
Is her apparel!—nothing like an harlot.—
This buſineſs proſpers rarely in our hands.

SCENE VI.

Enter PERIPLECTOMENES *advancing with* ACROTELEUTIUM *and* MILPHIDIPPA, *at a diſtant Part of the Stage.*

Within have I explain'd this whole affair
To you *Acroteleutium*, and to you,
My *Milphidippa*;---and if our device
Ye comprehend but ſlightly, I could wiſh
Ye where again inſtructed in't more throughly; 5
But if ſufficienly ye underſtand it,
There's other matter we may rather talk of.
ACR. 'Twould be a folly in me, and the height

from the character repreſented, are not uncommon in our Author, and can only be vindicated in contradiction to modern practice, by ſuppoſing, that they were not only tolerated, but highly applauded.

V. 9. *How demure ſhe treads!*] *Incedit.* I am aware, that this word may ſignify nothing more than common; but as a peculiar force in it has been pointed out in claſſic authors (particularly *Virgil*) with reſpect to *ſtatelineſs* or *ſolemnity of ſtep*, I have taken the liberty to extend its meaning to that idea in this place.

Of

Of ignorance, to undertake a work,
Or promise my assistance, if I knew not 10
How to acquit me in the business.

PER. Yet
'Tis best to be advis'd.

ACR. Advise an harlot!
What that imports, to me is yet a secret.
But I do wrong myself, letting my ears
Drink your discourse in dull delay.-- I've told you, 15
How we may hew this block here of a captain.

PER. Two heads are better, as they say than one.
But many, I have often known, avoid
Advice sooner than find it.

ACR. Trust a woman,---
If she has any mischief to promote, 20
I warrant, she'll remember;—in that point
Her memory is immortal, everlasting:---
If any thing is to be done by them
Or good or honest,---so it happens, strait
They grow forgetful, and they can't remember. 25

PER. Therefore I fear th'event of our proceedings,
Seeing the injury ye do the captain,

V. 15. *Drink your discourse in dull delay.*] *Adhibêre aures meæ tuam moram orationis.*

V. 16. *How we may hew this block here of a captain.*] The original is,

———*Miles quemadmodum potis esset* deasciari.

There are other readings instead of *deasciari*, which it is hardly in my opinion worth while to enumerate, as it is not material which we prefer.

V. 17. *Two heads, &c.*] The original is, *Nemo solus satis sapit.*

WH.

ıil be to my advantage.

ACR. Never fear:---
Whatever good we chance to do, we do
Unwittingly.---No harlot but is ready, 30
When miſchief is on foot.

PER. Your very character.—
Come, follow me.

PAL. Why don't I go and meet them?
(*Advancing.*) Sir, I am glad to ſee you.---By my troth
She's admirably dreſt.

PER. Well met, *Palæſtrio*,---
Moſt opportunely.---Here they are, the women 25
You bade me bring, and dreſt as you required.

PER. Be one of us.---*Palæſtrio* ſalutes
Acroteleutium.

ACR. Prithee, who is this,
That calls me ſo familiar by my name,
As if he knew me?

PER. He's our maſter-plotter. 40

ACR. Your ſervant, maſter-plotter!

PAL. I am your's.
But tell me, has he giv'n you full inſtructions?

PER. I've brought them both well ſtudied in their parts.

PAL. Fain would I hear as how; for I'm afraid,
Leſt ye ſhould err in any point.

PER. I've only 45
Retail'd your precepts:—nothing have I added

V. 37. *Be one of us,*] *Noſter eſto.* This is a familiar expreſſion, uſed in other places by our Author, denoting praiſe or approbation.

V. 40. Maſtor-Plotter.] *Architectus.*

New of my myſelf.

ACR. Is it your will forſooth,
The captain ſhould be play'd on?

PAL. You have ſaid it.

PAL. And you muſt feign yourſelf His wife.

ACR. I ſhall.

PAL. And that you've ſet your heart upon the captain.

ACR. 'Twill ſo fall out. 51

PAL. And the affair ſhall ſeem
As carried on betwixt your maid and me.—

ACR. Well, ſurely you may ſet up for a prophet,
Since you divine ſo rarely what will happen.

PAL. And further---that ſhe brought this ring from you, 55
For me to give the captain in your name.

AAK. Right,---you ſay true.

PER. What needs there repetition,
When they ſo well remember?

ACR. It is the beſt.---
For think you this, my patron: When the ſhip-wright,
If he has ſkill, has once laid down the keel, 60
Exact to line and meaſure, it is eaſy
To build the ſhip thus laid and tightly founded.
Our keel's already laid and tightly founded;---
Our workmen are at hand,---procur'd by me,
By you,---and not unſkilful: now if he,
Who furniſhes the timber, don't retard us,
I know our ſkill,---our ſhip will ſoon be ready,

V. 49. *His*] Meaning *Periplectomenes.*

V. 67. *Our ſhip will ſoon be ready.*] This allegory is thus explained by *Lambin.* By the Ship (ſays he) is meant the contriv-

ance

PAL. Pray, do you know my maſter?

ACR. It is ſtrange,
That you ſhonld aſk me. What! muſt I not know
The ſcorn of every one? an empty Braggard, 70
A wenching, perfum'd, frizzle-pated fellow.

PAL. And does he know you too?

ACR. He never ſaw me;
How ſhould he know me then, or who I am?

PAL. That's rare;—our project will ſucceed moſt rarely.

ACR. Give me the man, be quiet for the reſt; 75
And if I do not play him ſuch a game,
Lay the whole blame on me.

PER. Well go you in then.
Be mindful of your buſineſs.

ACR. Never fear us.

PAL. Do you conduct them in, Sir. I'll go meet
My maſter at the *Forum*, with this ring 80
Preſent him, ſay 'twas gi'en me from your wife,
And that ſhe's dying for him. When that we
Return, let *Milphidippa* comes to us,
As though ſhe where diſpatch'd to me in private.

PER. We'll do ſo never fear us.

PAL. You'll take care then. 85

ance for deceiving the Captain; by the keel, the main plot and foundation of it; by the Workmen, *Periplectomenes*, the Courteſan, and her Maid; by the Maſter-ſhipwright, *Palæſtrio*; by *Materiarus*, he that furniſhes the timber, the Captain.

V. 72. *Frizzle-pated.*] *Cincinnatum.*

V. 79. *Never fear us.*] The original is, *alia cura.*

I'll

I'll bring him hither loaded like a pack-aſs.

PER. Now luck go with you! manage well this buſineſs.

(To Acr.) But ſhould it be effected, that my gueſt
Shall gain the captain's miſtreſs, and depart
For *Athens* with her,---ſhould our trick ſucceed, 90
What preſent muſt I make you?

ACR. You ſhall promiſe
To love no other woman but myſelf.

V. 86. *Loaded like a pack-aſs.*] The original has nothing more than *oneratum*; but *De l'Oeuvre*, editor of the *Delphin* edition, ſuppoſes, that *clitellis*, with a pack-ſaddle, is underſtood. So in our Author's *Moſtellaria*, it is ſaid, *Sarcinam imponam ſeni: I'll clap a pack upon the dotard.*

V. 87. *Luck go with you.*] *Bene ambula.* This was a common expreſſion of the ſame import with that which I made uſe of.

Though I have not divided the ſcene here, I cannot help thinking, that *Palæſtrio* ſhould go off at this place, as there is nothing more for him to do, and his buſineſs was to meet the Captain at the *Forum* as ſoon as poſſible. The little ſhort ſpeech, which the Editors have given him afterwards, *(Moſt ſweetly ſaid)* would, I think, come with more propriety from *Periplectomenes*.

V. 91. *What preſent*, &c.] This paſſage has ſtrangely puzzled and perplexed the commentators, who have recourſe to various readings, and give us, accordingly as they prefer one or the other, various interpretations of it. The original, as I find it in the *Aldus* edition, is as follows.

PER. *Quid tibi ego mittam muneris?*
ACR. *Des ne aliæ mulieri operam.*

One would imagine, that the meaning of this muſt be plain and obvious to every one, as I have tranſlated it, though they have all miſtaken it. It did not occur to them perhaps, that *Periplectomenes* had before ſaid, that *Acrotelcutium* was a courteſan *under his protection.*

PAL. moſt ſweetly ſaid.

ACR. I truſt we ſhall ſucceed,
When all our cunning is combin'd together,
I have no fear, that we ſhould be o'er match'd 95
In ſubtlety and fraud.

PAL. Then let us in,
And weigh our counſels deeply in our thoughts
That we may act with caution, leſt the captain,
When he returns, in ought ſhould find us tripping.

ACR. Come, come, you but delay us with your prattle. 100

[PERIPLECTOMENES *goes in with the woman, and* PALÆRTRIO *goes off.*

V. 100. *Delay us.*] *Tu morare.* *Acroteleutium* had ſaid before, v. 14 of this ſcene.

Quin ego me fruſtro,
Poſtquàm adhibêre aures meæ tuam moram orationis.

But I do wrong myſelf. letting my ears
Drink your diſcourſe in dull *delay.*

*** It having been the buſineſs of the ſecond Act to convince *Sceledrus*, that it was the twin-ſiſter of *Philocomaſium* whom he ſaw, and not herſelf, this third Act is taken up with laying another plot conſequent thereto, to deceive the Captain, which is productive of ſeveral truly comic incidents, that naturally ariſe from each other, and are managed with great art and dexterity.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter PYRGOPOLINICES *and* PALÆSTRIO.

PYRGOPOLINICES.

IT is a pleasure, whatsoe'er you do,
If fairly it succeed, and to your mind.—
I have dispatch'd my parasite to-day
To king *Seleucus*, to conduct the troops
That I have levied to defend his kingdom, 5
While I indulge in leisure and repose.

PAL. Think rather of your own concerns, nor heed
Seleucus.---What a fair and new proposal
Is offer'd to you through my mediation!

PYRG. Well then,---all other matters I postpone, 10

ACT IV.] The vain-glorious military part of our Captain's character, which was carried to such an height of extravagance in the first Act, is in a great measure dropped in the succeeding scenes; and the more agreeable foible, of his priding himself upon his beauty, and fancying every woman in love with him, is finely exposed and set forth in action. In this part of his character, as well as in the other, no comparison can be properly drawn between him and the *Thraso* of *Terence*, who is scarcely represented as having any conceit of his own person, neither is he exposed to any ridiculous situations on that account.

V. 6. *While I indulge in leisure.*] *Mihi dum fierit otium.* There is another interpretation of this passage,

Till I have leisure to attend in person.

And

And lend attention to thee.—Speak ;—my ears
I do ſurrender up to thy diſpoſal.

PAL. Look round, leſt ſome one catch our conver-
ſation :
For I was order'd to tranſact this buſineſs
In private with you.

PYRG. There is no one near us. 15

PAL. Firſt, take this pledge of love. *(giving a ring.*

PYRG. Ha ! what is this ?
Whence comes it?

PAL. From a fair and buxom dame ;
One that adores you, doats upon your beauty.—
I had it of her maid to bring to you.

PYRG. What is ſhe ?—Is ſhe gentle by her birth, 20
Or once a bond-woman, but ſince made free ?

PAL. Ah, do you think, that I would dare to play
The go-between for one that was a ſlave,
Knowing ſo many ladies wooe you to them.

PYRG. Is ſhe a wife, or widow ;

PAL. Wife, and widow. 25

PYRG. How is it poſſible ſhe can be both,---
Widow and wife ?

PAL. Becauſe ſhe's young, and married
To an old fellow.

V. 11. *My ears—I do ſurrender up to thy diſpoſal.*] *Aures meas dedo in ditionem tuam.* This language is in character for our Captain.

V. 20, 21.] *Is ſhe gentle by her birth,—Or once a bond-woman, but ſince made free ?*] The original is,

Quid ? ean' ingenua, an feſtucâ facta è ſervâ libera eſt ?

Feſtuca, otherwiſe called *Vindicta*, ſignifies the rod or wand, which among the *Romans* the *Prætor* uſed to lay upon a ſlave's head, when he was made free.

PYRG.

PYRG. Well---ſo much the better.

PAL. Then ſuch a perſon!

PYRG. See thou lieſt not, ſirrah.

PAL. O ſhe alone is worthy of your charms! 30

PYRG. Thou mak'ſt her out indeed a beauty.---But Who is ſhe;

PAL. She's the wife of this old fellow
Periplectomenes, our neighbour here.
She's dying for you, and about to leave him:
The dotard ſhe deteſts, and order'd me 35
To beg you would vouchſafe your favour to her.

PYRG. Well, well then.—I'm content,—if ſhe deſire it.

PAL. If ſhe deſire it!

PYRG. How ſhall we diſpoſe
Of her I have at home, that other wench?

PAL. E'en bid her to be gone, where-e'er ſhe lifts; 40
For,—do you know?—her mother and twin-ſiſter
Are come to *Epheſus* to fetch her home.

PYRG. How ſay you?—is the mother come to *Epheſus*?

PAL. They told me, that ſhould know.

PYRG. By *Hercules*!
A charming opportunity to turn 45
The baggage out of doors.

PAL. But would you do
The thing that's handſome?

V. 34. *About to leave him.*] *Ab illo incipit abire*, that is, actually to be divorced from him, and not, as *Limiers* explains it, "She is already ſeparated from him in inclination."

PYRG.

PYRG. What would'ſt thou adviſe?

PAL. Have you a mind forthwith to ſend her packing
With a good grace?

PYRG. I have,---tis my deſire.

PAL. Then this you ought to do. You have enough
Of riches:---bid her take by way of preſent
The cloaths and trinkets you ſupplied her with,
To carry with her whereſoe'er ſhe pleaſes.

PYRG. It likes me what thou ſay'ſt. But hold,---ſuppoſe
I loſe Her, and that other change her mind.

PAL. Ah,---ſure you are in jeſt. She change her mind?
What ſhe,---who loves you, as ſhe loves her eyes?

PYRG. By *Venus* am I favour'd.

PAL. Hiſt!---the door
Is opening.---Step aſide this way, and hide you.
This is her fly-boat, that is coming forth,
Her go-betwen.

PYRG. What mean'ſt thou by her fly-boat?

PAL. It is her maid, that's coming forth,---the ſame,
That brought the ring I gave you.

PRRG. By my troth
A likely wench.

PAL. Oh, ſhe is monkey-faced,---

V. 60. *Fly-boat.*] *Celox.*

V. 64. *Monkey-faced,—Owl-viſaged.*] Pithecium *eſt præ illâ, et* Spinternicium. *Phithecium* is from Πιθηξ, which ſignifies an ape. *Spinternicium* ſome interpret to mean a bird of ill omen, others a kind of Sphynx.

Owl-

Owl-visaged,---in comparison to th' other. 65
Mark, how she hunts round with her eyes, and spreads
Her ears, like toils, to catch each passing sound!
[*They stand aloof.*

SCENE II.

Enter MILPHIDIPPA.

Is this the *Circus*, here before the house,
Where I must hold my sports?---I'll make pretence
As though I did not see them, did not know
That they are here.

PYRG. Hush!---let us hearken, if
She'll mention ought of me.

MIL. Is no one near? 5
No meddler, that minds other businesses

V. 66. *Mark how she hunts round with her eyes*, &c.] *Viden' tu illam oculis venaturam facere, atque aucupium auribus?* These allusions are frequent in our Author.

Sed spectulabor, ue quis hinc a lævâ aut dextrâ
Nostrio consilio venator assit cum auritis plagis.
But I will spy abroad,
Lest any one or to the right or left
Should spread his ears, like toils, to catch our counsels.

SCENE II.] According to the opinion of *Marolles*, this is one of the pleasantest Scenes in the whole Comedy, in which he says, *Milphidippa* plays her part admirably.

V. 1. *Is this the* Circus, &c.] *Jamne est ante ædus* Circus, *ubi sunt ludi faciendi mihi?* This is in allusion to the *Circus* at *Rome*, where the public sports were exhibited.

More

More than his own? no longer on the watch
To ſee what I'm about? no dieter
At his own coſt, who's not in ſearch for ſupper?---
I am afraid, leſt any ſuch as theſe 10
Stand in the way, and be an hindrance, when
My miſtreſs comes,---poor ſoul! who doats upon
This all enchanting, this too handſome man,
This gallant captain *Pyrgopolinices*.

PYRG. She doats upon me too; commends my beauty.— 15

'Tis a clean-ſpoken wench,—ſhe needs no aſhes.

PAL. What do you mean?

PYRG. To ſcour her words:—ſhe ſpeaks
Moſt daintily; and ſhe's a dainty girl.—
Faith I begin to feel ſome liking for her.

V. 7. *On the watch.*] *Aucupet.* See the laſt Note on the preceding Scene.

V. 8. *No dieter—At his own coſt.*] The original is rather obſcure. *Qui de veſperi vivât ſuo.* Some interpret it as meant of thoſe, who get their living by ſtealing in the evening; but *Lambin* explains it to ſignify thoſe, who had wherewith of their own to enable them to ſup at home; and he confirms his opinion by a paſſage in the *Rudens*, or *Cable* of our Author, where *veſperi* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe to ſignify *ſupper*.

Si tu de illarum cænaturus veſperi *es.*

If we are contented with this interpretation, the ſentence implies, that thoſe, who live at their eaſe, have more leiſure to pry into others concerns, than thoſe who are put to their ſhifts to get a ſupport.

V. 16. *She needs no aſhes.*] This is but a ſorry joke in the original.

PYR. *Ædepol hujus ſermo haud* cinerem *quæritat.*

PAL. *Quo argumento?* PYR. *Quia enim loquitur* lautè *minimè* ſordidè.

PAL.

PAL. What! ere you have set eyes upon the other?
PYRG. I've faith in what I see.—By her discourse 2:
She forces me to love her.
PAL. On my soul
You must not love her: she's betroth'd to me:
If you the mistress wed, I take the maid.
PYRG. Why art thou backward then in speaking
to her? 25
PAL. True,—come along.
PYRG. I lacquey you at heels.
MIL. O that I could but meet him, for whose sake
I am come forth here!
PAL. (*Advancing towards her.*) You shall have your
wish:
Take courage: fear not:—there's a certain person
Knows where he is, whom you are looking for. 30
MILP. Who's that I hear?
PAL. The partner of your secrets,—
Your fellow-counsellor.
MIL. I don't conceal then
What I conceal.
PAL. Nay, but you do conceal
Ev'n what you don't conceal.
MIL. How make you that out?
PAL. From the untrusty you conceal your secrets:
But I am of a firm unshaken faith. 36
MIL. Give me a token, if you're of the *Bacchæ*.

V. 26. *I lacquey you at heels.*] *Pedissequus tibi sum.*

V. 37. *If you're of the* Bacchæ.] *Si harunc* Baccharum *es.* This is in allusion to the secresy observed with respect to the mysteri es of *Bacchus*, which were known only to the Bacchæ or *Priestesses.*

PAL. A certain lady loves a certain gentleman,
MIL. In troth, and ſo do many.
PAL. But not many,
That ſend them preſents, and from off their fingers. 40
MIL. Oh, now I know:—you've made the matter plain.—
Is no one near?
PAL. There is, or there is not.
MIL. I want to talk with you alone in private.
PAL. Will it be ſhort or long you have to ſay?
MIL. Three words.
PAL. *(to Pyrg.)* I will return to you this inſtant. 45
PYRG. What?—ſhall I ſtand here, I who am renown'd
For my exploits and beauty, but a moment
Idle and unemploy'd?
PAL. Content yourſelf,—
Stay here:—it is your ſervice I'm upon.
PYRG. I'm tortur'd with impatience.
PAL. Soft and fair: 50
You know, Sir, in commodities of this kind
We're wont to deal thus.
PYRG. Well then, as it ſuits thee.
PAL. *(aſide.)* No ſtone can be more ſenſeleſs than this lack-wit.
(To Pyrg.) I'll ſoon return to you.—*(To Milph.)* What would you with me?
MIL. To take of you directions as before. 55

V. 50. *Soft and fair.*] *Pedetentim.* This properly ſignifies *gently, ſtep by ſtep.*

PAL.

PAL. Say, is ſhe dying for him.

MIL. That I know.

PAL. Commend his perſon, and extol his bravery.

MIL. For that I'm arm'd at all points, as I ſhew'd you.

PAL. The reſt you'll manage:—have you got your cue.

PYRG. Prithee allow me ſome ſhare in the buſineſs. *(To Pal.)* Sirrah, come here this inſtant. 61

PAL. Here I am:—
Command me,—what's your will?

PYRG. What ſays ſhe to thee?

PEL. She ſays her miſtreſs takes on grievouſly,
Poor ſoul! and ſore afflicts herſelf with crying,
Becauſe you are not with her:—for that reaſon 65
She was diſpatch'd to you.

PYRG. Bid her approach.

PAL. But know you how to act now?—Bear yourſelf
Diſdainfully, as though you like it not;
And rate me ſoundly, that I dare preſume
To ſtale you to the vulgar.

PYRG. I'll remember, 70
And follow thy inſtructions.

PAL. Pleaſe you, I
Should call her?

V. 58. *Arm'd at all points,*] *Habeo omnem aciem.* This is generally underſtood by Commentators, as a figurative expreſſion, borrowed (as is common in this play) from military affairs.

V. 59. *Got your cue.*] The original is,—*De meis* venator *verbis*, in alluſion to hunting.

V. 70. *To ſtale you to the vulgar.*] There is a jingle in the original,—*quia te* vulgo vulgem.

PYRG. If ſhe wants me, let her come.

PAL. Come hither, woman, if you want my maſter.

MIL. *(Advancing.)* Save you, Prince Prettyman!

PYRG. Ha!---who could tell her, 75
That was my name?---Heav'n grant you all you wiſh!

MIL. To paſs life with you, is---

PYRG. You wiſh too much.

MIL. Myſelf I mean not, but my miſtreſs, who
Is dying for you.

PYRG. Many wiſh the ſame,
But to no end.

MIL. In ſooth I wonder not, 80
That you ſhould put ſuch value on yourſelf,
A gentleman ſo handſome! ſo renown'd
For beauty, valour, and for bright atchievements!
Lives there, who more deſerves the name of man?

PAL. *(Aſide.)* Then there is nothing human:---
by my faith 85
I think there's more humanity in a vulture.

V. 75. *Save you*, Prince Prettyman!] There is a propriety in the original, which cannot be ſo exactly expreſſed in our language *Salve, Pulcher*. The Romans commonly bore another name added to that of their family-one by way of diſtinction, which was called *Cognomen*; and this very *Pulcher*, we are told, was the actual *Cognomen* of the family of the *Clodii*. I have made uſe of a well known appellation, in ſome ſort to preſerve the ridicule.

V. 86. *I think there's more humanity in a Vulture.*] *Vulturio plus humani credo eſt.* The plain and obvious ſenſe of this paſſage is preferable to the vain reſearches and refinements of ſome commentators, particularly *Douza*, who will have *Vulturio* to be a nominative caſe, and *eſt* the ſame as *edit*, and ridiculouſly explains it to mean, that "a Vulture eats more human fleſh than *the Captain has in his whole body.*"

PYRG. Now will I make myſelf of conſequence,
Since ſhe's ſo laviſh of her commendations.---
PAL. Look at the block-head, how he puffs and ſwells !---
Will you not anſwer her, good Sir ?---ſhe comes 90
A ſuiter from the lady.---
PYRG. From what lady ?
There are ſo many ladies court my favour,
I can't remember them.
MIL. I come from her,
Who to adorn your fingers ſtrips her own : 94
That ring I brought from her, and gave your ſervant.
PYRG. Well, woman, what is't you would have ? explain.
MIL. That you would not diſdain her who adores you,
Who lives but in your life, whoſe hope is placed
In you alone, whether ſhe live or dye.
PAL. What's her deſire ?
MIL. To talk with, and embrace you : 100
If you refuſe to comfort her, ſhe'll periſh.---
Come, my *Achilles*,---grant what I requeſt,
And ſave this fair one,---call forth your benevolence,
Stormer of cities, conqueror of kings !
PYRG. O how vexatious this !---How often, raſcal,
Have I forbade you thus to make me common ? 106
PAL. Woman, d'ye hear ?---I told you this before,
And now repeat it,---you muſt pay him well.

V. 109. *Pay him well.*] I have paſſed over a line and a half of the original, which follows here, as the idea as unfit to be expreſſed in our language.

Fearing to ſeem a lyar to her face. 140

MIL. (*Aſide.*) I burſt, I dye.---How many years must he

Himſelf live, when his children live ſo long?

PYRG. Wench, I was born upon the day next that,
When *Jove* was born of *Ops*.

PAL. O had his birth
Preceded *Jove*'s one day, he had poſſeſs'd 145
The kingdom of the ſkies.

MIL. Enough, ſweet ſouls:
Let me be gone.

PAL. Why don't you go then, ſince
You have your anſwer?

MIL. I will go and bring
My miſtreſs here.---Would you ought further with me?

PYRG. O may I ne'er be fairer than I am! 150
My beauty's ſuch a plague to me.

PAL. Why ſtay you?
Why don'tyou go? (*Aſide to Mil.*)

MIL. I am gone.

PAL. And hearkye.---Tell her
All that has paſt.

MIL. Her heart will leap within her.

PAL. And tell *Philocomaſium*, if ſhe's yonder,
She muſt come home, for that the captain's here. 155

V. 151. *My beauty's ſuch a plague to me.*] *Ita me mea forma ſollicitum habet.* So in Act I. Scene I. v. 84. of this play, the Captain exclaims,

Nimia eſt miſeria pulchrum eſſe hominem nimis,
What plague it is
To be too handſome!

MIL.

MIL. She's yonder with my mistress, slily hearkening
Our conversation.

PAL. 'Tis well done :---they'll learn
The better how to act from having heard us.

MIL. You hinder me.

PAL. I leave you, I don't hinder you,
Nor do I touch you, nor---I say no more. 160

PYRG. Bid her come forth to us with instant speed :
All other matters we'll postpone to this.

[MILPHIDIPPA *goes in.*

SCENE III.

PYRGOPOLINICES *and* PALÆSTRIO.

PYRGOPOLINICES.

Palæstrio, what would'st thou advise me now
To do about my mistress ? for by no means
Can I receive this here into my house,
Till I've dismiss'd the other.

PAL. Why consult
Me what you ought to do ? I've told you, how 5
It may be carried with all gentleness.
Her trinkets, baubles, all her women's geer,
With which you furnish'd her, e'en let her have,

V. 160. *Nor—I say no more.*] *Neque te—taceo.* The *Aposiopesis*, (as it is called) or break in the sentence, not being attended to by some Editors, they have altered this unnecessarily to *neque te teneo.*

V. 7. *Her trinkets.*] *Aurum*, signifying things made of gold.

Take

Take, carry off: and tell her, 'tis high time
She ſhould go home again; tell her, her mother 10
And her twin-ſiſter are arriv'd, with whom
She may depart.

PYRG. How know'ſt thou, they are come?

PAL. I ſaw her ſiſter here with my own eyes.

PYRG. What, have they met?

PAL. They have.

PYRG. How does ſhe look?
Is ſhe a brave piece?

PAL. You would have them all. 15

PYRG. Where was her mother, did the ſiſter ſay?

PAL. The maſter of the ſhip, that brought them, told me,
She had an inflammation in her eyes,
And was on board: He's lodg'd too at next door.

PYRG. But to the point.

PAL. Well.

PYRG. What would'ſt thou adviſe? 20
I'd have thee talk to her upon the ſubject:
'Twill better come from thee.

PAL. Nay, rather go

V. 15. *A brave piece.*] The *Latin* word is *fortis*, which according to the interpretation of *Nonius* is the ſame with *formoſa*, *handſome*.

V. 19. *Next door.*] The ſame objection lies againſt three lines, which follow here, in the original, as is mentioned v. 109. of the preceding ſcene; and therefore I have omitted them.

V. 22. *'Twill better come from thee.*] Our Captain thought it not ſuitable to his rank and dignity to acquaint his miſtreſs himſelf with the reſolution he had taken, and would therefore put the taſk upon *Palæſtrio*.

Yourſelf

Yourſelf; yourſelf tranſact your own concerns.
Tell her, you needs muſt marry,---you're perſuaded
By your relations, urg'd to't by your friends. 25

PYRG. And doſt thou think ſo?

PAL. How can I think other?

PYRG. I'll in then, and do thou mean time keep watch
Before the houſe, that thou mayſt call me out,
When th' other comes.

PAL. Mind what you do.

PYRG. I ſhall.
For, if ſhe go not of her own accord, 30
I'll turn her out by force.

PAL. No, do not ſo,
But rather let her go with a good grace:
Give her the things I mentioned; let her take
Her trinkets, and her geer.

PYRG. With all my heart.

PAL. You'll eaſily, I think, prevail with her.--- 35
But get you in, don't loiter.---

PYRG. I obey you.

[PYRGOPOLINICES *goes in.*

PAL. *(To the ſpectators.)* Doth he appear ought chang'd from what I told you
A while ago he was, this wenching captain?---
Now do I want *Acroteleutium*
To come here, and her maid, and *Pleuſides.*--- 40

V. 32. *A good grace.*] *Bonâ gratiâ.* I forgot to remark, where this expreſſion was uſed before, that it was a law term in the caſe of amicable divorces with the conſent of both parties. But there ſeems to be no neceſſity to ſuppoſe, that there is any alluſion to this here.

O Jupiter!

O *Jupiter !* how much Commodity
Befriends me on all ſides !---for thoſe I wiſh'd
To ſee, are coming hither from our neighbour's.

SCENE IV.

Enter ACROTELEUTIUM, MILPHIDIPPA, *and* PLEUSIDES.

ACROTELEUTIUM.

Follow me,---at the ſame time look around,
Leſt any one obſerve us.

MIL. No one ſee I,
Save him that we would meet

PAL. As I would you.

MIL. Our architect ! how fare you ?

PAL. I your architect ?
Ah---

MIL. How now ?

PAL. I'm not worthy, if compar'd 5
With you, to ſtick a peg into a wall.

ACR. No to be ſure !

PAL. O ſhe's a clever jade,
When miſchief's ſet on foot. How charmingly
She ſmooth'd our captain o'er !

ACR. But not ſufficient.

V. 41. *Commodity.*] *Commoditas.* Some will have it, that this means the Goddeſs worſhipped by the *Remans* under that name.

V. 6. *To ſtick a peg into a wall.*] *Ut figam palum in parietem,* what the moſt common workman can do.

V. 9. *Smooth'd our Captain o'er.*] The original is, *deruncinavit,* from *runcina,* a carpenter's plane.

PAL.

PAL. Courage---our business prospers to our wish,
If you continue but to lend assistance. 11
For know, the captain is himself gone in
To ask his mistress, that she would depart
For *Athens* with her sister and her mother.

ACR. Good! very good!

PAL. Nay more,---he gives her all 15
The cloaths, and trinkets, which he had provided,
So she be gone :---myself advis'd him to it.

PLEU. That's easily agreed, if she is willing,
And he desire it too.

PAL. Do you not know,
When from the bottom of a well you've mounted 20
Up to the top, then there's the greatest danger,
Lest from the brink you topple back again?
Now our affair stands tottering, as it were,
Upon the brink and summit of the well;
For should the captain chance to smell us out, 25
We shall get nothing from him :---wherefore now
We need erect our batteries.

PLEU. We have got
Sufficient store of timber for that purpose ;---
Three women,---you yourself make a fourth person,
And I a fifth,---and our old host a sixth. 30

PAL. What heaps of stratagems we've fell'd already!
No town whatever could hold out against us,

V. 28 *Store of timber.*] *Sylvæ satis.* So afterwards, *Quot fallaciarum est* excisum.—*What heaps of stratagems we've* fell'd!—This metaphor will perhaps appear to the modern reader strained and inelegant, as well as that which follows—*no town whatever could hold out against us.*

If ye but lend assistance.

ACR. For that purpose
Are we come out to you to know your pleasure.

PAL. 'Tis sweetly done in you.---Then this I order
As your department. *(To Arc.)* 36

ACR. You're our general,—
Command me what you will, that's in my power.

PAL. I'd have you play this captain off most finely.

ARC. Good---your command's a pleasure.

PAL. Know you how?

ACR. To wit, that I should feign myself distracted
With love for him. 41

PAL. The thing.

ACR. And for that love
I have foregone my marriage here, much longing
To match him,

PAL. Right, you proceed in order.
Only this one thing,---you must also say,
This house is settled on you for your dowry, 45
And that the old man after your divorce
Had quitted it,---lest bye and bye the captain
Should fear to enter in another's house.

ACR. Well you advise me.

PAL. But when he appears,
I'd have you stand aloof, and seem as though 50
You scorn'd your beauty in compare with his,
And was awe-struck with his vast opulence:
Be sure you praise his loveliness of mein,
His air, his face, his beauty all altogether.---

V. 43. *You proceed in order.*] *Ordine is.*

Arc.

Are you enough instructed?

ACR. I am perfect. 55

Will it suffice, if I produce my work
So finish'd, that you shall not find a fault?

PAL. I am content. *(to Pleu.)* Now hearken in your turn
What I command you.

PLEU. Speak.

PAL. When this is done,
As soon as she has enter'd, come you hither 60
Accoutred like the master of a ship,
With broad-brim'd hat and of a russet grey,
And hold a woollen compress 'fore your eyes;
Have on a short cloak, of a russet grey too,
(For that's your seaman's colour) fasten it 65
On your left shoulder, your right arm stuck out;
And tye a belt about your waist:—thus dress,

V. 56. *If I produce my work—So finish'd.*] *Si tibi meum opus ita dabo expolitum.* So *Acroteleutium* says to *Periplectomenes* in Act III. Scene VI. v. 8.

'Twould be a folly in me, and the height
Of ignorance, to undertake a work,
Or promise my assistance, if I knew not
How to acquit me in the business.

V. 62. *Broad-brim'd hat*] *Causiam.*

V. 63. *Woollen compress.*] *Culcitam laneam.* This direction to *Pleusides* is artificial, as it would serve to prevent the Captain from knowing the young fellow's face, notwithstanding his disguise, It is natural and common for persons, who have any complaint in their eyes, (as *De L'Oeuvre* has observed) to hold something up to them, to cherish, or to wipe them, or keep the light from them.

Pretend

Pretend yourself the master of a ship.---
Your good old host here can equip you throughly,
For he has fishermen.

PLEU. When thus accoutred, 70
What must I do?

PAL. Come here, and call upon
Philocomasium in her mother's name;
Tell her, if now she would return to *Athens*,
She must with you directly to the port,
And order to be carried to the ship, 75
If any thing she has to put on board;
Say bluntly, if she did not go that instant,
You must weigh anchor, for the wind was fair.

PLEU. I like your picture well enough.---Proceed.

PAL. Our gull will strait exhort her to be gone, 80
Bid her make haste, nor let her mother wait.

PLEU. You've an extensive genius.

PAL. I will tell her
To ask my master, that he'd let me carry
Her baggage to the port; when he at once
Will bid me to attend her.---What do I? 85
I'll tell you,---I am off with you for *Athens*.

PLEU. And when you come there, I'll not let you serve
Three days, before you shall be free.

PAL. Then go,
And strait equip you.

PLEU. Any thing besides?

PAL. Only---remember,

PLEU. I am gone.

[PLEUSIDES *goes in*.

PAL.

PAL. *(To the Women.)* And you 90
Go, get you in directly, for I know
He will come out this instant.

ACR. Your commands
Must be obey'd.

PAL. Come, prithee now be gone.

(The Women go in.

See—the door opens opportunely.—Out
He comes, quite joyous :—he has gain'd his suit. 95
Poor wretch! he longs for what he'll ne'er possess.

SCENE V.

Enter PYRGOPOLINICES.

Philocomasium now at length has granted
What I implor'd by friendship and by favour.

PAL. What kept you, Sir, within so long a time?

PYRG. O I was never sensible till now,
How much the damsel doated on me.

PAL. Why? 5

PYRG. So many words she made! so slow my progress!
But at the last I won her fair consent.—
I gave her all she wish'd, and all she ask'd;—
With thee too I presented her.

PAL. What! me too?—
How can I live without you!

V. 92. *Your commands.*] *Celebre*, or *celere*, (as some chuse to read it) *est tuum imperium*. This alludes to what *Acroteleutium* had before said, v. 36. of this Scene.

You are our General;
Command me what you will, that's in my power.

PYRG. Prithee, man, 10
Be of good heart; I'll alſo make thee free.
I ſtriv'd, if poſſibly by any means
I could prevail upon her to depart
Without her taking you along: but ſhe
Conſtrain'd me.
PAL. In the Gods I'll place my hope, 15
And laſt in you:---yet though 'tis bitter to me,
Seeing that I ſhall loſe ſo good a maſter,
I have at leaſt this pleaſure, that the power
Of your reſiſtleſs beauty has procur'd you
This neighbour lady through my mediation. 20
PYRG. Needs there more ſaid?---I'll give thee liberty,
And wealth beſides, if thou can'ſt win her for me.
PAL. I'll win her.
PYRG. But I long.
PAL. Hold---ſoftly, Sir:
Be moderate in your love, and not ſo hot.---
But here's the lady,---ſee, ſhe's coming forth. 25

SCENE VI.

Enter ACROTELEUTIUM *and* MILPHIDIPPA.

MILPHIDIPPA.

Look, miſtreſs, there's the captain.
ACR. Ha!---Where is he?
MIL. There, to the left.
ACR. I ſee him.
MIL. Only caſt

A ſide

A ſide glance at him, that he mayn't perceive
We ſee him.

ACR. So---I view him.---On my troth
Now is the time to prove our utmoſt art. 5

MIL. You muſt begin.

ACR. (*Aloud.*) Pray was you with him ?---
(*to* MIL. *aſide.*) Don't
Be ſparing of your voice, but let him hear you.

MIL. (*Aloud.*) I talk'd with him at eaſe, and at my leiſure,
And as I lik'd, and at my own diſcretion,
And as I would.

PYRG. So---hear'ſt thou what ſhe ſays ? 10

PAL. I hear.---How pleas'd ſhe is, that ſhe approach'd you !

ACR. O happy wench !

PYRG. How ſhe's enamour'd of me !

PAL. You merit it.

ACR. 'Tis ſtrange, what you relate,---
That you approach'd him, and prevail'd : they ſay,
He never is addreſs'd but by diſpatches, 15
Or by ambaſſadours, all like a monarch.

MIL. True, 'twas with difficulty I procur'd
An audience to prefer my ſuit.

V. 3. *Caſt a ſide glance.*] *Aſpicito limis oculis.*

V. 8. *Talk'd with him.*] *Cum ipſo ſum* ſecuta. *Sequor* is ſometimes uſed in this ſenſe.

V. 16. *All like a monarch.*] *Quaſi regem.* Some commentators pretend, that the *Perſian* king is deſigned by this appellation, as he was called *the king*, and ſometimes emphatically *the great king*, on account of his prodigious power and wealth : but there does not ſeem to be any reaſon for this interpretation.

PAL. How great
Your fame among the women!
PYRG. I muſt bear it,
Since *Venus* wills it ſo.
ACR. My grateful thanks 20
I pay to *Venus*, and beſeech the goddeſs,
That I may win his favour whom I doat on,
That he may gentle prove, nor take amiſs
What I deſire.
MIL. I hope it will be ſo;
Though many ladies ſeek his love: but he 25
Diſdains them, holds himſelf eſtrang'd to all,
Save you alone.
ACR. Therefore this fear torments me,
That, when he ſees me, ſince he's ſo diſdainful,
His eyes will change his ſentiments, his own
Bright beauty make him ſcorn my homelier form. 30
MIL. Be of good heart;---he will not do it.
PYRG. How
She ſlights herſelf!
ACR. I fear too, your account
Has ſet me off too well---
MIL. I've taken care,
That you ſhall ſhew ſtill fairer than you ſtand
In his opinion.
ACR. Verily if he will not 35
Take me for wife, I will embrace his knees,
Implore, beſeech him:---If I don't prevail,
Why then by my own hand I'll dye:---I know,
I cannot live without him.
PYRG. I muſt ſave her,---

I muſt

I muſt prevent her death.---Shall I go to her?--- 40

PAL. No, by no means.---You'll make yourſelf too cheap,
To give yourſelf ſo laviſhly away:
Firſt let her come to you, let her ſeek you,
Expreſs her fond deſire and expectation.
What---would you loſe that glory which you have? 45
For never did it happen but to two,---
You and the *Leſbian Phaon*,---to be loved
So deſperately.

ACR. I'll go in to him.---
You, *Milphidippa*, go, and call him forth.

MIL. Let's rather wait till ſome one ſhall come out. 50

ACR. I cannot ſtay, but I muſt in.

MIL. The door
Is ſhut.

ACR. I'll break it open.

MIL. You are mad.

ACR. If he has ever lov'd, or if he owns
An underſtanding equal to his beauty,
Whatever I ſhall raſhly do through love, 55
I know he will have mercy, and forgive me.

PAL. Poor ſoul, ſhe's over head and ears in love!

PYR. 'Tis mutual in us.

PAL. Huſh,---ſhe'll hear you elſe.

V. 47. *The Leſbian Phaon.*] So called, becauſe he was of the Iſle of *Leſbos*. The love, that *Sappho* the poeteſs bore him, is well known, and is prettily ſet forth in the twenty-firſt of *Ovid's* Epiſtles.

MIL.

MIL. Why ſtand you ſtupified?---why don't you knock?

ACR. Becauſe he's not within here, whom I want.

MIL. How do you know?

ACR. I know it:---if he were, 60
My noſe would ſcent him.

PYRG. She divines:---becauſe
She loves me, *Venus* has beſtow'd upon her
The gift of prophecy.

ACR. I know not where
He is, whoſe ſight I long for,---but I know,
He's not far off;---I ſmell him.

PAL. Why ſhe ſees 65
More with her noſe than eyes.

PYRG. She's blind with love.

ACR. Prithee ſupport me,---

MIL. Why?

ACR.---Or I ſhall fall.

MIL. Why ſo?

ACR. Becauſe I cannot ſtand,---my ſpirits
Are ſunk ſo through my eyes.

MIL. What! have you ſeen
The captain?

ACR. Yes.

MIL. I ſee him not,---where is he? 70

ACR. Verily you would ſee him, if you lov'd.

MIL. Nay, by my troth you cannot love him more
Than I do,---with your leave.

PAL. Well,---ev'ry woman,
Soon as ſhe ſees you, is in love with you.

PYRG. I know not, whether I have told you.---I am *Venus'* grand-ſon.

ACR.

ACR. Prithee, *Milphidippa*,
Go and hold converſe with him.
PYRG. How I awe her!
PAL. She's coming t'wards us.
MIL. (*Advancing.*) I would ſpeak with you.
PYRG. And we with you.
MIL. I've brought my miſtreſs here,
As you commanded me.
PYRG. I ſee her.
MIL. Well then, 80
Bid her approach.
PYRG. I have prevail'd upon
My heart, at thy entreaty, not to loath her
Like others of her ſex.
MIL. She'd not be able
To ſpeak a word, were ſhe to come but near you.
E'en while ſhe's looking at you, by her eyes 85
She's tongue-tied.
PYRG. Her diſorder I muſt cure.
MIL. See, how ſhe trembles! how ſhe's ſtruck with fear,
Since ſhe beheld you!
PYRG. Warriors do the ſame,
No wonder then a woman.---But what is it,
She'd have me do?
MIL. Come home to her: with you 90
She longs to live, with you to paſs her days.

V. 85 *By her eyes—She's tongue-tied.*] *Linguam oculi præciderunt*, This is the reading in the *Aldus* edition. *Lambin* and others have it,

Lingua atque oculi perierunt.
She has loſt
Both tongue and eyes.

PYRG. What! I come home to her, when she is married?---

Her husband's to be dreaded.

MIL. For your sake

She turn'd her husband out.

PYRG. How could she do it? 94

MIL. Because the house is her's, seeing 'twas settled

Upon her for her dowry.

PYRG. Is it so?

MIL. 'Tis so, by heav'ns.

PYRG. Then tell her to go home:---

I'll come to her this instant.

MIL. Do not keep her

In expectation; for 'twill vex her soul. 99

PYRG. In sooth I will not.---Go then.

MIL. We are gone.

[ACROTELEUTIUM *and* MILPHIDIPPA *go in.*

PYRG. What do I see?

PAL. What see you?

PYRG. Some one comes,

I know not who, dreſt in a ſailor's habit.

PAL. Perhaps he wants us.---Oh, it is the pilot.

PYRG. He comes forsooth to fetch our wench.

PAL. I think so.

SCENE VII.

Enter PLEUSIDES *at a diſtance, in a Sailor's habit.*

Were I not ſenſible, that other men

In other ways have done as vile for love,

I ſhould be more aſham'd to wear this garb

On the account of love: but I have learn'd,

That many have committed many actions 5

Base,

Base, and estrang'd from good and right, in love :---
I speak not of *Achilles*, how he suffer'd
His comrades to be slain, and all for love.---
But see *Palæstrio* standing with the captain ;---
And I must change the fashion of my phrase.--- 10
Sure woman's born of tardiness itself ;
For ev'ry other, though the same delay,
Seems less delay than that which woman makes :- -
They do it, one would fancy, all from custom.---
I'm come to call upon *Philocomasium :* 15
And here's the door, I'll knock.---Hoa---who's within there ?

PAL. How now, my lad ?---what say you ?---why d'ye knock here ?

PLEU. I want *Philocomasium* :---from her mother
I'm come :---if she's for going, let her come then.---
She stays us all ; and we would fain weigh anchor. 20

PYRG. All is in readiness, and long has been so.---
Hearkye, *Palæstrio*, let her take her trinkets,
Her gold, apparel, all things valuable :
Take with you some assistants, that may help you
To bear them to the ship :---they are all pack'd, 25
All that I've giv'n her to take off.

V. 7. *Achilles.*] This alludes to the story of *Achilles* having withdrawn himself from the *Grecian* confederates employed in the siege of *Troy*, and remaining inactive, on account of his having been deprived of *Briseis* by *Agamemnon* ; whence ensued a terrible slaughter among the *Grecians*.

V. 11. *Woman's born of tardiness itself*, &c.] The original is,

Mulier profectò nata est ex ipsâ morâ.
Nam quævis alia, quæ mora est æquè, mora
Minor ea videtur, quàm quæ propter mulierem est.

PAL. I go.

PLEU. Prithee now, do make haste.

PYRG. He will not tarry.

[PALÆSTRIO *goes in.*

PYRG. *(To Pleu. who holds up a compress to his eye.)* Hey, what's the matter? prithee, what hast thou
Done with thine eye?

PLEU. Why, ha'nt I got my eye?

PYRG. The left I mean.

PLEU. I'll tell you:---I less use 30
This eye, by reason of my occupation:
Were't not for that, I should use both alike.---
But they too long detain me.

PYRG. Here they come.

SCENE VIII.

Enter PALÆSTRIO *and* PHILOCOMASIUM.

PALÆSTRIO, *(to Phil.)*

Pray, will you never make an end of weeping?

PHIL. How can I chuse but weep?---I'm going hence,
Where I have pass'd my days with so much pleasure.

PAL. See you the man there, who is come to you
From your twin-sister and your mother?

V. 32. *Were't not for that.*] There is a pun in the original, (and far from a bad one,) which it is impossible to preserve in the translation. *Si abstinuissem* A MARE, or AMARE, which might be understood in two senses. *Pleusides* means, *If I had refrained from loving*, whereas the captain thinks he says, in his assumed character of a sailor,—*if I had kept from sea.*

PHIL.

PHIL. Ah, 5
I ſee him.
PYRG. Hearkye me, *Palæſtrio.*
PAL. What's
Your pleaſure ?
PYRG. You will order all her things
To be brought out.
PLEU. *Philocomaſium,*
Your ſervant.
PHIL. Your's.
PLEU. Your mother and your ſiſter
Bade me to give their love and bleſſing to you. 10
PHIL. Heav'ns bleſs them both !
PLEU. Then pray you to make haſte,
That we may ſet ſail, while the wind is fair :
Your mother, if her eyes had not been bad,
Had come along with me.
PHIL. I'll go then, though
'Tis with regret : but duty does compel me. 15
PLEU. You're wiſe now.
PYRG. If ſhe had not been with me,
She to this day had liv'd in ignorance.

V. 13. *If her eyes had not been bad.*] So in the third Scene of this Act, upon the Captain's aſking where *Philocomaſium*'s mother was, *Palæſtrio* ſays,

The maſter of the ſhip, that brought them, told me,
She had an inflammation in her eyes,
And was on board.

This excuſe for the pretended mother's not making her appearance is ſpecious enough, but there is no reaſon alledged why the ſiſter ſhould not come, except we may ſuppoſe, that ſhe ſtays to nurſe and comfort her ſick mother.

PHIL.

PHIL. O it is torture this,---to be eſtrang'd
From ſuch a man as you! for you can make
A woman all accompliſh'd; and becauſe 20
I liv'd with you, I had a lofty ſpirit:---
But now that greatneſs I ſhall loſe for ever. *(weeping.)*

PYRG. She weeps exceſſively.

PHIL. I cannot help it,
While that I look upon you.

PAL. Come,---take heart.---
Ah me! and I feel what afflicts me too.--- 25
I nothing wonder, 'twas a pleaſure to you
To live with him: his beauteous form, his manners,
His bravery have attached your ſoul unto him.---
I too, his ſervant, weep, when I look on him,
To think we ſhall be parted.

PHIL. I beſeech you, 30
Let me embrace you once, before I go.

PYRG. I give permiſſion.

PHIL. *(Embracing him.)* O my eyes! my ſoul!

(Upon quitting him ſhe ſeems ready to ſwoon.)

PAL. *(Taking hold of her.)* For heavens ſake ſupport her, or ſhe'll fall.

PYRG. Ha! what's the matter?

PAL. Soon as ſhe had left you,
Poor ſoul! ſhe fell into a fit.

PYRG. *(To his attendants.)* Run in, 35
And bring ſome water quick.

PAL. I want no water.

PYRG. Why?

PAL.

PAL. I had rather---Don't you interpose,
(Stopping the Captain from going to Phil.)
I pray you, till her senses are restor'd.

PYRG. *(Observing Pleu. who holds Phil. in his arms.)*
They have their heads methinks too closely join'd :---
I like it not :---their lips seem glued together.

PLEU. How sharp is her disorder !---I was trying,
Whether she breath'd or not.

PYRG. He should have put
His eat then to her mouth.

PLEU. *(To Pyrg.)* If you had rather,
I'll leave them both.

PYRG. No.---*(To Pal.)* Let him take you with him.

PAL. Ah me ! I cannot chuse but weep.

PYRG. *(To the servants within.)* Bring out
The things, that I have giv'n her.

V. 37. *I had rather*—] A defect being supposed in the original, it has been filled up, (in order to make a very poor joke indeed) by supplying it with the word *merum—malo merum*. Upon *Palæstrio*'s saying, that he *wanted no water*, and the Captain's asking why, he is hereby made to reply, *I had rather have wine*. But it is much better to suppose, as I have translated it, that *Palæstrio*'s speech is broke off abruptly from his being eager to prevent the Captain from advancing to *Philocomasium*.

V. 40. *Their lips seem glued together*.] *Labra labellis ferruminant*. This is a very strong expression.

V. 43. *If you had rather*, &c.] This and the next speech, are given to different persons, in different editions, and are as variously explained.

PAL.

PAL. Houſhold God !
I now ſalute you, ere I do depart : --
My fellow-ſervants, male and female, all
Farewell ! may happineſs and health attend you ! 49
And let me have your pray'rs, though abſent from you.
PYRG. Come, come, be of good heart, *Palæſtrio.*
PAL. Oh,
I cannot chuſe but weep, ſince I muſt leave you.
PYRG. Bear it with patience.
PAL. O too well I know
What cauſe I have to grieve.
PHIL. *(Seeming to recover.)* Ha ? how is this ?---
Who are theſe people ?---what do I behold ?--- 55
Hail, light !
PLEU. Are you recover'd ?
PHIL. I beſeech you,
What man is't I embrace ?---I'm loſt,---I'm gone---
Am I myſelf ?
PLEU. *(In a low voice.)* Fear nothing, my delight.
PYRG. What's all this ?
PAL. Oh, Sir, ſhe had loſt her ſenſes.
(Aſide.) I fear, our plot will be at length *diſcover'd.* 60
PYRG. What ſay'ſt thou ?

V. 46. *Houſhold God.*] *Familiaris.* The ancients had in every houſe a tutelary Deity, which they called *Lar* or *Familiaris.* See the Prologue to the *Aulularia*, or *Miſer*, of our Author, in Volume II. of this Tranſlation.

V. 50. *Have your prayers.*] *Benè dicatis. Benè dicere* is the ſame with *benè precari.*

V. 60 *Diſcover'd—Diſcredit.*] It is plain, that *Palæſtrio*, being partly overheard by the Captain, endeavours to give another turn to what he had ſaid. [See the Note on v. 37. of Act I.

Scene

PAL. That will turn to your *discredit*,
When they shall see us through the city bear
This load of luggage.

PYRG. Of my own I've given,
Not theirs :---I care not what they say :---Away then,
Go---and the favour of the Gods attend you! 65

PAL. 'Tis for your sake I speak it.

PYRG. I believe thee.

PAL. Farewell!

PYRG. Farewell to thee!

PAL. *(To Pleu. and Phil.)* Haste on before,---
I'll overtake you presently :---I've yet
A word or two to say unto my master.

[PLEUSIDES *and* PHILOCOMASIUM *go off.*

SCENE IX.

PALÆSTRIO.

Though in your estimation you have ever
Held other slaves more faithful than myself,
I owe you many thanks for all your favours;
And, if it were your will, I'd rather be
A slave to you than freed-man to another. 5

Scene I. of *Amphitryon.*] This is done in the original by a repetition of the word *palam.*

——————*Timeo nè hoc* palam *fiat*
——————*Nos* palam *ferre*, &c. as it is in the *Aldus* edition; though others read *secundum ferre*, which does not answer the intention.

PYRG.

PYRG. Pluck up thy courage, man.

PAL. Ah! woe is me,
When I reflect my manners must be chang'd,---
That I must learn the womanish, and forget
The military.

PYRG. See thou mind thy duty.

PAL. I cannot,---I have lost all inclination. 10

PYRG. Go, follow them,---don't loiter.

PAL. Fare you well.

PYRG. The same to thee.

PAL. I pray you to remember,—
If haply I am freed, I'll send you notice,
That you may not desert me.

PYRG. 'Tis not in me.

PAL. Think too on my fidelity towards you.— 15
If you do that, you then at length will know
The difference 'twixt a bad and honest servant.

PYRG. I know, and I have tried thee oft before,
But more to-day than ever.

PAL. You will know,
And you shall find it still more true hereafter. 20

PYRG. I hardly can refrain from bidding you
To stay.

PAL. Ah, have a care, Sir—don't do that.—
They'll say you are a lyar, void of truth,
And without faith.—Well, sure it must be own'd,
All servants I exceed in honesty: 25
For if I thought you could with honour do it,

V. 22. *Ah, have a care.*] There is exquisite humour in *Palæstrio's* apprehensions, lest his master should change his mind, and not let him go.

I would

I would perſuade you ;—but it cannot be :—
Ah, have a care you don't.—
PYRG. I'll be content,
Whatever happen,—go.
PAL. Then fare you well.
PYRG. 'Twere better, thou ſhould'ſt go.
PAL. Once more—farewell. 30
[PALÆSTRIO *goes off.*
PYRG. (*Alone.*) I've always look'd upon him until now
As a moſt villainous raſcal ; but I find,
The fellow's truſty to me.—On reflection,
I have done fooliſhly to part with him.—
I'll in now to my love here.—But I hear 35
The door go.

SCENE IX.

Enter a LAD, *ſpeaking to ſome within.*

Say no more,—I know my office :—
I warrant you, I find him out of hand :—
Where'er he be, I'll ſearch him out :—I'll not
Be ſparing of my pains.
PYRG. 'Tis me he ſeeks.—
I'll meet the lad.
LAD. Oh, I was looking for you. 5
Save you, ſweet gentleman, whom fair Occaſion

V. 6. *Fair Occaſion.*] *Commoditas.* I have already remarked, that there was a Deity worſhipp'd by the *Romans* under this appelation.

Loads with her beſt gifts; and two Deities
Do chiefly favour.

PYRG. What two?

LAD. *Mars* and *Venus.*

PYRG. A ſprightly boy!

LAD. My lady, Sir, intreats,
That you would enter:—ſhe is waiting for you, 10
Dying with expectation.—O relieve
Her love-ſick ſoul.—Why ſtay?—why don't you enter?

PYRG. I go.

[PYRGOPOLINICES *goes in.*

LAD. So—he's entangled in the toils:—
The ſnare is ſpread:—th' old gentleman ſtands ready
To faſten on the letcher, who forſooth 15
So proud is of his beauty, that the fool
Thinks ev'ry woman in love with him,
Who ſees him.—He's the ſcorn and deteſtation
Of men as well as women—Hark—I hear
The uproar is begun within already:— 20
Now will I in, and mingle in the tumult.

V. 14. *Th' old gentleman ſtands ready.*] The original is, *in ſtatu ſtat ſenex.* This is in alluſion to the poſture or attitude into which Gladiators put themſelves for offence and defence.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter PERIPLECTOMENES *with* CARIO, *a Cook, and other Servants, dragging* PYRGOPOLINICES.

PERIPLECTOMENES.

Bring him along;—or, if he will not follow,
Drag him out neck and heels, up with him, hoist him
Betwixt the earth and sky; cut him to pieces.

PYRG. *Periplectomenes!* I do beseech you—

PER. In vain you do beseech me.—*Cario!* See 5
Your knife is sharp.

CAR. It longs to rip his belly.

SCENE I.] There cannot be produced a stronger proof of the absurdities, which the ancients were forced into by a preservation of the *Unity of Place*, than this passage. The Captain is surprised in *Periplectomenes*'s own house, carrying on an intrigue with the old gentleman's pretended wife, in consequence of which they proceed to frighten him with *Cario* the cook's threatning to go to work upon him with his knife. Can any thing be more unnatural or improbable, than that for this purpose they should drag him *out of the house*, and *into the public street?* But such are the inconveniences, which the ancients were exposed to by a scrupulous attention to the *Unity of Place*. See what has been remarked on this subject in the Note to the beginning of Act III. Scene II. of *Amphitryon*.

Nothing can be better imagined than the catastrophe of this piece. The ridiculous situation, in which the Captain finds himself involved, on account of his self-conceit, is highly diverting.

V. 3. *Betwixt the earth and sky.*] *Inter terram et cœlum medius sit.*

I'll hang his chitterlings about his neck,
As children carry baubles.

PYRG. I am done for!

CAR. Hold, you cry out before you're hurt.—
Now, now
Shall I have at him?

PER. Let him first be cudgell'd. 10

CAR. Aye, lustily.

PER. How durst you to attempt
Another's wife?

PYRG. As I do hope for mercy
She made the first advances.

PER. It's a lye.—
Lay on him. *(They are going to strike him.)*

PYRG. Stay, and let me tell you—

PER. Why
Don't you fall on?

PYRG. Will you not let me speak? 15

PER. Speak.

PYRG. I was courted to come hither.

PER. Ha!—
How durst you?—There,—take this. *(Beating him.)*

PYRG. Oh!—good Sir!—Oh!
I have enough—I pray you—

CAR. Shall I slice him?

PER. Whene'er you will.—Come, stretch him out,
spread out

V. 9. *You cry out before you're hurt.*] *Numerò hoc dicis. Numerò* is an adverb, and here signifies *too soon.*

V. 19. *Spread out—His pinions.*] The original is, *dispennite,* which, according to *Nonius,* is from *penna* a *wing* or *pinion,* and in that sense I have translated it.

His

His pinions.

PYRG. Hear me, I beſeech you---

PER. Speak, 20

Ere yet we make you nothing.

PYRG. I believ'd,

That ſhe was huſbandleſs; and ſo the maid,

Her pimp, informed me.

PER. If we let you go,

Swear, you will not avenge you upon any one,

For that you have been, or you ſhall be beaten,--- 25

Grandſon of *Venus!*

PYRG. Both by her and *Mars*

I ſwear; I'll not avenge me upon any one,

For that I have been, or I ſhall be beaten;

But think it is my due:---ſhould you proceed

To further outrage, I am juſtly puniſh'd. 30

PER. What if you fail to do ſo?

PYRG. Never more

May I be truſted or in word or deed!

V. 22. *Huſbandleſs.*] *Viduam, Vidua,* the grammarians tell us, is as it were *viro idua,* the ſame as *diviſa,* and ſignifies *one parted from her huſbnad,* as well as what we call in our language a *widow.*

V. 26. *Grandſon of* Venus.] *Venerium nepolutum.* This is a retort of our Captain's boaſt in Act IV. Scene VI. v. 76.

I know not whether I have told you: I
Am *Venus'* grandſon.

V. 27. *By her.*] Many of the Editions have it *per Dianam;* but the *Aldus* Edition has *Venerem,* which appears to be much the moſt natural reading.

V. 32. *Truſted or in word or deed.*] The learned reader will know, that there is an *equivoque* in this and other paſſages of the original, which I have not attempted to expreſs in the tranſlation.

CAR.

CAR. E'en let him have another drubbing ;---then
I think you may dismiss him.

PYRG. Blessings on you,
For taking thus my part!

CAR. You'll give us therefore 35
A golden Mina.

PYRG. How !---on what account ?

CAR. Because we let you off unmaim'd and whole,
Grandson of *Venus!* On no other terms
Wilt thou escape; don't flatter thee.---

PYRG. I'll give it.

CAR. 'Tis the best way.---As for your cloaths, and sword, 40
Don't hope to have them back.---Suppose I gave him
Another drubbing, e'er you let him go.

PYRG. O I beseech you,---ye have made me tame
Already with your cudgels,---pray now.

PER. Loose him.

PYRG. I thank you.

PER. If I catch you poaching here 45
Henceforth, I'll send you back disqualified.

PYRG. I'll give you leave.

PER. Come, *Cario*, we'll go in.

[PERIPLECTOMENES, CARIO, *and Servants, go in.*

PYRG. I see some of my fellows coming hither.

V. 35. *For taking thus my part.*] *Cùm* advocatus *mihi bene es.* For the sense of this word *advocatus*, see the Note on Act IV. Scene V. v. 126. of *Amphitryon.*

SCENE II.

Enter SCELEDRUS, *and other Servants.*

PYRG. *Philocomasium*,---tell me, is ſhe off?
SCEL. Aye, maſter, long ago.
PYRG. Ah me!
SCEL. You'd have
More cauſe to cry Ah me! if you but knew
What I know.---He there with the woollen compreſs
Before his eye, he was no ſailor.
PYRG. How! 5
Who was he then?
SCEL. *Philocomasium*'s lover.---
PYRG. How doſt thou know?
SCEL. I know.---No ſooner were they
Without the town's gate than they fell to ſlobbering
And hugging one another.
PYRG. Wretched fool!
I ſeat length I have been ſweetly gull'd.--- 10

SCENE II.] Though none of the Editions have divided the Scene here, but have placed the name of *Sceledrus* at the head with the other perſonages, yet as he does not come in till *Periplectomenes* has quitted the ſtage, and the Captain is left alone, there is undoubtedly a propriety in making a new Scene here.

V. 1. *Philocomaſium,—is ſhe off?*] Our Captain having met with a diſappointment with reſpect to *Periplectomenes*'s wife, as he imagined her, is very impatient to know, whether his other miſtreſs *Philocomaſium*, whom he hud diſmiſſed, was out of reach, hoping to be able to fetch her back. What a mortification muſt it be to him to be told, that ſhe was not only got clear off, but that her lover, in the diſguiſe of a ſailor, had aſſiſted in the ſcheme for getting her away!

That

That rascal of a fellow, that *Palæstrio*,
'Tis he has lured me into this vile snare.---
And yet I think it right.---If other letchers
Were serv'd like me, their number would decrease: 14
They would stand more in awe, and give their minds
Less to intrigue.---We'll in now.---Clap your hands.

V. 14.] *Clap your hands.*] *Plaudite.* It may be remarked, that all the plays of our Author, as well as *Terence*, conclude in this manner. See the The *Captives*, in this Volume, Act V. Sce. 5. Note on V. 12.

*** This play abounds with most lively incidents, which naturally carry on the main design, which is, the recovery of *Philocomasium*, and the mortification of the vain-glorious, self-conceited Captain. It concludes with a most admirable Moral, and is in that particular, far superior to the *Eunuch* of *Terence*, where *Thraso* is neither punished nor reformed.' "I cannot think, "(says *Cooke* at quoted by Mr. *Colman*) that this play, excellent "as it is in almost all other respects, concludes consistently "with the manners of gentlemen. There is a meanness in "*Phædria* and *Chæria* consenting to take *Thraso* into their soci-"ety with a view of fleecing him." Our Captain, on the contrary, is made sensible of his folly, and, it is to be supposed from the reflection he concludes with, is resolved to correct it for the future.

The End of the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

THE

CAPTIVES.

TRANSLATED BY

RICHARD WARNER, ESQUIRE.

THE

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

HEGIO, *an old Gentleman.*

PHILOCRATES *of Ælis, a Captive at Ætolia.*

TYNDARUS, *a Captive at Ætolia, his Servant.*

ARISTOPHONTES, *a Captive at Ætolia, and Friend to* PHILOCRATES.

PHILOPOLEMUS, *a Captive at Ælis, Son to* HEGIO.

STALAGMUS, *Servant to* HEGIO.

ERGASILUS, *a Parasite.*

A SERVANT *of* HEGIO.

A LAD, *the same.*

SCENE,

CALYDON in ÆTOLIA.

Before HEGIO's *House.*

P R O L O G U E.

THESE Captives you ſee ſtanding here before you,
Sit not,—they ſtand. You are my witneſſes,
Who ſee 'tis ſo, that what I ſay is true.
Old *Hegio*, who lives here, calls one his ſon;
But by what means that ſon is now a ſlave 5
To his own father, give me your attention,
And I'll explain.—This *Hegio* had two ſons;
One, when but four years old, a ſlave had ſtolen,
And, flying into *Ælis*, ſold him to

PROLOGUE.] The Prologue to this Play, like too many of our Author's, ſerves to inform the Audience prematurely of the diſcovery of the Plot of it.—It does not in general lay open quite ſo much as many of his Prologues do; but what it does diſcover, (and what *M. Coſte* ſeems to think, it was chiefly wrote for) the double circumſtance of *Hegio*'s having his ſon in his own houſe without knowing it, and his ſon not knowing that *Hegio* was his father, might as well have been left to the Spectators at its proper time.

V. 1. *Theſe Captives.*] *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus.*

V. 2. *Sit not,—they ſtand.*] *Hi ſtant ambo, non ſedent.* I cannot diſcover any humour in this paſſage, though *M. Coſte* (the *French* Tranſlator of this Play) ſays there is, and that it depends upon the addreſs of the ſpeaker. It appears at beſt but a ridiculous playing with words, a practice too common in our Author.

V. 9. *And flying into Ælis.*] *Ælis* was a city of *Achaia*, a part of *Greece.*

The

The father of this other captive here. 10
Thus far d'ye underſtand me ?—It is well.—
Yet I ſee one at diſtance, who in troth
Seems as he heard not.—Prithee, friend, come nearer;
If not to ſit, there's room at leaſt to walk.
What! would you make the player ſtrain his voice, 15
As if he were a beggar aſking alms ?
Miſtake not, I'll not crack my lungs for you.—
But you, who from your rank have wherewithal
To be aſſeſs'd, hear what I've more to ſay;
I care not for the vulgar.—As I told you, 20

V. 10. *This other Captive.*] *Philocrates.*

V. 16. *A beggar aſking alms.*] *Quaſi hiſtrionem cogis mendicarier.* Commentators have underſtood this paſſage differently. *Lambin* and *Taubman* ſuppoſe it to mean, that the player, who has cracked his voice by bawling too much, is hiſſed off the ſtage, and conſequently reduced to beggary. The ſenſe I have followed ſeems to me the moſt obvious and familiar.

V. 19. *To be aſſeſs'd.*] The people of *Rome* were numbered every five years into different claſſes, according to their ſeveral incomes; and thoſe, who preſided over this numeration, were called *Cenſors.* The firſt inſtitutor of this diſtinction, ſo neceſſary for a large ſtate, was *Servius Tullus.* Thoſe, who had no income, were not numbered at all; and as they, in all publick ſhews, were placed behind, they were of courſe at a greater diſtance from the ſtage; or, if they choſe to be nearer, were obliged to ſtand. See Vol. II. The *Treaſure.* Act II. Sc. IV. V. 101.

V. 20. ——— *Hear what I've more to ſay;*
I care not for the vulgar]

There is ſome obſcurity in the original.———

Accipite reliquum: alieno uti nihil morer.

According to *M. Coſte's* interpretation it ſhould be rendered,

But take what I have left;
To be in debt I like not.

The

The ſlave ran off, and to his captive's father
Sold his young maſter, whom the knave had ſtolen.
No ſooner had the old man made the purchaſe,
Than, as their ages nearly were the ſame,
He made him wait on his own ſon; and now 25
He is a ſlave in his own father's houſe,
Nor does his father know he is his ſon.
True is it, that the Gods us mortal creatures
Hold but as balls to band about in ſport.
How *Hegio* loſt one of his ſons, you thus 30
Have an account.—Since that, his other ſon,
When *Ælis* and *Ætolia* were at variance,
Was made a priſoner by the chance of war.
Menarchus, a phyſician purchaſed him

The joke (ſays he) is founded on the equivocal ſenſe of the word *reliquom*, which means, the remains, or *what is left*, either *to ſpeak*, or *to pay*. Our Author, to entertain his Audience, ſeems to confound the latter ſenſe with the former: for in effect the ſpeaker is in debt to the hearer the end of a ſpeech he had begun: and not to give him the whole of it, is defrauding him of what he has a right to *Lambin* gives the paſſage quite another turn, and explains it thus: The Spectator who bears me an ill will, I am not at all ſollicitous about; and ſuch a one as he, who gives not his attention, keeps on chattering, or is noiſy.—Agreeable to this ſenſe, it would be, *I am not at all ſollicitous about any one who will not give me his attention.* *Taubman* diſlikes this explanation of *Lambin*, and underſtands the paſſage pretty much in the ſame ſenſe with *M. Coſte*.

V. 21. *This Captive's father.*] The father of *Philocrates*.

V. 29. *Hold but as Balls.*] Similar to this of our Author is the *Greek* preverb, Θεῶν παιγνια ἀνθρωποι,——Men are the playthings of the Gods: and on this account, *Taubman* obſerves, that Plato called men Θεῶν ἀθυρματα the ſport of the Gods.

V. 32. *Ætolia.*] This was a part of *Greece*, and ſituated in the very middle of it.

At *Ælis*.---*Hegio*, good old man, on this 35
Began to trade for captives with the *Ælians*,
In hopes of finding one ſome time or other,
With whom to barter for his ſon; not knowing,
His preſent captive was in truth his ſon.
But hearing yeſterday there was a captive 40
Of an high rank and family from *Ælis*,
(Since to regain his ſon and bring him home
He ſpar'd no coſt, this captive and his ſlave
He purchas'd of the *Quæſtors* from the ſpoil.
Theſe, that the maſter through his ſervant's means 45
Might home return, have thought of this contrivance.
They've chang'd their name and dreſs; and *Tyndarus*
Is call'd *Philocrates*, *Philocrates*
Call'd *Tyndarus*; the maſter perſonates
The ſervant, while the ſervant perſonates 50
The maſter.---*Tyndarus*, the ſervant, now
Will play his tricks ſo well, that he'll procure
His maſter liberty. By the ſame means
He'll ſave his brother too, and bring him back
In freedom to his country and his father, 55
Without deſign.---And ſo it happens oft
In many inſtances; more good is done
Without our knowledge, than by us intended.
Thus each, unconſcious of the conſequence,
Form'd and devis'd this trick, and this the iſſue 60
Of their deſign, that he ſhould be a ſlave
To his own father; ſo indeed he is,

V. 44. *He purchas'd of the* Quæſtors.] The *Quæſtors* were thoſe who were appointed to take care of the public money; they had alſo the ſelling of the plunder, and the ſpoils taken in war.

But

But knows it not.---When I reflect upon it,---
What creatures are we men! how insignificant!---
This is the subject matter of the play 65
We are about to represent to you.
But one thing I'd remind you:---it will be
To your advantage to attend our play:
For 'tis not in the common stile, nor yet
Like other plays:---here are no ribald lines 70
Unfit to be remember'd; here you'll find
No infamous abandon'd courtesan;
No rascal pimp, no Braggard Captain here.
Be not concern'd, for that I have inform'd you
The *Ælians* and *Aetolians* are at war: 75
Their battles will be fought without our scenes;

V. 65. *This is the subject matter of the play*
We are about to represent to you.]
Hæc Res agetur nobis vobis Fabula.

It seems to me surprising, that the commentators should chuse to refine on this simple and plain passage. They explain it to mean, that "*to us it will be a reality, but to you a play*;" whereas the construction is so easy and obvious, that one would wonder they could be mistaken. Our Author, in his Prologue to *Amphitryon*, uses the word *Res* on a like account.

Veterem atque antiquam Rem *novam vobis proferam.*
I shall present you with an ancient tale
Made new.

V. 70.—*Here are no ribald lines.*] Compare with this, the beginning of the Comedian's address to the Spectators, at the conclusion of the Comedy.

V. 77. *For when our stage is fitted up*, &c.] *M. Coste* observes, that *Plautus* seems here to be ridiculing some comedies of his time, in which the Poet had introduced tragical incidents. This supposition is merely conjectural, there being not the least foundation for it in our Author.

Our

For when our ſtage is fitted up with all
It's comic decorations, then to aim
At acting of a tragedy, would ſeem
Strangely abſurd. If therefore any here 80
Expect a battle, let him ground his quarrel.
And if perchance he light upon a foe
Much ſtronger than himſelf, I'll here engage
The battle he will be ſpectator of.
Will not much ſuit his taſte; nor will he like 85
To look on any battle ever after.
But I retire.---In peace moſt upright judges,
In war moſt valiant combatants, Adieu!

Our own *Ben Jonſon* has, however, in his Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, a ſimilar fling at *Shakeſpeare* for his *Hiſtorical Plays*.

——With three ruſty ſwords,
And help of ſome few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York *and* Lancaſter's *long jars,*
And in the trying-houſe, bring wounds to ſcars.

V. 81. *Let him ground his quarrel.*] *Lites contrahat.*——When quarrelling was made an art, as it was in the laſt age, *Ground your quarrel* was one of the terms, and indeed the beginning of it. —I have made uſe of the phraſe on the authority of *Ben Jonſon* in his *Alchemiſt*, Act IV. Scene II.

Subtle————————Begin,—
————*Ground thy quarrel*——
Kaſtril————You lie.

THE

THE

CAPTIVES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter ERGASILUS.

BECAUSE I usually attend at feasts
An *invocated* guest, our sparks forsooth
Nickname me *Mistress*.---This I know, the jeerers
Say is absurd.---I say, 'tis right.---The lover
At a carousal, when he throws the dice, 5

V. 2. *An* invocated *guest*.] The reader's indulgence for the coinage of a new term, (and perhaps not quite so much out of character from the mouth of a Parasite,) is here requested in the use of the word *invocated*, in a sense, which it is owned, there is no authority for; but without it, no way occurs to explain the Poet's meaning; which, such as it is, and involved in such a Pun, is all that can be aimed at.—The word *invocatus* means, both *called upon*, and *not called upon*. *Ergasilus* here quibbles upon it: for, tho' at entertainments he attends, as it is the common character of Parasites to do, without invitation, that is, *not called upon*, and Mistresses *are called upon*, that their names so *invoked*, may make their lovers throw on the dice with success, still according to the *double* sense of the word, they may be compared to each other; as they are *both*, agreeably to the *Latin* Idiom, *invocati*. The custom of lovers throwing the dice, and invoking their Mistresses, the Note on v. 6. will explain.

V. 3. *Nickname me Mistress*.] *Scortum*. *Parasites* are in our Author often called *Mistresses*.—So in his *Truculentus*.

Invokes his Miſtreſs.---Is ſhe *invocated*,
Or is ſhe not ?---Moſt plain, ſhe is.---But yet,
To ſay the truth, we are term'd Paraſites
For a much plainer reaſon.--- For, like mice,

STRA. *Vel amare poſſum, vel jam ſcortum ducere.*
AST. *Lepide mecaſtor nuncias—ſed dic mihi*
Habent ?
STRA. —*Paraſitum te fortaſſe dicere.*
STRA. I now can love, or keep my Miſtreſs—
AST. Yes—
Wittily ſaid—But tell me, is it ſo?
STRA. Perhaps you think, I meant to ſay, I'd keep
My Paraſite.

This humour of calling Paraſites by droll names we may ſuppoſe was common, as we find it again in *Menæchmi*, or The *Twin-Brothers*, of our Author.

Inventus nomen fecit Peniculo mihi,
Ideo quia menſas, quando edo, detergeo.
Our young men call me Diſhclout,—for this reaſon,
When'er I dine, I wipe the tables clean.

Peniculus, according to *Feſtus*, is properly a long piece of ſpunge in the form of a tail.

V. 6. *Invokes his miſtreſs*] It was a *Grecian* cuſtom at an entertainment, to caſt lots for turns in drinking; and when they threw the dice, they, as a lucky omen, *invok'd* their *Miſtreſſes*, by name. To this our Author alludes in his *Curculio*, Act II. Scene III. v. 76.

Provocat me in aleam, ut ego ludam; pono palium,
Ille ſuum annulum oppoſivit; invocat Planeſium.
He challeng'd me to play; I ſtaked my cloak,
And he his ring,---and then invok'd *Planeſium.*

V. 9. *For like mice.*] *Diogenes* the *Cynic*, when he ſaw mice creeping under a table, us'd to ſay, ſee there *Diogenes's Paraſites.* The ſame alluſion we meet with again in our Author in his *Perſa.* Act I. Scene II. v. 6.

Quaſi mures ſemper edere alienum cibum.
Like mice, they liv'd on victuals not their own.

Aſk'd

Aſk'd or not aſk'd, we always live upon 10
Proviſions not our own.---In the vacation,
When to the country men retire, 'tis alſo
Vacation with my teeth.---As in hot weather
Snails hide them in their ſhells, and, if no dew
Should chance to fall, live on their proper moiſture,
We Paraſites, in time of the vacation, 16
Keep ourſelves ſnug; and while into the country
Thoſe are retired, on whom we us'd to feed,
Poor we ſupport our natural call of appetite
From our own juices.---We in the vacation 20
Are thin as hounds;---but when men come to town,
We are as plump as maſtiffs, full as troubleſome,
And as deteſted. What is worſt of all,
Except we patiently endure a drubbing,

V. 11. *In the Vacation.*] *Ubi res prolatæ ſunt*---literally *when affairs are deferr'd.* The ſame mode of expreſſion often occurs in *Cicero*, and in the ſame ſenſe. Take one inſtance of it from his Epiſtles to *Atticus*. Speaking of *Cæſar*, he ſays, *nec rerum prolatio, nec ſenatus magiſtratuumque diſcuſſus, nec ærarium clauſum tardabit.* Lib. 3. Epiſt. 12.

Neither the vacation, nor the abſence of the ſenate and the magiſtrates, could induce him to defer opening the public treaſury.

Verburgius in his edition of this author, in a note, explains *rerum prolatio*, in this ſenſe; and quotes this very paſſage of *Plautus* as an inſtance of it.

V. 22. *We are as plump as Maſtiffs.*] The original is expreſſed in a coinage of words not uncommon in our Author; a ſort of jeſting in character, not at all inconſiſtent in the mouth of a Paraſite, and common in modern comedies, thoſe of the *French* in particular.

And let them break their pots upon our heads, 25
We must submit to sit among the beggars
Without the city gate.--- That this will be
My lot, there's not a little danger, since
My patron is a captive with the enemy.
Th' *Ætolians* and the *Ælians* are to war: 30

V. 25. *And let them break their pots upon our heads.*] *Meursius* tells us, these pots were filled up with cinders; which falling all over the body of the person they were thrown at, occasioned a loud laugh from those who had provided the entertainment.

V. 27. *Without the city gate.*] As the scene is in *Ætolia*, a part of *Greece*, as has been before observed, it is not very probable that *Ergasilus* should have heard of a gate at *Rome*, much less, that he had ever been used to beg his bread there. But our Author often falls into these mistakes, thro' forgetfulness, or even voluntarily. The gate here mentioned was called *Trigemina, the three Twins*, as the three twin-brothers, the *Horatii*, passed thro' it to fight the three *Curiatii*. We may conclude too from this passage, that beggars usually attended at this gate to ask alms; and perhaps made choice of it, as it was on one of the largest and most frequented roads in *Rome*. COSTE.
See Vol. II. The *Treasure*, Act II. Sce. IV. v. 23.

V. 29. *My patron is a captive.*] *Meus Rex*, my King,---a title Parasites used to bestow on their patrons.---It occurs often in our Author; and in other *Roman* Poets.

——— *nam, ni impetro*
REGEM *perdidi*———.
Asinaria, Act V. Sce. II. v. 68.

———which if I don't obtain
I've lost my *patron*———
Libros inspexi tam confido quam poti 'st
Me meum obtenturum REGEM, *ridiculis meis.*
Stichus, Act III. Sce. II. v. 2.

I've turn'd my books, and trust, I'm arm'd with jokes
Sufficient to insinuate myself
Into the good opinion of my *patron*.

In

We now are in *Ætolia*. *Philopolemus*,
Old *Hegio*'s ſon, whoſe houſe is here hard by,
Is priſoner now in *Ælis*.---Sad indeed
This houſe to me! which, often as I ſee it,
Brings tears into my eyes. The good old father, 35
Upon his ſon's account, not in compliance
With his own inclination, has engaged
In an illiberal traffic, and by purchaſing
Of captives, hopes, that in ſome lucky hour
He may find one to barter for his ſon.--- 40
But the door opens, whence I've ſallied forth
Full many a time, drunk with exceſs of cheer.

In *Priſcum*.

Cum te non noſſem, dominum REGEM*que vocabam:*
Cum bene te novi, jam mihi Priſcus eris.

Martial. Lib. 1. Ep. 113.

On *Priſcus*.

I ſtil'd thee Lord and *Patron*, while unknown:
Plain *Priſcus* now's the moſt that thou canſt own.

V. 38. *Illiberal traffick.*] *Quæſtum inhoneſtum.* So in another place it is called *quæſtum carcerarium.* Whence it is plain, that dealing in ſlaves was accounted irreputable.

V. 42. *Drunk with exceſs of cheer.*] The original is, *ſaturitate ebrius*, drunk with plenty or exceſs. *Horace* has the ſame mode of expreſſion, ſpeaking of *Cleopatra*,

——— *quidlibet impoteris*
Sperare, fortunaque dulci
Ebria———

Carm. 1. Od. 37. v. 10.

Vaſt in her hopes, and giddy with exceſs.

FRANCIS.

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO *and a Slave.*

HEG. Mind what I say :---from those two captives there,
Whom yesterday I purchas'd from the *Quæstors*,
Take off the heavy chains with which they're bound,
And put on lighter : let them walk about
Within doors, or abroad, as likes them best :--- 5
Yet watch them well.---A free man, made a captive,
Is like a bird that's wild : it is enough,
If once you give it opportunity
To fly away;---you'll never catch it after.
SLAVE. Freedom, to slavery we all prefer.--- 10
HEG. You do not think so, or you'd find the means.

V. 2. *Ipurchas'd from the* Quæstors.] See Note on the Prologue, v. 45.

V. 4. *And put on lighter.*] *His indito catenas singularias.*---To ascertain the precise meaning of the word *singularias*, seems not very easy.---*Turnebus* thinks it means chains of a pound weight; others are of opinion, it means chains for each of the captives, whereby they are fastened one to another, as galley slaves are.---*Lambin* thinks it means *light* chains, in opposition to the large and heavy ones *Hegio* would have taken off. *M. Coste* has adopted this last sense, without objecting to those who are of another opinion; and I have followed him. And yet 'tis possible, after all, that by *catenas singularias* are meant *single* chains, in opposition to *double* ones. In The Acts of the Apostles, chap. xii. v. 6. we read, that St. Peter was bound with *two* chains: and in chap. xiii. v. 33. that the chief captain ordered St. Paul also to be bound with *two chains*.

V. 11. *You'd find the means.*] *Hegio* would mean, that if his slave was so passionately fond of liberty as he appeared to be, he would

SLAVE. If I have nought to offer else, permit me
To give you for it a fair pair of heels.
HEG. And if you do, I presently shall find
What to bestow on you.
SLAVE. I'm like the bird 15
You talk'd of even now.---I'll fly away.
HEG. Indeed! Beware the cage then, if you do.---
No more; mind what I order'd and be gone.---
ERG. (*Aside.*) May he succeed in his design!---
If not,
And he should miss redeeming of his son, 20
I have no house to put my head into.---
Young fellows of this age are all self-lovers;
I have no hopes of 'em;---but *Philopolemus*,
He is a youth keeps up our ancient manners:---
I never rais'd in him a single smile, 25

would apply himself more to what would please his master, and to do his duty; as this would be the real way of obtaining his liberty. But as it is always in the power of a slave to redeem himself, if he can procure a sum of money sufficient for the purpose, *Hegio*'s slave thinking, or at least pretending to think, that his master is blaming him for not taking those means, answers him immediately, *tho' nothing else to offer.* COSTE.

V. 13. *To give you a fair pair of heels.*] *Dem ipse in pedes.*—— There is a pun in *Dare*, to give, and *dare in pedes*, to run away. The *English* phrase I have made use of, may possibly answer it tolerably well.

V. 17. *The cage.*] *Caveam.* An ambiguity is intended in this expression. *Cavea* signified a cage or coop for birds, as well as a dungeon.

V. 24. *He is a youth keeps up our ancient manners.*] That is, such virtues, which from the golden age have ever been esteemed preferable to those of more modern times.---So our Author again in his *Trinummus*, or *Treasure.* Act II. Scene II. v. 16.

Men

But I was paid for't;---and old *Hegio* here
Is just the same.---

HEG. I'll now unto my Brother's,
Visit my other captives there, and see
If ought has been amiss last night among them;
That done, I homeward will return forthwith. 30

ERG. It grieves me much, that this unhappy man
Should act so meanly as to trade in slaves,
On the account of his unhappy son;
But if by this, or any means like this,
He can redeem him, let him deal in men's flesh, 35
I can endure it.

HEG. Who is it that speaks there?

ERG. 'Tis I, Sir.---I, that pine at your distress,
Grow thin with it, wax old, and waste away;
Nay, I'm so lean withal, that I am nothing
But skin and bone:---whate'er I eat at home 40
Does me no good; but be it e'er so little
I taste abroad, that relishes, that cheers me.

——*Meo modo, et moribus vivito*
Antiquis.——
Live like me,
Following our ancient manners.

Similar to this is a passage in *Terence's Adelphi*, Act III. Scene III. v. 88.

——*Homo antiquâ virtute ac fide.*
A citizen of ancient faith and virtue. COLMAN.

V. 35. *Deal in men's flesh.*] The original is, *Carnificam facere.* Tho' merchandizing for Captives and dealing for slaves was as well established, as the purchasing of negroes in Guinea to sell in America is at this day, it was never esteemed a very honourable employment. COSTE.

See Sce. I. v. 38.

ERG.

HEG. *Ergasilus !*---Good day.

ERG. (*Crying*) Heav'ns bless you, *Hegio !*

HEG. Nay, do not weep.

ERG. Must I not weep for him ?
For such a youth not weep ?

HEG. My son and you, 45
I know were ever friends.

ERG. 'Tis then at length
Men come to know their good, when they have lost it ;---
I, since the foe has made your son a captive,
Find his true value, and now feel his want.

ERG. If you who stand in no relation to him, 50
So ill can bear his sufferings, what should I,
Who am his father,---he my darling child ?

V. 48. *Men come to know their good, when they have lost it.*] Very like this is a sentiment in *Horace*, Book II. Ode 24.

——— *Virtutem incolumen odimus,*
Sublatam est oculis quærimus invidi. ———

Tho' living virtue we despise,
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.

FRANCIS.

And the same sentiment is finely touched by *Shakespeare.—Much Ado about Nothing.* Act IV. Scene II.

FRIAR.———For it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
Whilst we enjoy it ! but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us,
Whilst it was ours.——

V. 52. *Darling child.*] *Cui ille est* unicus. *Unicus* here does not signify *only*, but most beloved, darling, favourite, in which sense it is frequently used by our Author.

ERG. I ſtand in no relation to him ?---he
In none to me ?---Ah, *Hegio !* ſay not that,---
And do not think ſo :---if he is to you 55
A darling child, to me he's more than darling.

HEG. I cannot but commend you, that you hold
Your friend's miſhap your own.---Be comforted.

ERG. Ah me !

HEG. *(Half aſide.)* 'Tis this afflicts him, that the army,
Rais'd to make entertainments, is diſbanded. 60
Could you get no one all this while, again
To put you in commiſſion ?

ERG. Would you think it ?
Since *Philopolemus* has been a captive,
They all decline the office.

HEG. And no wonder,
That they avoid it.---You will ſtand in need 65
Of many ſoldiers, and of various kinds :---
Bakerians, Paſtry-cookians, Poultererians,---

See *Amphitryon*, Act IV. Sc. IV. v. 49.

Ego ille ſum Amphitrio, Gorgophones nepos, imperatur Thebanorum,
Et Creontis unicus ———

I am *Amphitryon*, nephew of *Gorgophone*,
Commander of the *Thebans*, favourite
Of *Creon*——

V. 59. *The army—Rais'd to make entertainments.*] *Edendi exercitus.* From what follows there ſeems to be do doubt, but that this paſſage is to be taken in the metaphorical ſenſe : and I have tranſlated it ſo.

V. 67. *Bakerians, Paſtry-cookians,* &c.] The original is,

Militibus primum, dum opus eſt Piſtorienſibus,
Opus Panaceis, opus Placentinis quoque,
Opus Turdetanis, opus eſt Ficedulenſibus, &c.

These

Besides whole companies of Fishmongerians.

ERG. How greatest geniusses oft lye conceal'd !
O what a general, now a private soldier ! 70

HEG. Have a good heart.---I trust, within these few days
My son will be at home again : for lo !
Among my captives I've an *Ælian* youth
Of noble family and ample state.---
I trust, I shall exchange him for my son. 75

ERG. Heav'ns grant it may be so !

HEG. But are you ask'd
Abroad to supper ?

ERG. No-where, that I know.---
But why that question ?

HEG. As it is my birth day,
I thought of asking you to sup with me.---

ERG. Oh ! good, Sir, good---

HEG. If you can be content 80
With little.

ERG. Oh, Sir ! very, very little :---
I love it---'tis my constant fare at home.

HEG. Come, set yourself to sale.

ERG. (*Loud.*) Who'll bye me ?

These humourous appellations are expressive both of the several trades concerned in furnishing out entertainments, and of inhabitants of places, as *Pistorium*, *Placentia*, towns in *Italy*, &c. I have endeavoured to preserve the humour of the original in the best manner our language would admit of.

V. 70.] This is spoken of *Hegio*.

V. 83, *Set yourself to sale.*] *Age sis roga.* This is explained by what follows.

HEG

HEG. I,---

If no one will bid more.

ERG. Can I expect,

I or my friends, a better offer ?---So 85

I bind me to the bargain, all the same

As though I sold you *terra firma*.

HEG. Say,

A *quick-sand* rather, that will swallow all.---

But if you come, you'll come in time.

ERG. Nay, now

I am at leisure.

HEG. Go and hunt an hare ;— 90

I've nothing but an hedge-hog :—you will meet

With rugged fare.

ERG. Don't think to get the better

Of me by that :—I'll come with teeth well shod.

V. 85. *A better offer.*] *Salmasius* observes, that, according to a *Roman* law, when a piece of land was sold, a certain time was fixed ; and the agreement set forth, that it was sold on condition no one offered more before the expiration of that time. To this law our Author plainly alludes.

V. 86. *Terra firma.—A quick-sand rather.*] There is a sort of quibble in the original, which cannot be preserved in our language.

Profundum *vendis tu quidem, haud* fundum *mihi.*

Profundum, as *M. Guedeville* observes, alludes to the Parasite's belly ; which idea I have endeavoured to convey.

V. 91. *An hedge-hog.*] *Erem*,—which reading *M. Coste* prefers : —some editions read *Cirim, a Hawk.*—" I own, says *M. Guedeville*, I do not see the wit of this raillery.—But my comfort is, that all the interpreters I have met with know no more of the matter than myself."

V. 93. *With my teeth well shod.*] *Cum calceatis dentibus.* Because *Hegio* had before said, his was rugged fare.

HEG.

HEG. To ſay the truth, my viands are full hard.
ERG. You don't champ brambles?
HEG. Mine's an earthly ſupper. 95
ERG. A fine fat ſow, why that's an earthly animal.
HEG. Plenty of vegetables.
ERG. The beſt thing
To cure your ſick with.—Have you more to ſay?
HEG. You'll come in time.
ERG. You need not put in mind,
Whoſe memory never fails him.
[ERGASILUS *goes off.*
HEG. I will in, 100
Look over my accounts, and ſee what caſh
I have remaining in my banker's hands;
Then to my brother's, where I ſaid I'd go.
[*Exit.*

V. 95. *Mine's an earthly ſupper.*] That is, a ſupper compoſed of the produce of the earth, a ſupper when the table is ſupplied with *vegetable*, not *animal* food.

V. 96. *A fine fat ſow—why, that's an earthly animal.*] *Ergaſilus* does not call a ſow an earthly animal in particular, in oppoſition to other animals, which are equally earthly, and with which *Hegio* might as well have treated him, but to engage him to provide ſomething for him more reliſhing than what he had offered; which, in reality, was nothing but vegetables, and which *Hegio* immediately after ſays in expreſs terms.

This Act, conſiſting only of two Scenes, after opening the Character of the *Paraſite*, and enlarging upon it, lets us into *Hegio*'s ſcheme of endeavouring to recover his captive ſon *Philopolemus*, by exchanging *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus*, two captives he had juſt then purchaſed, for him. There is conſequently nothing in it very intereſting; but yet it is ſo conducted, as very properly to raiſe the expectation of the Spectators for what is to follow.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter SLAVES *of* HEGIO, *with* PHILOCRATES *and* TYNDARUS.

A SLAVE.

IF the immortal Gods have ſo decreed,
That this affliction you ſhould undergo,
It is your duty patiently to bear it;
Which if you do, the trouble will be lighter.
When at your home, you I preſume were free: 5
But ſince captivity is now your lot,
Submiſſion would become you, and to make

A SLAVE.] In the original the perſons that enter as a kind of guards with the two captives, are called *Lorarii*. Theſe were ſlaves, (ſo named from *lorum* a *thong*,) who had the puniſhing or ſcourging, by order of the maſter, thoſe that had done amiſs.

V. 4. *The trouble will be lighter.*] *Levior labos erit.*

Similar to this is the well known Sentiment in *Horace*.

Durum, ſed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas.

Car. Lib. 1. Ode 24.

'Tis hard: but patience muſt endure,
And ſooth the woes it cannot cure.

FRANCIS.

With which alſo our common *Engliſh* proverb exactly correſponds.

——What can't be cured,
Muſt be endured.

Your

Your maſter's rule a mild and gentle one
By your good diſpoſitions.---Should a maſter
Commit unworthy actions, yet his ſlaves 10
Muſt think them worthy ones.

PHIL. and TYND. Alas! Alas!

SLAVE. Why this bewailing?---tears but hurt your eyes:---
Our beſt ſupport and ſuccour in diſtreſs
Is fortitude of mind.

PHIL. But oh! it ſhames us,
That we are thus in chains.

SLAVE. Yet might it grieve 15
Our maſter more, were he to looſe your chains,
And let you be at large, when he has bought you.

PHIL. What can he fear from us?---We know our duty,
Were we [illegible] at large.

SLAVE. You meditate eſcape:
I know what you'd be at.---

PHIL. We run away! 20

V. 8. *Your maſter's rule.*] *Atque herile imperium.*—This is the reading *M. Coſte* adops from *Douza.*—The common reading is *herili imperio*;—which reading *Lambin* keeps, but approves of the correction in his Notes.

V. 9. *Should a maſter*
Commit unworthy actions, yet his ſlaves
Muſt think them worthy ones.]

Different from this was *Shakeſpeare*'s ſentiment: where in his *Cymbeline*, Act V. Scene I. he makes *Poſthumus* expreſs himſelf in theſe terms.

———————O *Piſanio*,
Ev'ry good ſervant does not *all* commands,
No bond but to do *juſt* ones.———

Ah!

Ah! whither ſhould we run?---

SLAVE. To your own country.

PHIL. Prithee no more: it would ill become us
To imitate the part of fugitives.

SLAVE. Yet, by my troth! was there an opportunity,
I would not be the man that ſhould diſſuade you. 25

PHIL. Permit us then to aſk one favour of you.

SLAVE. What is it?

PHIL. That you'd give us opportunity
To talk together, that nor you yourſelves,
Nor any of theſe captives over-hear us

SLAVE. Agreed.--- (*To the Slaves.*) Move further
off.--- (*To his Companions.*) We'll too retire. 30
But let your talk be ſhort.---

PHIL. 'Twas my intention
It ſhould be ſo.---A little this way, *Tyndarus*---

SLAVE. Go farther from them.---

[*To the other Captives, and retires with them.*

TYND. We on this account
Are both your debtors.

PHIL. Farther off, ſo pleaſe you, (*To* TYNDARUS.)
A little off, that theſe may not be witneſſes 35
Of what we have to ſay, and that our plot
Be not diſcover'd.---For not plann'd with art,
Deceit is no deceit, but if diſcover'd,
It brings the greateſt ill to the contrivers.
If you, my *Tyndarus*, are to paſs for me, 40
And I for you,---my maſter you, and I
Your ſervant,---we have need of foreſight, caution,
Wiſdom and ſecrecy,---and we muſt act
With prudence, care and diligence.---It is

A bu-

A buſineſs of great moment, and we muſt not
Sleep, or be idle in the execution. 45

TYND. I'll be what you would have me.

PHIL. So I truſt.

TYND. Now for your precious life you ſee me ſtake
My own, that's no leſs dear to me.

PHIL. I know it.

TYND. But when you ſhall have gain'd the point you aim at,
Forget not then!---It is to oft the way 50
With moſt men;---when they're ſuing for a favour,
While their obtaining it is yet in doubt,
They are moſt courteous; but when once they've got it,
They change their manners, and from juſt, become
Diſhoneſt and deceitful.---I now think you 55
All that I wiſh, and what I here adviſe
I would adviſe the ſame unto my father.

PHIL. Yes, if I durſt, I'd indeed call you father;
For next my father you are neareſt to me.

TYND. I underſtand.

PHIL. Then what I oft have urg'd, 60
Remember.---I no longer am your maſter,
But now your ſervant.---This I beg then of you,---
Since the immortal Gods will have it ſo,
That I, from being once your maſter, now
Should be your fellow ſlave, I do intreat, 65

V. 65. *I do intreat—By* Prayer.] *Per Prceem.* According to *Homer*, who makes *Prayer* a *Goddeſs*, and one of the daughters of *Jupiter*.

By *Prayer*, a favour which I could command,
Once as my right.---By our uncertain ſtate,
By all my father's kindneſs ſhewn unto you,
By our joint fellowſhip in ſlavery,
Th' event of war, bear me the ſame regard, 70
As once I bore you, when I was your maſter,
And you my ſlave; forget not to remember,
What once you have been, and who now you are.

TYND. I know---I now am You, and you are I.

PHIL. Forget not,---and there's hope our ſcheme will proſper. 75

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO, *ſpeaking to thoſe within.*

When I'm inform'd of what I want to know,
I ſhall come in again.—Where are thoſe captives,
I order'd to be brought before the houſe?

PHIL. Chain'd as we are, and wall'd in by our keepers,
You have provided, that we ſhall not fail 5
To anſwer to your call.

HEG. The greateſt care
Is ſcarce enough to guard againſt deceit;
And the moſt cautious, even when he thinks
He's moſt upon his guard, is often trick'd.—
But have I not juſt cauſe to watch you well, 10
Whom I have purchas'd with ſo large a ſum?

PHIL. 'Twould not be right in us to blame you for it;
Nor, ſhould occaſion offer to eſcape,

V. 4. Wall'd in.] *Circummæniti.*

Would

Would it be right in you to cenſure us,
If we made uſe of it.

HEG. As you are here, 15
So in your country is my ſon confin'd.

PHIL. What! is your ſon a captive?—

HEG. Yes, he is.

PHIL. We were not then, it ſeems, the only cowards.

HEG. Come nearer this way—ſomething I would know
(*To* PHIL. *ſuppoſing him Servant to* TYND.)
In private of you,—and in which affair 20
You muſt adhere to truth.

PHIL. In what I know
I'll do it, Sir; and ſhould you aſk me ought
I do not know, I'll own my ignorance.

TYND. (*Aſide.*) Now is the old man in the barber's ſhop,
Philocrates holds in his hand the razor, 25

V. 18. *We were not then, it ſeems, the only cowards.*] *Non igitur nos ſoli ignavi fuimus.*—That is, thoſe who rather ſubmit to be taken priſoners, than die in the field of battle. In thoſe days of *Heroiſm*, the rule was to conquer or die. To run away, or ſubmit to be taken priſoners, was equally eſteemed cowardice.

De L'Oeuvre.

V. 24. *Now is the old man in the barber's ſhop.*] *Nunc ſenex eſt in tonſtrinâ*, &c.] *Pareus* informs us, that the barbers had in ancient days two ways of ſhaving; one, cloſe; the other by uſing a comb, when a cloth, as in modern days, was put about the perſon to catch the looſe hairs. Shaving *cloſe*, was cutting quite to the ſkin; the other way was, by the interpoſition of a comb, to clear the hair ſome little length from it.—From hence, *Eſſe in tonſtrinâ, to be in the barber's ſhop*, became a proverbial expreſſion, to denote being in the way to be impoſed upon. See the *Braggard Captain*, Act III. Scene II. v. 239.

Nor has he put a cloth on, to prevent
Fouling his cloaths; but whether he's about
To ſhave him cloſe, or trim him through a comb,
I know not: if he rightly play his part.
He'll take off ſkin and all.

HEG. Which would you chuſe? 30
To be a ſlave, or have your freedom? tell me.

PHIL. That I prefer, which neareſt is to good,
And fartheſt off from evil:---though, I own,
My ſervitude was little grievous to me;---
They treated me the ſame as their own child. 35

TYND. (*Aſide*) Well ſaid!---I would not give a talent now
To purchaſe even *Thales* the *Mileſian*;---
Match'd with this man a very oaf in wiſdom.---
How cleverly does he adapt his phraſe
To ſuits a ſlave's condition.

HEG. Of what family 40
Is this *Philocrates*?

V. 35. *They treated me the ſame as their own child.*] *Nec mî ſecus erat, quàm ſi eſſem familiaris filius.* A beauty (I think) will be thrown on this paſſage, if we conſider it as true in fact with reſpect to *Philocrates*, though he ſpeaks it in the character of his ſervant *Tyndarus*. Such kind of reſerved meanings have frequently great elegance in dramatic writings. The reader ſhould be admoniſhed conſtantly to bear in mind, that throughout this ſcene, and elſewhere, *Philocrates* repreſents his ſervant *Tyndarus*, as *Tyndarus* does *Philocrates*, agreeably to the ſcheme concerted between them.

V. 37. Thales *the* Mileſian.] *Thales*, it is well known, was one of the ſeven wiſe men of *Greece*. He is called the *Mileſian*, from being of the *Mileſii*, a people of *Caria* or *Ionia*.

PHIL.

PHIL. The *Polyplusian* :---
A potent and most honourable house !
HEG. What honours held he in his country ?
PHIL. High ones.
Such as the chief men can alone attain to.
HEG. Seeing his rank's so noble, as you say, 45
What is his substance ?
PHIL. As to that, the old one

V. 41. *Polyplusian.*] This is a word coined by our Author, denoting *very wealthy.*

V. 46. *What is his substance ?*
PHIL. *As to that, the old one*
Is very warm.]

The exact sense of the original could by no means be preserved with any tolerable grace in the translation.

Quid divitiæ ? sunt ne opimæ ?
PHIL. *Unde excoquat sevum senex.*

The joke turns upon the word *opimæ*, which literally signifies *fat*, —(as *Cicero*, *Opimun quodqam et tanquam adipatum dictionis genus.*) from whence *Philocrates* takes occasion to reply, *Unde excoquat sevum senex*, which is variously explained. Some pretend, that it alludes to the old gentleman's having a great deal of cattle, from whence suet is drawn ; and to prove this, they tell us, that in cattle the riches of former times principally consisted. *Lambin* is pleased to interpret it, that if the old man's riches were melted down, they would produce a good deal of tallow. *Pareus* roundly tells us, (but on what authority I know not) that it was a common proverb among the *Romans*, when they were speaking of a man of property, to say, *he had wherewithal to make tallow for his own use.*

Without the assistance of commentators, the literal meaning seems to be this. *Quid divitiæ ? sunt ne optimæ ? unde excoquat sevum senex. As to his riches, they are fat ? the old man may fry tallow from them.* To fry or fry up, is the term for boiling fat into tallow. But the expression is figurative, and means, the old man has more riches than are necessary for his own use.

Is very warm.

HEG. His father's living then?

PHIL. We left him so, when we departed thence?
But whether he is now alive or no,
You must ask further of the nether regions. 50

TYND. *(Aside.)* So--- all his right,---he's not content with lying,
But reasons like a wise man.

HEG. What's his name?

PHIL. *Thesaurochrysonicochrysides.*

The superfluous fat of an animal, and what is more than sufficient to be eaten with the lean, is used for tallow.

V. 53. *Thesaurochrysonicochrysides.*] A name made up with design of several *Greek* words. The length of it might possibly occasion some pleasantry on the stage, in the mouth of a character of humour, and where humour was concerned; but here, I own, I do not see the propriety of it --Many of the like kind of compound words the reader will find in the ancient *Greek* poet *Aristophanes.*—An instance or two may suffice. In the *Frogs*, Act. III. Sc. II.

Κομποφακελλορρέμονα.
Kompophakellorremona.

Another in *The Wasp*, which like this in *Plautus* makes a whole line, Act I. Sce. II.

Αρχαιομελησιδωνοφρενιχηρατα.
Archaiomelesidorophrenicherata.

See Act III. Scene V. v. 80, and the note.

M. Coste has observed that it has been conjectured, that we should read *Thesaurochrypsonicochrysides.* The word then might mean, not only that the father of *Philocrates* was very rich, but that the principal object of his thoughts, was, scraping together wealth of all sorts, like a miser. And what *Philocrates* adds, that his name was given him on account of his avarice, makes it no improbable conjecture.

See Vol. I *The Fraggard Captain*, Act I. Scene I. v. 14, 15, where the same kind of pleasantry is indulged, in a character of humour.

HEG.

HEG. A name bestowed upon him for his wealth!

PHIL. Nay, rather for his avarice and extortion.---
His real name was *Theodoromedes*. 56

HEG. How say you?---Is his father covetous?

PHIL. Much so.---To let you more into his character,
In sacrificing to his houshold *Genius*

V. 57—8. *Is his father covetous?*
PHIL. *Much so.*]
Tenaxne ejus pater?
PHIL. *Imò ædepol* pertinax,

It is remarkable, that our Author has used the word *pertinax* here in quite a new sense, to signify *highly covetous*, the common acceptation of it being very different.

It might have come nearer the original, if it was translated thus:

HEG. Is his father then *tenacious?*
PHIL. Yes, *pertinacious.*

using the word *pertinacious* as *Plautus* has used *pertinax*.

Our old poets, *Spenser* and *Shakespeare* in particular, use several words in a similar manner. Thus, to *contrive* the day, is used in the sense of to wear it out, to spend it. Take an example from each of them.

Not he, whom *Greece*, the nourse of all good arts
By *Phœbus* doome, the wisest thought alive,
Might be compared to these by many parts:
Not that sage *Pylian* syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortal men CONTRIVE,
By whose advise old *Priam*'s cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
And counselled faire *Alma*, how to govern well.

SPENSER. *Fairie Queene*. B. II. C. 9. St. 48.

Sir, I shall not be slack, in sign whereof,
Please ye, we may CONTRIVE this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act. I. Sc. VII.

He

He uſes nothing but vile *Samian* veſſels, 60
For fear the Gods ſhould ſteal them :---mark by this
What truſt he puts in others.

HEG. Come you this way,---
(Aſide.) What further information I require,
I'll learn from him.

(*Adreſſing* TYNDARUS *as* PHILOCRATES.)

Philocrates, your ſervant
Has acted as behoves an honeſt fellow.--- 65
I've learn'd of him your family :--- he has own'd it :---
Do you the ſame ; 'twill turn to your advantage,---
If you confeſs what, be aſſur'd I know
From him already.

TYND. Sir, he did his duty,
When he confeſs'd the truth to you,---although 70
I would have fain conceal'd from you my ſtate,
My family, and my means.---But now alas!
Since I have loſt my country and my freedom,
Can I ſuppoſe it right, that he ſhould dread
Me before you ? The pow'r of war has ſunk 75
My fortunes to a level with his own.---
Time was, he dar'd not to offend in word,
Though now he may in deed.---Do you not mark,
How fortune moulds and faſhions human beings,
Juſt as ſhe pleaſes? Me, who once was free, 80

V. 58—9. *Genius—Samian veſſels.*] The ancients, when they would fare more delicately than ordinary, ſacrificed to their houſehold Gods, by the name of *Genii*, not *Lares*.—Hence the phraſe, *indulgere Genio*, when they would mean, *to indulge their appetite*—*Samian veſſels* were ſo called, as they were made of earth, brought from *Samos*, an iſland in the *Archipelago*.

She

She has made a ſlave, from higheſt thrown me down
To loweſt ſtate :---Accuſtom'd to command,
I now abide the bidding of another.---
Yet if my maſter bear him with like ſway,
As when myſelf did lord it over mine, 85
I have no dread, that this authority
Will deal or harſhly or unjuſtly with me.---
So far I wiſh'd you to be made acquainted,
If peradventure you diſlike it not.

HEG. Speak on, and boldly.

TYND. I ere this was free 90
As your own ſon.---Him has the pow'r of war
Depriv'd of liberty, as it has me.
He in my country is a ſlave,---as now
I am a ſlave in this.---There is indeed
A God, that hears and ſees whate'er we do :--- 95
As you reſpect me, ſo will He reſpect
Your loſt ſon.---To the well-deſerving, good
Will happen, to the ill-deſerving, ill.---
Think, that my father feels the want of me,
And with a pang as ſharp as you feel now. 100

HEG. I know it.---Say, will you ſubſcribe the account

V. 100. I cannot help taking notice of the excellent moral, pious, and pathetic reflections contained in theſe ſpeeches of *Tyndarus* repreſenting *Philocrates*. It is the moſt ſhining part in the character of our Author, that he conſtantly takes occaſion to interſperſe the moſt virtuousand noble ſentiments throughout all his plays ; and his art, that they may not appear forced or lugged in oſtentatiouſly, but flow naturally from the character of the ſpeaker, is in general to be admired, and particularly in the preſent inſtance.

Your

Your ſervant gave ?

TYND. My father's rich, I own,
My family is noble ;---but, I pray you,
Let not the thought of theſe my riches bend
Your mind to ſordid avarice, leſt my father, 105
Though I'm his only child, ſhould deem it fitter
I were your ſlave, cloath'd, pamper'd at your coſt,
Than beg my bread in my own country, where
It were a foul diſgrace.

HEG. Thanks to the Gods,
And to my anceſtors, I'm rich enough.--- 110
Nor do I hold, that every kind of gain
Is always ſerviceable.—Gain, I know,
Has render'd many great.—But there are times,

V. 107. *Cloath'd, pamper'd at your coſt.*] The original is, *Me ſaturum ſervire ſumptu et veſtitu tuo.* There is a particular force in the word *ſaturum*, as it is oppoſed to *mendicantem* in the next line.

V. 109.] There is a very pathetic ſpeech in *Milton's Samſon Agoniſtes*, which may ſerve as a contraſt to the reflections in this p ſſage. *Manoa*, the father of *Samſon*, having entertained hopes of obtaining his ſon's liberty, ſays,

His ranſom, if my whole inheritance
May compaſs it, ſhall willingly be paid
And numbered down : much rather I ſhall chuſe
To live the pooreſt in my tribe, than richeſt,
And he in that calamitous priſon left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him ;
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego,
And quit :—not wanting him, I ſhall want nothing.

When

When loſs ſhould be preferr'd to gain.—I hate it,
'Tis my averſion : money ! many a man 115
Has it entic'd oft-times to wrong.—But now
Attend to me, that you may know my mind.
My ſon's a captive and a ſlave in *Ælis:*—
If you reſtore him to me, I require
No other recompenſe :—I'll ſend you back, 120
You and your ſervant :—on no other terms
Can you go hence.

TYND. You aſk what's right and juſt—
Thou beſt of men !—But is your ſon a ſervant
Or of the public, or ſome private perſon ?

HEG. A private—of *Menarchus* a phyſician. 125

PHIL. O 'tis His father's client ;—and ſucceſs
Pours down upon you, like an haſty ſhower.

V. 114. *When loſs ſhould be prefer'd to gain.*] *Terence* has with great elegance enforced the ſame maxim—in his *Adelphi*, Act II. Scene II. v. 8.

Pecuniam in loco negligere, maximum interdum eſt lucrum.

To ſeem on ſome occaſion to ſlight mony,
Proves in the end, ſometimes, the greateſt gain.

COLMAN.

V. 123—24. *But is your ſon a ſervant*
Or of the publick, or ſome private perſon ?]
Hegio's ſon, being a priſoner of war, might poſſibly be in the hands of the Treaſurer of the Republick, and as ſuch, employed on ſome public office : or he might have been purchaſed by ſome private perſon, and conſequently in that perſon's ſervice. Thus *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus*, having been at firſt part of the booty of the Republick of *Ætolia*, became afterwards ſlaves to *Hegio*.

COSTE.

V. 127. *Like an haſty ſhower.*] The original is,
Tam hoc quidem in proclivi eſt, quam imber eſt, quando pluit.

This

HEG. Find means then to redeem my ſon.

TYND. I will—.

But I muſt aſk you—

HEG. Aſk me what you pleaſe,

I'll do't,—if to that purpoſe.

TYND. Hear, and judge.— 130

I do not aſk you, till your ſon's return

To grant me a dimiſſion; but I pray you,

Give me my ſlave, a price ſet on his head,

That I may ſend him forthwith to my father,

To work your ſon's redemption.

HEG. I'd diſpatch 135

Some other rather, when there is a truce,

Your father to confer with, who may bear

Any commands you ſhall entruſt him with.

TYND. 'Twould be in vain to ſend a ſtranger to him:—

You'd loſe your labour:—Send my ſervant:—he'll

Compleat the whole, as ſoon as he arrives. 141

A man more faithful you can never ſend,

Nor one my father ſooner would reply on,

More to his mind, nor to whoſe care and confidence

He'd ſooner truſt your ſon.—Then never fear: 145

At my own peril will I prove his faith,

Relying on his nature, ſince he knows

I've borne me with benevolence towards him.

HEG. Well—I'll diſpatch him, if you will,—your word

This (as *M. Coſte* has obſerved) is proverbial; I have therefore been obliged to expreſs it with ſome latitude in the tranſlation.

Pawn'd for his valuation.

TYND. Pray then do, 150
And let him be dismiss'd without delay.

HEG. Can you shew reason, if he don't return,
Why you should not pay twenty *Minæ* for him?

TYND. No surely: I agree.

HEG. Take off his chains,---
And take them off from both.

TYND. May all the Gods 155
Grant all your wishes! since that you have deign'd
To treat me with such favour, and releas'd me
From my vile bonds:---I scarce can think it irksome
To have my neck free from this galling collar.

HEG. The favours we confer on honest souls 160
Teem with returns of service to the giver.---
But now, if you'd dispatch him hence, acquaint him,
Give him your orders, and forthwith instruct him
What you would have him say unto your father.---
Shall I then call him to you?

TYND. Do, Sir,---call him. 165

(HEGIO *calls* PHILOCRATES, *who advances.*)

V. 153. *Twenty Minæ.*] According to *Cook's* Table, about 64l. 11s. 8d. of our money.

V. 159. *My neck free from this galling collar.*] *Quod collus collariâ caret.* From this, and other passages in our Author, we may learn, that Slaves formerly wore a yoke about their necks.

V. 161. *Teem.*] The expression is singular in the original,—Gravida *est bonis.*

SCENE

SCENE. III.

PHILOCRATES *joins* HEGIO *and* TYNDARUS.

HEGIO.

Heav'ns grant, that this affair may turn out happily
To me, and to my ſon, and to you both !---
(*To Phil.*) 'Tis your new maſter's order, that you ſerve
Your old one faithfully: I have giv'n you to him
Rated at twenty *Minæ*: he deſires 5
To ſend you back to *Ælis* to his father,
Thence to redeem my child, that ſo there may be
Mutual exchange betwixt us of our ſons.

PHIL. I'm of a pliant nature, and will bend
To either.---You may uſe me like a wheel;--- 10
This way or that way will I turn and twirl,
As you ſhall pleaſe to order.

HEG. It is much
To your advantage truly, that you own
This eaſy nature, which enables you
To bear your ſtate of ſlavery as you ought.--- 15
Follow me this way.---(*To Tynd.*) Here now is the man.

TYND. I thank you for the liberty you gave me
To ſend this meſſenger to my relations,
That he may tell my father all about me,
And how I fare, and what I would have done.--- 20
We have agreed betwixt us, *Tyndarus*,
To ſend you unto *Ælis* to my father;
And, if that you return not, I have bargain'd
To forfeit for your treſpaſs twenty *Minæ*.

SCENE III.] All the Editions have made a new Scene in this place, though there is no reaſon for ſo doing, as *Philocrates* had not quitted the ſtage.

PHIL.

PHIL. Rightly agreed:---for the old gentleman 25
Expects me, or some other messenger,
To come to him from hence.

TYND. Then mind me now,
What I would have you say unto my father.

PHIL. O master, as I've hitherto behav'd,
My best endeavours I'll exert; what most 30
Will turn to your advantage, Ill pursue
With all my heart, my soul, with all my power.

TYND. You act, as it behoves you.---Now attend.---
First, to my dearest mother and my father
Bear my respects, and next to my relations,--- 35
Then to whatever other friend you see.
Inform them of my health; and tell them likewise,
That I am slave here to this best of men,
Who ever has, and still goes on to treat me
With honourable usage.---

PHIL. Don't instruct me; 40
This I shall think off readily.---

TYND. For indeed,
Save that I have a guard plac'd over me,
I should conceive I had my liberty.---
Acquaint my father with th' agreement made
'Twixt me and *Hegio*, touching *Hegio*'s son.--- 45

PHIL. This is mere hindrance, to recount and dwell on
What I already am so well appriz'd of.---

TYND. 'Tis to redeem the youth, and send him hither
Exchang'd for you and me.---

PHIL. I shall remember.---

HEG.

HEG. And ſoon too as he can, for both our ſakes. 50

PHIL. You long not more to ſee your ſon return'd,
Than he does his.

HEG. My ſon to me is dear;
Dear is his own to every one.

PHIL. (*To Tynd.*) Ought elſe
To bear unto you, father?

TYND. Say, I'm well;
And tell him, boldly tell him, that our ſouls 55
Were link'd in perfect harmony together;
That nothing you have ever done amiſs,
Nor have I ever been your enemy;
That in our ſore affliction you maintain'd
Your duty to your maſter, nor once ſwerv'd 60

V. 55. *My ſon is dear to me.*] *Meus, mihi, ſuus cuique eſt carus.* There is a paſſage in *Cicero*'s Epiſtles to *Atticus*, Book 15. ſo very like this, that I am tempted to tranſcribe it. *Quia ſua cuique ſententia placet, mihi, mea: ſuus cuique amor, mihi meus.*

Every one's wiſe is agreeable to him; mine is to me: every one has his own particular affection; I have mine.

V. 55. *Boldly tell him*, &c.] *Tyndarus* here, in the character of *Philocrates*, elegantly enlarges upon the fidelity, zeal and attachment he had ever had for the perſon of *Philocrates*, and which he in particular expreſſes on this occaſion, when he is riſking every thing to deliver him from ſlavery, in order that *Philocrates*, out of gratitude, ſhould not only ſooner return to *Hegio*, but engage his father to give him his liberty. *Philocrates* in his turn, appearing as *Tyndarus*, is highly extolled by him, as is the good he has hitherto received, in the engaging and complaiſant manner, with which *Philocrates* has always behaved towards him; by which reaſon, he in effect encourages *Tyndarus*; and convinces him, that he has every thing to hope for, from the generoſity, gratitude and goodneſs of *Philocrates*. This is entertaining, and expreſſed with great delicacy. COSTE.

From

From your fidelity, in no one deed
Deſerted me in time of my diſtreſs.
When that my father is inform'd of this,
And learns, how well your heart has been inclin'd
Both to his ſon and to himſelf, he'll never 65
Prove ſuch a niggard, but in gratitude
He will reward you with your liberty;
And I, if I return, with all my power
Will urge him the more readily to do it.
For by your aid, your courteſy, your courage, 70
Wiſdom and prudence, you have been the means
Of my return to *Ælis*, ſince you own'd
To *Hegio* here my family and fortune,
By which you've freed your maſter from his chains.

PHIL. True, I have acted as you ſay:---and much
It pleaſes me, you bear it in remembrance. 76
What I have done was due to your deſert:
For were I in my count to tell the ſum
Of all your friendly offices towards me,
Night would bear off the day, ere I had done. 80
You was obliging, as obſequious to me,
As though you were my ſervant.

HEG. O ye Gods!---
Behold the honeſt nature of theſe men!---
They draw tears from me.---Mark how cordially
They love each other! and what praiſe the ſervant 85
Heaps on his maſter!

PHIL. He deſerves from me
An hundred times more praiſe, than he was pleas'd
To laviſh on me.

HEG. *(To Phil.)* Then, ſince hitherto
You've acted worthily, occaſion now
Preſents itſelf to add to your good deeds, 90
That you may prove your faithfulneſs towards him
In this affair.

PHIL. My wiſh to compaſs it
Cannot exceed th' endeavours I will uſe
To get it perfected.---And to convince you,
Here do I call high *Jove* to witneſs, *Hegio*, 95
I will not prove unfaithful to *Philocrates*.---

HEG. Thou art an honeſt fellow.---

PHIL. Nor will I
Act otherwiſe to Him, than I myſelf
Would act to Me.

TYND. Would you might make your words
True by your actions!---Bear it in your mind, 100
That I have ſaid leſs of you than I would,
Take heed you be not angry with my words.
Think I beſeech you, that my honour's ſtaked
For your diſmiſſion, and my life is here
A pledge for your return. When out of ſight, 105
As ſhortly you will be, deny not then
All knowledge of me: when you ſhall have left me
Here as a pawn in ſlavery for you,
Yourſelf at liberty, deſert not then

V. 96. *Unfaithful to* Philocrates] The ancients had prodigious faith in oaths. *Philocrates* therefore, in the character of *Tyndarus*, his ſervant, ſpeaks this to confirm *Hegio* in the belief of his fidelity to his ſuppoſed maſter. There is a particular grace and elegance in making *Philocrates* thus ſwear to be faithful to himſelf.

Your

Your hostage; then neglect not to procure 110
His son's redemption in exchange for me.
Remember you are sent on this affair,
Rated at twenty *Minæ*. See, that you
Be trusty to the trusty:---O beware,
You are not of a frail and fickle faith.--- 115
My father will, I know, do all he ought:
Preserve me then your friend for evermore,
And still find *Hegio* your's, as you have found him.
By your right hand, which here I hold in mine,
I pray you, be not you less true to me, 120
Than I am unto you.---About it then;
Be careful of this business;---you are now

V. 118. *And still find* Hegio *your's, as you have found him.*] *Atque hunc inventum inveni.—M. Coste* understands this in another sense, *find out this man we have already got scent of.* I have followed *De L'Oeuvre* and *Lambin.*

V. 119. *By your right hand, which here I hold in mine.*] Giving, or taking the hand, is, at this time, a pledge of fidelity. There are many instances of it among the ancients, besides this of our Author.

Ipse pater DEXTRAM *Anchises, haud multo moratus*
DAT *juveni; atque animum præsenti pignore firmat.*
VIRGIL. Æneid. L. III. v. 6:9.

Then *by the hand* my good old father *took*
The trembling youth.

Pitt.

The practice is even as old as *Homer.*

Ὣ ἄρα φωνήσας ἐπὶ καρπῷ χεῖρ' ἐπεμάρετο,
Ἕλληθι δεξιτερὴν μήπως δείδοιν ἐν θυμῷ.

Iliad L. 24.

Then *gave his hand* at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears.—

POPE.

My maſter, you my patron, you my father:
To you I do commend my hopes, my all.

PHIL. If I accompliſh all that you command, 125
Will that content you?

TYND. I ſhall be content.

PHIL. I will return furniſh'd to both your wiſhes.—
Would you ought elſe?

TYND. Back with what ſpeed you may.

PHIL. Of that the buſineſs of itſelf reminds me.

HEG. (*To Phil.*) Follow me now.---I'll give you
from my Banker 130
What you may want to anſwer your expences
Upon your voyage, and at the ſame time take
A paſſport from the *Prætor*.

TYND. Why a paſſport?

HEG. Which he may carry with him to the army,
That he may have permiſſion without let 135
To return home to *Ælis*.—(*To Phil.*) Go you in.

TYND. Now ſpeed you well, my *Tyndarus*!

PHIL. Adieu!

V. 130. ——*I'll give you from my Banker*
What you may want to anſwer your expences.]
—*Viaticum ut dem a Trapezitâ tibi.*—

Some commentators have ſuppoſed, that by *viaticum* was meant a deſcription and account of the road, ſomething like what we have at this time in books for that purpoſe. And there is a paſſage in our Author in his *Pſeudolus*, Act II. Scene III. v. 2. which ſeems to favour that opinion. But whatever be the ſenſe *there*, it is plain that *here* it muſt be as I have tranſlated it.—For what can *Hegio* be ſuppoſed to fetch, *a Trapezitâ*, from his *Banker*, but *Money?*

HEG.

HEG. (*Aside.*) I've compass'd my design by purchasing
These Captives of the *Quæstors* from the spoil:---
So please the Gods! I've free'd my son from bondage.--- 140
Within, hoa!---Keep a strict watch o'er this Captive;
Let him not budge a foot without a guard.--
I soon shall be at home.---Now to my brother's:
I'll go and visit there my other Captives,
At the same time enquire, if any know 145
This youth here.---(*To Phil.*) Do you follow, that I may
Dispatch you strait;---for that's my first concern.

[HEGIO *goes off with* PHILOCRATES, *and* TYNDARUS *goes in with the Slaves.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter ERGASILUS.

IT's a ſad caſe for a poor wretch to prowl
In queſt of a meal's meat, and at the laſt
With mnch ado to find one ;---ſadder is it,
With much ado to hunt upon the trail,
And at the laſt find nothing ; but moſt ſad, 5
To have a keen and craving appetite,
Without a morſel to appeaſe it's longing.---
A plague upon this day !---I'd dig its eyes out,
Had I the pow'r, it has ſo fill'd mankind
With enmity towards me.---Never ſure 10
Was there a wretch ſo ſtarv'd, ſo cram'd with hunger,
Or one, whoſe projects have ſo little proſper'd.---
I fear, my belly will keep holiday.
Would it were hang'd for me, this ſcurvy trade,
This Paraſite's profeſſion !---Our young ſparks 15
Conſort not now a-days with us poor drolls ;
They care not for us humble hangers on,

V. 8. *A plague upon this day ! I'd dig it's eyes out.*] *Huic diei oculos effodiam.*

V. 13. *My belly will keep holiday.*] The original is,
Venter gutterque reſident eſuriales ferias.
The alluſion is, that as on feaſt-days and holidays people abſtain from work, our Paraſite ſays, his belly has no employment.

Who

Who are content to take the lowest seat
At table, who bear buffets like a *Spartan*,
And have no other fortune but our jests.--- 20
Their choice is to associate with their equals,
Who, having eat with them, return the favour
At their own houses.---For themselves they cater,
Which was the province heretofore of Parasites.---
Shame on them! they will go into a brothel 25
Barefac'd, not muffled up, but all as publickly
As magistrates pass sentence on the guilty,
Unveil'd, in open court.---Buffoons they now
Count nothing worth; but they are all self-lovers.

V. 19. *Like a* Spartan.] The original is, *Laconas viros*. *M. Coste* has observed, that the Parasite here gives to those of his profession, the appellation of *Lacedemonians* or *Spartans*, because they were always placed at the lower end of the table; and there the guests entertained themselves with daubing their faces, boxing them on the ears, or punching them with their fists; to which indignities the poor wretches submitted, with the same firmness the *Lacedemonians* endured pain, which they were inured to from their infancy, in order to learn patience.

Petronius alludes to the same practice.—*Et ego quidem tres plagas Spartana nobilitate concoxi*.—I digested three blows with the dignity of a *Lacedemonian*.

V. 25-26. *Go into a brothel,—Barefac'd, not muffled up*.] The original is, *Aperto capite ad lenones eunt,—Aperto capite*, with the head uncovered, in opposition to *operto capite*, with the head covered. *M. Coste* observes, that the ancients never went into brothels but in a mask; and that young gentlemen of family, who had the least sense of shame, did not dare to have any dealing with a pimp in publick. *Fletcher* in his *Woman-Hater*, Act IV. Scene III. has something to the same purpose.

Muffle yourself in your cloak by any means;
'Tis a receiv'd thing among gallants, to walk
To their leachery, as tho' they had the rheum.

For

For when I went from hence a while ago; 30
I met ſome of theſe young men at the Forum.
Good day, ſaid I!---Where ſhall we dine together?
No anſwer.---What! will no one ſpeak, ſays I?
None promiſe me a dinner?---Silent all,
As they were dumb.---Nay, not a ſingle ſmile. 35
Where ſhall we ſup then?---Still no invitation.
One of my beſt jeſts, ſuch as heretofore
Have got me ſuppers for a month, I then
Repeat them.---Not a ſoul vouchſafed to ſmile.
I then found out, 'twas a concerted matter: 40
Not one would deign to imitate a dog,
When he's provok'd:---But if they did not chuſe
To laugh outright, at leaſt they might have ſhewn,
Their teeth, as though they ſmil'd.---Finding myſelf
The ſcoff and mockery of theſe ſparks, I leave them,
March up to others, others ſtill, and others; 46
All the ſame thing! all in confederacy,

V. 41. *Not one would deign to imitate a dog,*
When he's provok'd.]

Ne canem quidem irritatam voluit quiſquam imitarier.

That is, ſhew their teeth as a dog does when he is angry, as it is explained farther on by our Author himſelf.—So *Lucretius*, B. L. V. v. 1062.

Irritata canum quum primum magna Moloſſum
Mollia ricta fremunt, duros nudantia dentes.

———When dogs begin
To bend their backs, and ſhew their teeth and grin.

CREECH.

Like

Like the oil merchants in the market.---Well then,
Seeing myſelf thus fool'd, I came back hither.
More paraſites were ſauntering at the Forum, 50
And to as little purpoſe as myſelf.---
I am determin'd that the law ſhall right me
Againſt all thoſe who join in combination
To have me ſtarv'd.---I will appoint a day
For them to give their anſwer.---I will have 55
Large ſatisfaction.---Dear as are proviſions,
They ſhall be fin'd at leaſt ten entertainments.
Now to the port, where I have yet one hope
Of feaſting:---if that fail me, I'll return
To this old *Hegio*, and his ſcurvy ſupper. 60

[*Exit.*

V. 48. *Like the oil merchants in the market.*] *Quaſi in Velabro olearii.*—The *Velabrum* was a place in *Rome*, where the ſellers of oil uſually aſſembled; and as they us'd to agree among themſelves never to ſell their oil under a certain price, thoſe who acted in confederacy in any other affair, were proverbially ſaid to be, like the oil merchants in the *Velabrum.*—*M. Marolles* has obſerved too, that tho' here, as well as in many other paſſages of our Author, the Scene is in *Greece*, yet he is continually ſuppoſing it at *Rome*; as has been already obſerved in a Note on *Amphitryon*, Act I. Scene I. v. 5.

V. 52. *The law.*] In the original, this is called *barbaricâ lege*, that is, the *Roman*. Concerning the uſe of this word *barbaricâ*, ſee the Note to the *Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. v. 83.

V. 54. *I will appoint a day.*] *Ergaſilus* here alludes to a *Roman* law, which enacted, that when any perſon was ſummoned to anſwer to a complaint, a day ſhould be appointed, and unleſs the party was a man of property, ſurety was required, that he would give in anſwer at that time.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter, HEGIO *with* ARISTOPHONTES *behind*.

What can be more delightful than promoting
The public good, as yesterday I did
By purchasing these captives? Ev'ry one,
Soon as he sees me, strait makes up to me,
Congratulates me on it:---they have tired me 5
Quite out, by stopping and detaining me:---
I've but just 'scap'd with life from their civilities.
At length I got me to the *Prætor*;---there
Scarce rested me:---I ask'd a passport of him:
'Twas granted; and I gave it strait to *Tyndarus*, 10
Who is set off:---from thence I hurried home;
Then to my brother's, to my other Captives.
I ask'd, if any one among them knew
Philocrates of *Ælis*, when this man
Cried out, he was his friend and intimate. 15
On telling him he now was at my house,
He beg'd me, I would give him leave to see him:
On which instant I order'd off his chains.---
(*To Arist.*) Follow me now, that you may have your wish,
And meet the person you desire to see. 20

[*Exeunt*.

V. 2. *Lambin* explains this, that as *Hegio* had been told, that *Philocrates* was a man of *fortune* and *family*; the giving him his freedom might be of service to the publick.

V. 14. *This man.*] Meaning *Aristophontes*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter TYNDARUS.

Would I were dead now rather than alive,
As things turn out!--Hope has deſerted me,
No ſuccour will come near me,---See the day,
In which there is no chance to ſave my life!
Deſtruction's unavoidable,---no hope, 5
That can diſpel my fear,---no cloak to ſkreen
My ſubtle lies, falſe dealings, and pretences:
No deprecation can excuſe my perfidy,
No ſubterfuge can palliate my offence:
No room for confidence, no place for cunning.--- 10
What hitherto was hid is brought to light,
My tricks laid open, and the whole diſcover'd:
Nor have I ought to do but meet my fate,
And die at once for me and for my maſter.--
Ariſtophontes, who is juſt gone in, 15
Has been my utter ruin; for he knows me:
He is a friend and kinſman to *Philocrates*.
Salvation could not ſave me, if ſhe would:

SCENE III.] Mr. *Thornton* obſerves, that commentators have taken notice, that the opening of SCENE III. Act III. of *Rudens*, or *The Shipwreck*, in Vol. II. is not unlike this ſcene. See his Note on the place.

V. 18. Salvation *could not ſave me, if ſhe would.*]
Neque jam Salus *ſervare, ſi volet, me poteſt.*
By *Salus*, which I have rendered *Salvation*, is meant the Goddeſs, that was worſhipped by the *Romans* under that Appellation. There is no doubt, but that this paſſage was proverbial, ſince we meet with it ſeveral times in our Author in ſo many words.—

Nor can I 'ſcape,---except that I contrive
Some cunning trick, ſome artifice. (*meditating.*)
A plague on't! 20
What can I think of?---what deviſe?---my thoughts
Are fooliſh, and my wit quite at a ſtand. (*Retires aſide.*

SCENE IV.

Enter HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, *and Slaves.*

HEGIO.

Where can he now have ſtole him out of doors?

TYND. (*Aſide.*) 'Tis over with me!---*Tyndarus* your foes
Are making their advances ſtrait towards you.---
What ſhall I ſay? what talk off? what deny,
Or what confeſs?---'Tis all uncertainty; 5
Nor know I what to think of or confide in.

as in his *Moſtellaria*, Act II. Scene I. v. 4. *Ciſtellaria*, Act IV. Scene II. v. 76. *Terence* likewiſe introduces it in his *Adelphi*, or The *Brothers*, Act IV. Scene VII. v. 43. where the word *Salus* is, in Mr. *Colman*'s Tranſlation, properly rendered *Providence*, it would not be ſo fit here.

Ipſa ſi cupiat Salus
Servare prorſus non poteſt hanc familiam.
'Tis not in the power
Of *Providence* herſelf, were ſhe deſirous,
To ſave from ruin ſuch a family.

We meet with the ſame expreſſion alſo in *Cicero*, in one of his Orations againſt Verres—*Ecquod judicium* Romæ *tam diſſolutum, tam perditum, tam nummarium fore putaſti, quò ex judicio te ulla* SALUS SERVARE *poſſet?* Is there, thinkeſt thou, in *Rome*, an opinion ſo diſſolute, ſo abandoned, ſo corrupted, as to imagine that *Salvation* can at all *ſave* you from the ſentence you deſerve?

I hope

Would that the Gods had utterly deſtroy'd you,
Ariſtophontes, ere you loſt your country,
To diſconcert a ſcheme ſo well contrived.
Our ſtate is deſperate, if I don't deviſe 10
Some cunning trick.

HEG. *(To Ariſt.)* Follow me.---Here he is:
Approach, and ſpeak to him.

TYND. *(Aſide, and turning away.)*
Can there exiſt
A greater wretch than I am?

ARIST. Why is this,
That you avoid my eyes, and ſlight me, *Tyndarus*,
As though I were a ſtranger, and you ne'er 15
Had known me.---It is true, I am a ſlave
As you are:---though in *Ælis* I was free;
You from your youth have ever been a ſlave.

HEG. In troth I am not in the leaſt amazed,
That he ſhould ſhun you, and avoid your ſight, 20
Or hold you in deſpite and deteſtation,
When for *Philocrates* you call him *Tyndarus*.

TYND. *Hegio*, this fellow was at *Ælis* deem'd
A madman:---give no ear to what he ſays.
'Tis there notorious, that he ſought to kill 25

I hope therefore, I ſhall be indulged in the uſe of this word; and, on the authority of *Archbiſhop Tollotſon*. "If (ſays he) men "will continue in their ſins, the redemption wrought by Chriſt "will be of no advantage to them: ſuch as obſtinately perſiſt "in an impenitent courſe, *ipſa ſi velit Salus, ſervare non poteſt*, "*Salvation itſelf cannot ſave them*."

V. 8. *Loſt your country.*] *Periiſti e patriâ tuâ*,—That is, by having been made a captive.

His

His father and his mother, and has often
Fits of the falling sickness come upon him.

V. 27. *Fits of the falling sickness.*] The original is, *qui spuitatur morbus.* By this we are told, *Plautus* means the *Epilepsy*, or *Falling-sickness.* *Heironymus Mercurialis*, a celebrated physician, who flourished in the 16th century, has bestowed a whole chapter, (the 11th of the 5th Book of his *Variæ Lectiones*) upon this very passage, which he produces as an authority that this disease was cured by spitting. *Celsus*, Book III. chap. 23. *De Comitiali Morbo*, concerning the *Falling-sickness*, gives us a description of it: his words are these. *Inter notissimos morbos est etiam is, qui Comitialis, vel Major nominatur. Homo subito concidit; ex ore spumæ moventur: deinde interposito tempore ad se redit, et per se ipsum consurgit.* The *Epilepsy* or *Falling-sickness*, is to be considered as one of the diseases the most remarkable. The person seized with it, falls down without any warning, and foams at the mouth, then after a little time comes to himself, and gets up again without any assistance. Yet the elder *Pliny*, in his Natural History, Book XXVIII. chap. 4. is of another opinion. *Despuimus Comitiales Morbos, hoc est, contagia regerimus*; which *Philemon Holland* translates thus; if we see any surprized with the *Falling-sickness*, we spit upon them, and by that means we are persuaded, that we ourselves avoid the contagion of the said disease. And in a passage in The Characters of *Theophrastus*, chap. 16. ΠΕΡΙ ΔΕΙΣΙΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΑΣ, concerning *Superstition*, we meet with another opinion. — μαινόμενόν τε ἰδὼν ἢ ἐπίληπτον, φρίξας εἰς κόλπον πτύσας.—If he [the superstitious person] happens to meet a madman, or one who is in a fit of the falling sickness, he makes a hideous noise, and spits in his own bosom, to prevent the harm which that sight might possibly do him. Upon which passage, Dr *Newton*, in his edition of that author, has this observation. "Putting himself "into the condition of the mad or epileptick, he thought he "should be more secure against mischief from the one, or contagion from the other; they would not surely go to hurt him, "who was so like them." And, agreeable to this, was the behaviour of *David*, in regard to *Achish*, the King of *Gath*, when he wanted to escape him. "*And* DAVID *laid up these words in* "*his heart, and was sore afraid of* ACHISH, *the* KING *of* GATH. "And he changed his behaviour before them, and feigned himself

Which makes him foam at mouth.---Pray get you
from him.

HEG. Here---bear him farther off. (*To the Slaves.*)

ARIST. How say you, rascal!
That I am mad? and that I sought to kill 30
My father and my mother? and have often
Fits of the falling sickness come upon me,
Which makes me foam at mouth?

HEG. Be not dismay'd.
Many heve laboured under this disease,
And spitting has restored them to their health. 35

TYND. I know, to some at *Ælis* it has prov'd
Of special use.

ARIST. And will you credit him?

HEG. I credit him!---in what?

ARIST. That I am mad?

TYND. See how he eyes you with a furious aspect!
'Twere best retire.—'Tis, *Hegio*, as I said:--- 40
His frenzy grows upon him,—have a care.

HEG. True,—when he called you *Tyndarus*, I
thought,

"self mad in their hands, and scrabbled on the doors of the gate, "and *let his spittle fall down on his beard.*" 1 *Sam.* chap. 21. v. 12. 13, After all that has been said on these expressions, v. 18. *qui sputatur morbus*, v. 21. *ut qui me opus sit exputarier*, v. 23. *quibus insputari saluti fuit*, may not the more commonly received opinion have been, that the foaming at mouth, which was observed in these unhappy people, was the means of their cure, and that the distemper was discharged by it, as they recovered very soon after the foam appeared, and came to themselves again, as *Celsus* mentions?

That

That he indeed was mad.

TYND. Nay, but ſometimes
He knows not his own name, nor who he is.

HEG. He ſaid, you was his friend.

TYND. I never ſaw him, 45
Alcmæon, and *Oreſtes*, and *Lycurgus*,
Are juſt as much my friends, as he is, *Hegio*.

ARIST. How, raſcal!—do you dare beſpeak me ill?
Do I not know you?

HEG. By my troth 'tis plain
You know him not, when for *Philocrates* 50
You call him *Tyndarus*:---you are a ſtranger
To him you ſee, and mention him you ſee not.

ARIST. 'Tis he pretends himſelf the man he is not,
Nor owns himſelf to be the man he is.

TYND. Yes to be ſure, you'll get the better of me 55
In reputation for veracity!

ARIST. You, as it ſeems, my truth will overpower
With falſehood.—Look me in the face, I pray.

TYND. Well.

ARIST. Speak.---Do you deny, that you are
Tyndarus?

TYND. I tell you, I deny it.

ARIST. Will you ſay, 60
You are *Philocrates*.

TYND. I ſay, I am.

V. 46. *Alcmæon*, and *Oreſtes*, and *Lycurgus*.] Three celebrated madmen of antiquity: the two firſt of whom became ſo from having killed their mother, and the other from having held in contempt the worſhip of the god *Bacchus*.

ARIST.

ARIST. *(to Hegio.)* And you,---do you believe him?
HEG. More than you,
Or than myself.---The man, you say he is,
Set out this day for *Ælis* to his father.
ARIST. What father?---He's a slave.---
TYND. And so are you, 65
Once free as I was,---as I trust I shall be,
When I have gained this old man's son his liberty.
ARIST. How rascal! dare you say you're born a freeman?
TYND. Not *Freeman*; but I say, I am *Philocrates.*
ARIRT. See, *Hegio*, how the rogue makes sport with you! 70
For he's a slave, and never own'd a slave
Besides himself.
TYND. So then,---because you liv'd
A beggar in your country without means
For your support, you would have ev'ry one
Plac'd on the self same footing with yourself.--- 75
No wonder:---'tis the nature of the poor
To hate and envy men of property.
ARIST. *Hegio*, take care; nor rashly credit him.
As far as I can see, he means to trick you:---
Nor do I like at all his talking to you 80
Of the redemption of your son.
TYND. I know,

V. 65. *What father!—He's a slave.*] *Lambin* observes, that in the civil law, slaves were supposed to have no relations; and M. *de l'Oeuvre* says, that this shews us, that slaves among the ancients, were looked upon in no other light than brute animals, neither troubling themselves with genealogy nor posterity.

You wish it not: but with the help of heav'n
I shall accomplish it:---I shall restore
His son to him, and he will send me back
To *Ælis* to my father; for which purpose 85
Have I sent *Tyndarus*.

ARIST. Why you are He;
Nor is there any other slave at *Ælis*
Of that name but yourself.

TYND. And will you still
Reproach me with my state of servitude,
Brought on me by the chance of hapless war? 90

ARIST. I can't contain myself.

TYND. Ha! do you hear him?---
Will you not fly?---He'll pelt us now with stones,
Unless you have him seiz'd.

ARIST. I'm vext to death.

TYND. Look, how his eyes strike fire!---A cord, a cord,
Good *Hegiò*. Don't you see his body's charged 95
With livid spots all over?---The black bile
Disorders him, poor fellow!

ARIST. The black pitch
Disorder you beneath the hangman's hand,

V. 89. *Reproach me with my state of servitude, &c.*] *Pareus* observes, that slaves, who were born so, were esteemed of less value than those who became such, either by the chance of war, or other accidents. See *Amphitryon*, Act I. Scene I. v. 33, 34.

V. 96. *The black bile.*] It has been already observed, in a note on *Amphitryon*, that madness by the ancients was attributed to the bile.

V, 97. *The black pitch.*] *Plautus* here alludes to a punishment inflicted on malefactors, by wrapping up their bodies, when they

And (if this old man would but serve you right,)
Illuminate your head!

TYND. How wild he talks! 100
By evil spirits he's possess'd.

HEG. Suppose
I order he be seiz'd.

TYND. 'Twere the best way.

ARIST. It vexes me I cannot find a stone
To dash the villain's brains out, who insists
That I am mad.

TYND. There---do you hear him, Sir? 105
He's looking for a stone.

ARIST. Shall I beg, *Hegio*,
A word with you alone?

HEG. Speak where you are,---
What would you?---I can hear you at a distance.

TYND. If you permit him to approach you nearer,
He'll bite your nose off.

ARIST. *Hegio*, do not you 110
Believe that I am mad, or ever was;
Nor have I the disorder he pretends.

they were to be burned, in a garment smeared over with pitch, wax, and other combustibles. COSTE.

Juvenal alludes to the same, in his first Satire, v. 155.

Pone Tigellinam, tedâ lucebis in illâ,
Quâ stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,
Et latum mediâ sulcum deducit arenâ.

Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake,
Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light
The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.
DRYDEN.

V. 110. *He'll bite your nose off.*] Os denasabit tibi mordicus.

If any outrage you do fear from me,
Command me to be bound: 'tis my desire,
So at the same time he be bound with me. 115

TYND. Let him be bound that chuses it.

ARIST. No more:---
I warrant I shall make you, false *Philocrates*,
To be found out the real *Tyndarus*.---
Why do you nod at me?

TYND. I nod at you?
(*To Hegio*) What would he do, if you were farther off? 120

HEG. How say you? What if I approach this madman?

TYND. He'll teaze you with his fooleries, and jabber
Stuff without head or tail.---He only wants
The habit, else he is a perfect *Ajax*.

HEG. No matter---I'll go to him. (*advances to Arist.*

TYND. I'm undone.--- 125
Now do I stand upon a precipice;
Nor know I what to do.

V. 123. *Stuff without head or tail.*] *Quod neque pes unquam, neque caput compareat.*

V. 124. *A perfect* Ajax.] *Ajax*, it is well known, became mad on account of the armour of *Achilles* being adjudged to *Ulysses*.

V. 125, 126, 127. *I'm undone,*
Now do I stand upon a precipice,
Nor know I what to do.——]

The original is—*Nunc ego omnino occidi,*
Nunc ego inter sacram saxumque sto, nec quid faciam scio.

Literally, now am I utterly undone: Now do I stand between the sacrifice and the stone, nor know I what to do. This, *Erasmus* tells us, was a proverbial expression, used when any person

was

HEG. *Aristophontes,*

If you would ought with me, I lend attention.

was in perplexity, and drove to extream danger; and refers to this very passage. His words are these:

Tyndarus *apud* Plautum *alter è captivis, quum jam proditis dolis esset deprehensus, nec haberet quanam arte posset elabi: Nunc ego (inquit) omnino occidi. Nunc ego inter sacrum saxumque ste, nec quid faciam scio.* Apuleius *Asini sui libro undecimo: Plurimum ergo duritia paupertatis intercedente, quod ait vetus proverbium, inter sacrum et saxum positus cruciabar. Explicat autem Apuleius allegoriam adagii, videlicet, alludens ad sacerdotium cui erat initiandus: et paupertatem saxo duriorem, per quam non suppetebant sumptus. Sumptum apparet ex priscis fœderis feriendi ceremoniis, in quibus fœcialis porcum saxo feriebat: hæc interim pronuncians, qui prior populus fœdus rumpet,* Jupiter *ita eum feriat, quemadmodum ego porcum hoc lapide fero. Sed undequaque fluxit adagium, satis liquet dici solitum in eos, qui perplexi ad extremum periculum rediguntur.* Adagia. *Chil.* 1. *Cent.* 1.

Tyndarus in *Plautus*, one of the *Captives*, when, on his fraud being discovered, he is apprehended, nor can find out any trick to escape, Now, says he, am I utterly undone; now do I stand between the sacrifice, and the stone, nor know I what to do. *Apuleius*, in the eleventh Book of his Golden Ass: I shall be tormented to a degree, with the hardships of poverty, being situated, as the old proverb says, between the sacrifice and the stone. *Apuleius* also explains the allegory of the proverb; to wit, alluding to the priesthood, to which he was just going to be initiated, and to poverty harder than a stone, which could not answer for the expence of it. It seems to be taken from the old ceremonies made use of, when they engaged in a covenant or treaty; the herald struck a hog with a stone; at the same time pronouncing these words, The man among the people who first breaks this covenant, may Jupiter strike him, as I strike the hog with this stone. But from whencesoever the proverb proceeded, it is sufficiently plain, that it used to be spoken of those who were in perplexity, and reduced to extream danger.

We also meet with much the same account, in the following passage in *Alexander ab Alexandro. Quum quis diversus agitur, et ita dubius animi fluctuatur, ut nec abnuere, nec polliceri audeat, et in quamvis partem declinat, præsens damnum aut exitium videat, se inter sacrum et saxum positum, vulgò jactitant.*

Alexand. ab Alexand. Genialium Dierum, l. 5, c. 15.

When

ARIST. Sir, you ſhall hear the real truth from me,
Which now you deem a falſhood.---But I firſt 130
Would clear me to you from this charge of madneſs.
Believe me, *Hegio*, I'm not mad, nor have I
Any complaint but this,---that I'm a ſlave.---
O never may the king of gods and men
My native country ſuffer me to ſee, 135
If this is any more *Philocrates*
Than you or I.

HEG. Tell me, who he is then?

ARIST. The ſame, I ſaid he was from the beginning.
If you ſhall find it other, I can ſhew
No cauſe, no reaſon, why I ſhould not ſuffer 140
A lack of liberty, your ſlave for ever.

HEG. (*to Tynd.*) And what do you ſay?

TYND. That I am your ſlave,
And you my maſter.

HEG. I don't aſk you that.---
Was you a free man?

TYND. Yes, I was.

ARIST. Indeed
He never was: he trifles with you, *Hegio*. 145

TYND. How do you know? or was you peradventure
My mother's midwife, that you dare affirm
What you advance with ſo much confidence?

ARIST. A boy I ſaw you when a boy.

When any one is perplexed, and is fluctuating in ſuch a doubtful ſtate of mind, that he does not dare either to deny or affirm, and to which ever part he inclines, ſees nothing but ruin and deſtruction, he is commonly ſaid to be plac'd between the ſacrifice and the ſtone.

TYND.

TYND. A man
I see you now a man.---So---there's an answer.---
If your behaviour was as would become you,
You would not interfere in my concerns.---
Do I in yours?

HEG. (*to Arist.*) Say, was his father's name
Thesaurochrysonicochrysides?

ARIST. 'Twas not,---nor did I ever hear the name
Before to-day :---*Philocrates*'s father
Was call'd *Theodoromedes.*

TYND. I'm ruin'd!
Be still my heart!---prithee go hang yourself---
Still, still will you be throbbing.---Woe is me!
I scarce can stand upon my legs for fear.

HEG. Can I be sure this fellow was a slave
In *Ælis*, and is not *Philocrates?*

ARIST. So certain, that you'll never find it other.
But where is He now?

HEG. Where I least could wish him,
And where he wishes most himself to be.
Ah me! I am disjointed, sawn asunder,

N. 158. *Prithee go hang yourself.*] I can offer nothing in defence of this to the modern reader, but that the original is—*I, ac suspende te,*—which from its frequently occurring in our Author, and in *Terence*, we must suppose was a familiar expression. But some editions, more particularly the older ones, omit *i*, and read only "*suspende te*;" which some commentators understand in a metaphorical sense; if so, instead of

——— *Prithee go hang yourself,*

it might be translated,

——— *be quiet, cease your beating.*

After all, *Plautus* might have intended it to carry both meanings; and by having it understood in a double sense, to pass it off as one of those kind of puns, he too often indulges himself in.

V. 166. *Disjointed, sawn asunder.*] Deruncinatus, dearticulatus.

By the intrigues of this vile rascal, who
Has led me by the nose just at his pleasure.---
But have a care you err not.

ARIST. What I say,
Is as a thing assur'd, a truth establish'd. 170

HEG. And is it certain?

ARIST. Yes,---so very certain,
That you can never find a thing that's more so.
I and *Philocrates* have been friends from boys.

HEG. What sort of person was *Philocrates?*

ARIST. His hair inclin'd to red; frizzled and curl'd, 175
A lenten jaw, sharp nose, a fair complexion,
And black eyes.---

HEG. The description's very like him.

TYND. Now by my troth it was a sore mischance,
My coming here:---woe to the hapless twigs,
Will die upon my back.

HEG. I plainly see, 180
I have been cheated.

TYND. Why do ye delay?
Haste, haste, ye chains, come and embrace my legs,
That I may have you in my custody.---

HEG. These villain captives, how they have deceiv'd me!
He, that's gone off, feigned himself a slave, 185
And this a free man.---I have lost the kernel,
And for security the shell is left me.---
Fool that I am! they have impos'd upon me

V. 188. *They have impos'd upon me.*] The original is *os sublivere*, a proverbial expression, signifying to impose upon, or deceive, and used very frequently in that sense by our author. The expression

In ev'ry ſt ape.---But he ſhall never more 190
Make me his ſport.---Hoa, *Colapho, Cordalio, Corax!* go in and bring me out the thongs.

SLAVE. What, is he ſending us to bind up faggots?

[*The* SLAVES *go in, and return with thongs.*

SCENE V.

HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, *and* SLAVES.

HEGIO.

This inſtant manacle that raſcal there. [*to his Slaves.*

TYND. Ah! why is this? in what have I offended?

HEG. What, do you aſk? you that have been the ſower,
The weeder, and the reaper of theſe villainies.---

TYND. Why, firſt of all, did you not call me harrower? 5
Huſbandmen always harrow firſt the ground,
Before they weed it.---

HEG. See, with what aſſurance
He ſtands before me!

TYND. It becomes a ſlave,
That's innocent, unconſcious of a crime,

preſſion is taken from a cuſtom of women painting over ſpots or freckles in their faces, in order to hide them.

SCENE V. The editions have here again a new Scene without any occaſion, as the Slaves return immediately with the thongs they were ſent out to fetch. I have, however, followed the diviſion of the Scenes, which I find in the books, as well in this inſtance, as in that of Scene IV. as otherwiſe the continuation of one and the ſame Scene to ſuch an extraordinary length, might not perhaps have appeared ſo agreeable to the reader.

To

To bear him with ſuch confidence, eſpecially 10
Before his maſter.---

HEG. See you bind his hands,
And hard too.

TYND. I am yours, my hands are yours;---
If 'tis your pleaſure, bid them be cut off.---
But what's the matter? why thus angry with me?

HEG. Becauſe that by your knaviſh lying ſchemes
You have deſtroy'd, as far as in your power, 16
Me and my hopes, diſtracted my affairs,
And by your tricks have chous'd me of *Philocrates.*
I thought he was a ſlave, and you a free man,
For ſo you ſaid you were, and for that purpoſe 20
You chang'd your names.

TYND. I own that I have acted
E'en as you ſay,---that he has found the means
For his eſcaping, and through my aſſiſtance.---
Is it for this then you are angry with me?

HEG. What you have done, you'll find will coſt
you dear. 25

TYND. Death I eſteem a trifle, when not merited
By evil actions.---If I periſh here,
And he return not, as he gave his word,
This act will be remembred to my honour,
After I'm dead;---that I contriv'd to free 30
My maſter, when a captive, from his ſtate
Of ſlavery and oppreſſion with the foe;
Reſtor'd him to his country and his father,
Preferring rather to expoſe my life
To danger for him, than that he ſhould ſuffer. 35

HEG.

HEG. Enjoy that fame then in the other world.
TYND. He dies to live, who dies in Virtue's cause.
HEG. When I have put you to severest torture,
And for your tricks have ta'en away your life,
Let them extol you, that you are no more. 40
Let them extol you, that you've lost your life,
Nay, let them say, that you are still alive,
It matters not to me, so you but die.
TYND. Do,---put your threats in force,---you'll suffer for it,
If he return here, as I trust he will. 45
ARIST. (*Aside*) O ye immortal gods!---I know it now,
I understand it all.---My friend *Philocrates*
Enjoys his liberty, is with his father
At large in his own country.---That is well.---
There's not a man, whom I wish better to.--- 50
But O! it grives me, I have done for Him
So ill an Office, who alas! is chain'd
On my account, for what I chanc'd to say.
HEG. Did I not charge you not to tell me false?
TYND. You did.
HEG. Then wherefore have you dar'd to do it? 55
TYND. Truth would have done him hurt I wish'd to serve:
Falsehood has done him good.
HEG. But hurt to you.
TRND. 'Tis best.---I've serv'd my master, and I joy in't:---
My good old master gave him to my care.---

And

And do you think this wrongly done in me ?--- 60

HEG. Most wrongly.

TYND. I, who can't but differ from you,
Say rightly.---Only think,---if any slave
Of your's had done the same thing for your son,
How, how would you have thank'd him !---would you not
Have given him freedom ? would you not have held him 65
In your esteem high above all his fellows ?---
Say, answer me.

HEG. I think indeed I should.

TYND. Why are you angry then with me ?

HEG. Because
You were to him more faithful than to me.

TYND. What! could you have expected, that a man, 70
Newly a captive, and just made your slave,
Should in one night and day be taught by you
More to consult your interest than the good
Of one, whom he had liv'd with from a boy ?

HEG. Seek your reward then of that one.---
(*To the Slaves.*)
Go bear him, 75
Where he may put on large and ponderous chains.---
To the stone-quarries after shalt thou go :

V. 68. *Why are you angry then with me ?*] I cannot help pointing out the excellent reasoning in this whole passage, which could not but have worked on the humanity of so amiable a character as *Hegio* is represented to be, if he had not been enraged to the greatest degree, on account of his despairing to recover his son.

 There

There, in the times that others dig out eight,
If ev'ry day thou doſt not dig twelve ſtones,
Thou ſhalt be dubb'd with ſtripes *Sexcentoplagus.* 80

ARIST. By Gods and men I do conjure you, *Hegio,*
O let him not be loſt.

HEG. I'll look to that.

V. 80. *Thou ſhalt be dubb'd with ſtripes* Sexcentoplagus.] Sexcentoplago *nomen indetur tibi.* The meaning of this is,—*thou ſhalt be called* Sexcentoplagus, *from having* ſix hundred ſtripes *given thee.* This kind of pleaſantry is not uncommon in modern as well as ancient writers. The names of *Don Cholerick-Snap-Sharto-de-Teſty,* and *Don Diſmallo-Thick/cullo-de-half-witto,* in *Cibber's Fop's Fortune,* never fail to produce a laugh. We meet alſo with ſomething not much unlike this in *Ben Jonſon.* When *Volpone* puts on the habit of a mountebank, and is in that character haranguing the populace, he makes uſe of a long compounded word of the ſame kind.

Theſe *turdyfacynaſtypatylouſyfartical* rogues, with one poor groatſworth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapt in ſeveral *ſcartoccio's,* are able very well, to kill their twenty a week and play.

The Fox, Act II. Sce. I. *Volpone.*

See Act II. Sce. II. v. 52. and the note.—And *M. Coſte* has pointed out a ſimilar piece of humour in *Cocu Imaginarie,* Act I. Scene VI.

Sganarelle *eſt un nom, Qu'on ne me dira plus,*
Et l'on va m' appeller, Seigneur Cornelius.

That is,—I ſhall no longer be known by the name of *Sganarelle;* they will now call me Mr. *Cornelius,* i. e. *Cuckold.*

V. 82. *O let him not be loſt.*

HEG. *I'll look to that.*]

The original is,

ARIST. *Per deos atque homines ego te obteſter* HEGIO,
Ne tu hunc hominem perduis.

HEG. *Curabitur.*

At night he shall be guarded, bound with thongs;
And in the day shall labour in the quarries.
I'll keep him in continual exercise, 85
Nor shall he know the respite of one day.

ARIST. Is that your resolution?

HEG. Sure as death.--
Bear him directly to *Hippolytus*
The smith, and bid him clap upon his legs
Huge massy irons; then without the gate 90
Go, carry him to *Cordalus* my freed-man,
That he may make him labour in the quarries;
And tell him, 'tis my pleasure he be used
No better than the vilest slave I have.

TYND. Against your will, why should I wish to live? 95
My loss of life will be a loss to you.
There is no evil I need dread in death,
When death is over. Were I to survive

This is a joke from the double meaning of the word *perduis*, which signifies to *destroy* and to *lose*; accordingly *Aristophontes* designs it in the former sense, and *Hegio* chuses to understand it in the latter.

V. 96. *My loss of life will be a loss to you.*]
Periculum vitæ meæ tuo stat periculo.
The commentators explain this, that "by losing me you will "sustain the loss of a slave." *Milton*, in his Tragedy of *Samson Agonistes*, makes *Samson* use a similar reflection. V. 1257.

Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With so small profit daily to my owners.

To

To th' utmost age of man, my space of time
To bear the hardships, which you threat me with, 100
Would yet be short.---Then fare you well,---be happy,
Though you deserve another language from me.
And you, *Aristophontes*, take from me
As good a farewell, as you've merited:
For you have been the cause of this.

HEG. Hence with him. 105

TYND. One thing I yet request,---that, if *Philocrates*
Come back again, I may have leave to see him.

HEG. Bear him this instant from my sight, ye slaves,
Or you yourselves shall suffer.

(The slaves lay hold on TYNDARUS, *and push him along.*

TYND. This indeed
Is downright violence,---to be drag'd and driven. 100

[*He is borne off by the slaves.*

V. 109. *This indeed—Is downright violence.*] *Vis hæc quidem hercle est.* There is a curious passage in *Suetonius's Life of Julius Cæsar*, Chap. 82. which illustrates the use of this expression,—*Hæc vis est—This is violence*,—which the ancients were used to cry out, when violently assaulted. It may be sufficient to give it the reader in *English*.—"When the conspirators saw, that *Cæsar* "was seated, they stood round him by way of attendants; when "immediately *Cimber Tullius*, who had undertaken to begin first, "step'd nearer to him, as though he had some request to make; "at which *Cæsar* expressing a dislike, and by his gesture seem-"ing to desire to put it off to another time, *Cimber* caught hold "of his gown at both his shoulders; whereupon, as *Cæsar* cried "out,—*Ista quidem vis est*,—*This is violence*,—*Cassius* advanced "in front, and wounded him a little below the throat."

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter HEGIO *and* ARISTOPHONTES.

HEGIO.

So—he is carried off to limbo.—Well,—
I'll teach my other captives, how to dare
Attempt another ſuch-like enterpriſe!
Had it not been for Him who made diſcovery
Of this device, they all with knaviſh arts 5
Had led me by the bridle.— I'm reſolv'd
Henceforth I will have faith in none of them.—
I have been once impos'd on full enough.—
Ah me! I hop'd to have redeem'd my ſon
From ſlavery.—That hope is vaniſh'd quite!— 10
One ſon I loſt at four years old;—a ſlave
Then ſtole him from me; nor have I once heard
From that time of the ſlave, or of my ſon.—
My eldeſt is a captive with the foe.—
Ha! how is this? as though I had begot 15
My children only to be childleſs.—Follow me;
[*to Ariſt.*

V. 1. *Limbo.*] The original is, *phylacam*, from the *Greek*, ſignifying a place of confinement.

V. 4. *Him.*] Meaning *Ariſtophontes.*

V. 6. *Had led me by the bridle.*] *Offrænatum ductarent.*

V. 15. *As though I had begot my children only to be childleſs.*] The original is, *Quaſi in orbitatem liberos produxerim.* This is extremely fine, and a beauty in the author, well deſerving the reader's particular attention to. What follows, v. 18, 19, accounts for HEGIO's cruel treatment of TYNDARUS: though his character is that of a humane good-natured man, yet his diſappointment *had worked him* up into a kind of frenzy.

And I'll conduct you to your former ſtation.
I am reſolv'd to no one will I ſhew
Pity henceforth,—ſince no one pities me.

ARIST. With an ill omen freed from chains I came, 20
With an ill omen I to chains return. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Enter ERGASILUS, *at a diſtance.*

O JOVE ſupreme! how has thy providence
Preſerv'd me! how haſt thou increas'd my means,
And thrown moſt ample plenty in my way!
What ſtore of honours and emolument,
Celebrity, ſport, paſtime, holidays, 5
With ev'ry choice proviſion for good cheer,
Potations deep, and feaſtings in abundance,
Till the gorg'd appetite ſhall cry, Enough!—
'Tis fix'd, in future I will cringe and crouch
To no man, I: for now I am poſſeſs'd 10
Of means to help a friend, or hurt an enemy.
O this delightful day has heap'd upon me
Delights the moſt delightful:—I am maſter
Of an inheritance without incumbrance.—

V. 13. *O this delightful day, &c.*] In the original,
Amænitate amænâ amænus *oneravit dies.*

V. 14. *Of an inheritance without incumbrance.*] The original is,
Sine ſacris hæreditatem ſum aptus effertiſſiman.

Every *Roman* family had their particular ſacrifices; not only authoriſed by their pontifical Laws, but by the civil Law rendered hereditary, and ordered to be always preſerved, according to the Law of the twelve Tables, *Sacra privata perpetua manento*—*Let private ſacrifices remain perpetual.* This Law, the Reader will find cited, and commented upon at large, by *Cicero*, in his ſecond Book of Laws—He there tells us, that "*Heirs are obliged*

to

Now will I ſhape my courſe to *Hegio* here, 15
And bring him as much happineſs, as himſelf
Could wiſh for from the Gods, and even more.
Well—I will throw my cloak then o'er my ſhoulder,
Like ſlaves in comedies, for expedition,

" *to continue their ſacrifices, be they ever ſo expenſive, and that, for* " *this reaſon; that as, by the above Law, their ſacrifices were to be* " *maintained, no one was preſumed to ſupply the place of the deceaſed better than his Heir.*" To this then our Author alludes, when he makes *Ergaſilus* ſay, that, by the good news he is poſſeſſed of, he has wherewithal to obtain of *Hegio* an heritage, without being obliged to maintain any ſacrifices for it, that is, without expence.

COSTE.

Plautus uſes the ſame expreſſion in his TRINUMMUS, or the *Treaſure*, Act II. Scene IV. v. 90, 91.

Cœna hæc annona eſt ſine ſacris hæreditas.
This annual ſupper's an inheritance
Without incumbrance.

V. 18. *I will throw my cloak then o'er my ſhoulders,*
Like ſlaves in comedies.]

That is, that they may be more expeditious in executing their maſter's commands, and not have their cloak obſtruct them as they walk.

Our Author has it again in *Epidicus*, Act II. Scene II. v. 10.

Age, nunc orna te, Epidice, et palliolum in collum conjice.
——————Now about it;
Attire thyſelf, and o'er thy ſhoulders throw
Thy cloak, *Epidicus.*——

And we meet with the ſame in *Terence. Phormio*, Act V. Scene VI. v. 4.

Sed ego nunc mihi ceſſo, qui non humerum hunc onero pallio,
Atque hominem propero invenire, ut hæc quæ contigerant ſciat.
—— And why
Do I not throw my cloak upon my ſhoulder,
And haſte to find him out, that he may know,
All that has happened.—— COLMAN.

Seneca has the ſame alluſion, when ſpeaking of the effeminacy of *Mecænas*, he ſays,

That I may be the firſt to tell it him: 20
And for my tidings I have hopes to get
Good eating with him to eternity.

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO.

The more I think on this affair, the more
Is my uneaſineſs of mind increas'd.—
That they ſhould gull me in this ſort!—and I
Never perceive it!—When this once is known,
I ſhall be made the jeſt of all the city.
And ſoon as e'er I come into the Forum,
"That's the old fellow there," they all will cry,
"Who has been trick'd."—But is not this *Ergaſilus*,
I ſee at diſtance?—Sure it is,—his cloak
Thrown o'er his ſhoulder.—What is he about? 10

ERG. (*Advancing.*) Haſte, haſte, *Ergaſilus*,—look to thy buſineſs.—
(*Loud.*) Hence,—have a care,—I warn you, and forewarn you,—
Let no man ſtop me in my way, unleſs
He thinks that he has had enough of life;—
Whoever ſtops me, he ſhall kiſs the ground. 15

—*Pallio veleretur caput excluſis utrinque auribus, non aliter quam in Mimo divitis fugitivi ſolent.* EPIST. 114.

Having his face muffled up in a cloak, without diſcovering any thing but his ears, juſt as ſlaves do in a comedy, when they are in haſte.

V. 12. *I warrant you, and forewarn you.*] *Eminor interminorque.*

HEG.

HEG. He puts himſelf in poſture as for boxing.---

ERG. I'll do't---by heav'ns I'll do't.--Let ev'ry one
Purſue his own track, nor by any buſineſs
Clog up the ſtreet.---My fiſt is a *Baliſta*,
My arm a *Catapulta*, and my ſhoulder 20
A *Battering-Ram*.---On whomſoever once
I dart my knee, I'll give him to the ground.---
Whatever mortal I ſhall light upon,
I'll knock his teeth out, and employ the wretch

V. 19. *My fiſt is a Baliſta, &c.*] *Baliſta*, was an engine to throw darts, or ſtones, a *Catapulta* much the ſame, and a *Battering-Ram*, a large piece of wood with a ram's head, made of braſs or iron, carved at the end of it, which the ancients made uſe of to batter down the walls of a town in a ſiege.

V. 22. *I'll give him to the ground.*] *Ad terram dabo.*

V. 24. *I'll knock his teeth out, and employ the wretch*
To pick them up again.

In the original,—Dentilegos *omnes mortales faciam.*

Something ſimilar to this we meet with in an Epigram of *Martial.* Book VIII. Epigr. 57.

De Picente.

Tres habuit dentes, pariter quos expuit omnes,
Ad tumulum Picens dum ſedet ipſe ſuum.
Collegitque ſinu fragmenta noviſſima laxi
Oris, et aggeſtâ contumulavit humo.
Oſſa licet quondam defuncti non legat hæres :
Hoc ſibi jam Picens præſtitit officium.

On Picens.

Three teeth in all poor *Picens* had to boaſt,
Theſe three before his future tomb he loſt :
Loos'd by a cough their native jaws they left,
Of arms and ornament at once bereft.
On theſe with reverend care the thrifty knave,
Beſtows the honours of an early grave.
He truſts not to the heir, who'll have his pelf :
Picens is *Undertaker* to himſelf.—

To pick them up again.

HEG. What mighty menaces! 25
They quite astonish me.

ERG. If any dare
Oppose my course, I'll make him well remember
The day, the place for evermore, and me:
Who stops me, puts a stop to his existence.

HEG. What would the man be at with all his swaggering? 30

ERG. I give you notice, caution you before hand,
That it may be your own fault, if you're caught.---
Keep home then, guard you from assault.

HEG. 'Twere strange this,
Had not his belly got him this assurance.
I pity the poor wretch, whose cheer has swol'n him 35
To all this insolence.

ERG. Then for your bakers,
Breeders of swine, rascals who feed their hogs
With refuse bran, that no one can pass by
Their bake-house for the stench;---let me but see
One of their swine here in the public way, 40
My fists shall give the owner such a dusting,

This Epigram, as well as other passages in *Plautus*, *Taubman* says, alludes to the custom of the *Romans*, of collecting and picking up the bones of the dead, after their bodies were burned, in order to put them into urns: Which the reader may see explained in a note of *Farnaby*, upon a passage in the *Troades of Seneca*. V. 799.

V. 29. *Who stops me, puts a stop to his existence.*] This is exactly the sense of the original, *Qui mihi in cursu* obstiterit, *faxo vitæ is extemplo* obstiterit *suæ*.

V. 41. *My fists shall give the owner, &c.*] The original is,
Ex ipsis dominis meis pugnis exculcabo furfures.

As ſhall beat out his bran about his ears.

HEG. He iſſues royal and imperial edicts!
His belly's full: and that 'tis gives him impudence.

ERG. Then for your fiſhmongers, who hawk about
Upon a four-leg'd dull provoking jade 46
Their ſtale commodities, whoſe very ſtench
Drives off our ſaunterers in the Forum:---troth,
I'll beat their filthy baſkets 'bout their chaps,
That they may know how much offence they give 50
To others' noſes.---Then too for the butchers,
Who under the pretence of ſelling lamb
Will put off ewe upon you, fob you off
With ram for weather mutton;---in my way
If I ſhould chance to meet a ram of theirs, 55
Woe to the ram, and woe too to it's owner!

HEG. Heyday! this ſwaggering fellow iſſues out
His edicts and commands, as though he were
Comptroller of the Victualling:---Our *Ætolians*
Have made him, ſure, Inſpector of the Market. 60

ERG. No more a paraſite, but I'm a king,---
More kingly than a king,---a king of kings;

V. 46. *Four-leg'd dull provoking jade.*] *Quadrupedanti* crucianti *canterio. Crucianti*, tormenting on account of the ſlowneſs of its pace.

V. 59. *Comptroller of the Victualling.*] There is a Pun, as *De l'Oeuvre* informs us, in the original, the ſenſe of which I have endeavoured in ſome meaſure to preſerve. *Edictiones* ædilitias *hic habet.* The *Ædiles* had cogniſance of the public markets, and *edilis* is from *edo*, to eat.

V. 60. *Inſpector of the Market.*] *Agoranomum*, the name that the *Greeks* gave the officer, whoſe buſineſs was the ſame with the *Roman Ædiles*,—to take care of the markets.

In

In port I have it, ſuch an ample ſtore !
Proviſion for the belly.---Why do I
Delay to load old *Hegio* here with tranſport, 65
Who is in troth the happieſt man alive.

HEG. What tranſport is it, that himſelf it ſeems,
Is in a tranſport to impart to me ?

ERG. (*Knocking at* HEGIO's *door*)
Hoa there---where are ye ? ſome one ope the door.

HEG. He's come to ſup with me.

ERG. Ope both the doors, 70
Ere piece-meal I demoliſh them with knocking.

HEG. I have a mind to ſpeak to him.---*Ergaſilus !*

ERG. Who calls *Ergaſilus ?*

HEG. Turn your head---Look on me.

ERG. Look on you ?---That what Fortune never does,
Nor ever will.---Who is it ?

HEG. Look.---I'm *Hegio.* 75

ERG. (*Turning.*) Beſt of beſt men, moſt opportunely met.

HEG. You have got ſome one at the port to ſup with,
And therefore do you treat me with this ſcorn.

V. 74. *Look on you ?—That's what Fortune never does.*]
HEG. *Reſpice.* ERG. *Fortuna quod tibi nec facit, nec faciet.*

This is founded on the different ſenſes of the word *reſpicere*, which ſignifies literally *to look back*, and metaphorically, *to look upon with regard.—Ergaſilus*, taking it in the *latter ſenſe*, obſerves that Fortune is not diſpoſed to look upon him in a tolerable light, who had been ſo imprudent to ſtop him in his way, when he was upon buſineſs of ſuch importance.

ERG. Give me thy hand.

HEG. My hand?

ERG. Thy hand, I ſay.
Give it this inſtant.

HEG. There it is. *(Giving his hand.)*

ERG. Be joyous. 80

HEG. Joyous! for what?

ERG. Becauſe it is my order.---
Come, come, be joyous.

HEG. Joy alas! with me
By ſorrow is prevented.

ERG. Do not grieve:
I'll wipe away this inſtant ev'ry ſtain
Of ſorrow from your ſoul.---Pluck up,---be joyous. 85

HEG. Well.--Though I know no reaſon to rejoice.

ERG. That's bravely done.---Now order---

HEG. Order what?

ERG. A monſtruous fire,

HEG. A monſtruous fire?

ERG. I ſay it:
An huge one let it be.

HEG. Why how now, *Vulture?*
Think you that I will fire my houſe to pleaſe you? 90

ERG. Nay prithee don't be angry.---Will you order,
Or will you not, the pots to be put on?
The diſhes to be waſh'd? the larded meats,
And kickſhaws to be ſet upon the ſtoves?
Won't you ſend ſome one to buy fiſh?

HEG. He dreams 95
With his eyes open!

V. 95 *He dreams—With his eyes open.*] *Vigilans ſomniat*—a proverbial expreſſion, which we meet with alſo in Terence. *Andria, Act V.* Scene VI. v. 6.

——Nam

ERG. Bid another go
For pork, lamb, pullets.

HEG. Yes, you underſtand
Good living, had you wherewithal to get it.

ERG. For hams, for turbot, ſalmon, mackarel, cod,
A fat cheeſe.

HEG. Eaſier 'tis for you to talk 100
Of all thoſe dainties, than with me to eat them.

ERG. Think you, I ſpeak this on my own account?

HEG. You will have nothing, don't deceive yourſelf,
Like what you talk off.---Prithee bring with you
A ſtomach ſuited to ſuch common fare, 105
As you may meet with ev'ry day,---no nice one.

ERG. But let me tell you, I ſhall be the author
Of your providing a moſt ſumptuous treat,
E'en though I ſhould forbid it.

HEG. I?

ERG. Yes, you.

——— ——— *Num ille ſomniat*
Ea quæ vigilans voluit?——
Is this man talking in his ſleep, and dreams
On what he wiſhes waking? COLMAN.

V. 97. *You underſtand—Good Living.*] *Scis bene eſſe.* By which the *Romans* meant all kinds of luxurious eating and drinking.

At mihi ſeu longum poſt tempus venerat hoſpes,
Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbres
Vicinus, BENE ERAT.———

Horat. L. 2. *Serm.* II. V. 166.

Yet when arriv'd ſome unexpected gueſt,
Or rainy weather gives ſome hour of reſt,
If a kind neighbour then a viſit paid,
An entertainment more profuſe I made. FRANCIS.

HEG.

HEG. Hey! you are then my maſter.
ERG. I'm your friend.--- 110
Say, ſhall I make thee happy?
HEG. Certainly
I'd rather ſo, than you ſhould make me wretched.
ERG. Give me thy hand.
HEG. There,---there's my hand.
ERG. The Gods,
The Gods are all your friends.
HEG. I feel it not. 114
ERG. You are not in a thorn-buſh, elſe you'd feel.
But let your ſacred veſſels be prepar'd,
And bid them bring forthwith a fatted lamb.
HEG. For what?
ERG. To make a ſacrifice.
HEG. To whom?
Which of the Gods?
ERG. To Me.---For I am now
Thy *Jupiter* ſupreme, thy God *Salvation*, 120
Thy Life, thy Fortune, thy Delight, thy Joy. --
To make this God propitious, cram him well.
HEG. May *Jupiter* and all the Gods confound you.

V. 114. 115. *I feel it not.*
ERG. *You are not in a thorn-buſh, elſe you'd feel.*
This is perhaps one of the pooreſt jokes in our Author.
HEG. *Non ſentio.*
ERG. *Non enim es in* ſenticeto, *eo non* ſentis.

V. 120. *Salvation.*] See a paſſage parallel to this, Vol. II. The *Miſer*, Act. V. Scene VII. v. 16.

——— ———I'll reſtore it to old *Euclio*,
Who will adore me as his joy, his pleaſure,
His Jove protector, his ſupreme Salvation.

ERG.

ERG. Nay, you ſhould rather thank me for the news
I bring you from the Port, ſuch gladſome news. 125
Your ſupper likes me now.

HEG. Be gone, you fool,---
You're come too late.

ERG. Your words had been more true,
Had I come ſooner.---Now receive from me
The Tranſport that I bring you.---At the Port
Juſt now I ſaw your ſon, your *Philopolemus*, 130
Alive and hearty,---in the pacquet boat
I ſaw him,---with him too that other ſpark,
Your captive, he of *Ælis*,---and beſides,
Your ſlave *Stalagmus*, he that run away,
And ſtole your little boy at four years old. 135

HEG. Away,---you joke me.

ERG. Holy Gluttony!
So help me,---as I wiſh for evermore
By her high title to be dignified,---
I ſaw---

HEG. My ſon?

V. 127. *Your ſupper likes me now.*] The original is, *Nunc id mihi places.* It is plain, from *Hegio*'s anſwer, that this means the ſupper, which our Paraſite now promiſes to himſelf will be an extraordinary one, on account of the good news he brings of the return of the old man's ſon.

V. 137. *Holy Gluttony.*] *Sancta Saturitas.* There is great humour in the Paraſite's deifying and ſwearing by *Saturitas* or *Gluttony*, as I have rendered it. The commentators have taken notice of an expreſſion ſomewhat ſimilar to this in *St. Paul*'s Epiſtle to the *Philippeans*, C. III. v. 19. ὧν ὁ θεὸς ἡ κοιλία. *Whoſe* God *is their* Belly.

V. 140. *My ſon?*] What follows is, as *Taubman* obſerves, an

ERG. Your ſon, my Genius.

HEG. With him

The captive youth of *Elis* ?

ERG. By *Apollo* ! 140

HEG. *Stalagmus* too, who ſtole my child---

ERG. By *Sora.* !

ingenious repreſentation of that want of credit we are uſed to give to what inſpires us with ſudden joy. This affection we alſo meet with admirably painted by *Terence* in his *Heautontimonimenos*, Act III. Scene I. v. 18,

CHERM. ——— *Nuntium apporto tibi,*
Cujus maximè te fieri participem cupis.
MENED. *Num quidnam de gnato meo audiſti, Chreme ?*
CHR. *Valet atque vivit.*—ME. *Ubinam eſt quæſo ?* CH. *Apud me domi.*
ME. *Meus gnatus ?* CH. *Sic eſt.* MEN. *Vexit !* CH. *Certè.*
ME. *Clinia.*
Meus venit ! CH. *Dixi.* ME. *Eamus : duc ad me, obſecro.*
CH. ——— I have news for you,
Such news, as you'll be overjoy'd to hear.
ME. Of my ſon, *Chremes ?* CH. He's alive and well.
ME. Where ? CH. At my houſe--ME. My ſon ? CH. Your ſon.
ME. Come home ?
CH. Come home. ME, My dear boy come ? my *Clinia ?*
CH. He.
ME. Away then ! prithee bring me to him.———

COLMAN.

Mr. *Colman*, in his note on this paſſage, has taken notice of this very paſſage. The *Self Tormentor.*

V. 142. *By* Sora, *&c.*] In regard to theſe places, by which *Ergaſilus* here atteſts the truth of what he ſays, it may be ſufficient juſt to obſerve, that *Sora* was a town of the *Volſci*, and now an epiſcopal city of *Naples*, of the ſame name : *Præneſte*, a city of *Latium*, now called *Paleſtrina*, an epiſcopal city, near *Rome*, and under its juriſdiction : *Signia*, a village of the *Volſci*, its preſent name *Segni*, and alſo the ſeat of a biſhoprick : *Phryſinone*, a city of the *Volſci*, now called *Troſilane* : And *Alatrium*, a city near *Rome*, now known by the name of *Alatri*. COSTE.

HEG. Long ago.—

ERG. By *Præneste!*

HEG. Come?

ERG. By *Signia!*

HEG. Art sure?

ERG. By *Phrysinone!*

HEG. Have a care,
You do not tell a falshood.

ERG. By *Alatrium!*

HEG. Why do you swear thus by these barbarous cities 145
With uncouth names?

It is remarkable that the names of these places, which the *Parasite* swears by, are all of them in *Greek*; except in one or two of the very old editions. The particular humour intended by this is not perhaps entirely clear to us; though it seems partly intended to give occasion to what *Hegio* says afterwards, and the *Parasite*'s answer thereupon.

HEG. Why do you swear thus by these *barbarous* cities,
With uncouth names?

ERG. Because they are as hard
As is the supper, which you said you'd give me.

V. 145. *Why do you swear thus by these barbarous cities.*] It has been before observed, that all foreign persons, nations or cities, were called *barbarous*, in opposition to their own countrymen, nation or city. See Act III. Scene I. note on V. 52. It should seem, by the following passage, that our *Shakespeare* was not unacquainted with the use of the word in that sense.

Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and *Lavinia*'s cause.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not BARBAROUS.
The *Greeks* upon advice, did bury *Ajax*
That slew himself, and wise *Laertes*' son
Did graciously plead for funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be bar'd his entrance here.

Titus Andronicus, Act I. Sce. V. Marcus.

ERG.

ERG. Becauſe they are as hard
As is the ſupper which, you ſaid, you'd give me.
HEG. A plague confound you!
ERG. Why? becauſe you won't
Believe me, though I ſpeak in ſober ſadneſs.---
But of what country was *Stalagmus*, when 150
He ran away?
HEG. Of *Sicily*.
ERG. But now
He's no *Sicilian*: he is a *Slave-onian*,
To a *Slave-onian* yoke-mate tied for life.
A fit match for him to keep up the family. 154
HEG. And may I then rely on what you've ſaid?
ERG. You may rely.
HEG. O ye immortal Gods!
If he ſpeak truth, I ſhall ſeem born again.
ERG. And can you doubt me, when I ſwore ſo ſolemnly?
If you have little faith then in my oaths,
Go to the port yourſelf.
HEG. And ſo I will.--- 160

V. 152. *He is a* Slave-onian.
To a Slave-onian *yoke-mate tied for life.*] There is a pun in the original, ſuch as it is, which I have endeavoured in ſome meaſure to preſerve.—Boius *eſt*, Boiam *terit*.—*Boia* is the name of a town, and alſo means a kind of *Yoke* worn by *Slaves*. The ambiguity therefore, conſiſts in its being underſtood in one ſenſe, *He is a* Boian, *and is coupled with a* Boian *woman*; and in the other, *He is a* Boian, *as he is joined to a* Boian. It is not very agreeable to explain the low puns of our Author, but in a *tranſlation* it may be judged neceſſary.

Take

Take thou the neceſſary care within:
Uſe, and demand, broach any caſk you like,
I make you cellar-man.

ERG. And if you find me
Not a true prophet, trim me with your cudgel.

HEG. If your intelligence ſhould turn out true, 165
I will inſure you everlaſting eating.

ERG. From whence?

HEG. From me and from my ſon.

ERG. You promiſe?

HEG. I do.

ERG. And I too, that your ſon is come.

HEG. You'll manage for the beſt.

ERG. All good attend you.

[*Exit Hegio.*

V. 161. *Take thou the neceſſary care within.*] Our Author's *Paraſites* have been imitated by modern dramatic Poets, particularly by *Fletcher*, in the character of *Lazarillo*, the hungry courtier, in his *Woman Hater*, and by *Maſſenger* in that of *Juſtice Greedy*, in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. *Sir Giles Over-reach*, in the latter, giving the *Juſtice* the command of the Kitchen, and abſolute authority there in reſpect to the entertainment, (Act III. Scene II.) ſeems more particularly to have had its original from this paſſage; and *Lazarillo*'s drawing his ſword, and demanding the way, (*Woman-Hater*. Act III. Scene IV.) ſeems not unlikely to have been a hint from the behaviour of *Ergaſilus* in the beginning of this Scene. There is alſo a character in many reſpects like it in a Comedy, called *The Canterbury Gueſts*, by *Ravenſcroft*.

V. 164. *Trim me with your cudgel.*] *Fuſti Pectito.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

ERGAILUS *alone.*

He's gone: and has intrusted to my care
The high and grand concern of catering.---
Immortal Gods! how I shall cut and quarter!
How I shall chop the crags from off the chines!
What devastation will befal the hams! 5
What a consumption rage among the bacon!
What massacre of fat sows paps! of brawn
What havock will arise!---Then what fatigue
Awaits the butchers! what the hog killers!---

V. 5. *What devastation will befal the hams!*] Hams and bacon are often mentioned in this Comedy, as well as in others of our author: if the reader is desirous of being acquainted with the *Roman* method of curing them, he will find the receipt in CATO *de Re Rustica*, Cap. 162. 163.

V. 7. *What massacre of fat sows paps!*] The original is,—*Quanta* suminis *absumedo! Lambin* tells us, that by *sumen* was meant, the paps of a sow with the milk in them, cut off and dried,—a great dainty among the *Romans.*—*Martial* alludes to it in the 14th Epigram of his 13th Book. Our author again reckons it, among others, as such in his *Pseudolus*, Act I. Scene XI. v. 33. And *Ben Jonson*, (who was a close follower of the ancients,) in his *Alchemist*, Act II. Scene II. makes *Sir Epicure Mammon* reckon this among his luxurious dainties.

——————I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd; instead of sallads,
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce.—

But to ſay more of what concerns good eating, 10
Is loſs of time, and hindrance.---I will now
Go enter on my government, and ſit
In judgement o'er the bacon,---ſet at liberty
Hams that have hung untry'd and uncondemn'd.

Exit.

*** The whole buſineſs of this Act is employed in the Paraſite's coming to give HEGIO an account of the arrival of his ſon, with the captive youth of *Ælis*, and the ſlave that had ſtolen his other ſon. This naturally prepares the ſpectator for a very intereſting incident, which is to follow in Act V.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Enter from HEGIO'*s House, a* LAD, *servant to* HEGIO.

MAY *Jove* and all the Gods, *Ergasilus*,
Confound thee and thy belly, with all Parasites,
And all who shall hereafter entertain them!
Storm, tempest, devastation, have just broke
Their way into our house!---I was afraid, 5
He would have seiz'd me, like an hungry wolf:---
I was indeed in a most piteous fright,
He made such horrid grinding with his teeth.---
Soon as he came, he knock'd down the whole larder
With all the meat in't:---then he snatch'd a knife, 10
And stuck three pigs directly in the throat;---

Scene I.] I have taken the liberty to make this the First Scene of the Fifth Act, though in most, if not all the Editions, it is the Last of the Fourth. Can it be supposed, that *Ergasilus* could execute what he had said he would in the preceding Scene, and which the Lad here tells us he had executed, without some time allowed for so doing. *M. Marolles* has indeed observed before me, that a *Lad* coming out from *Hegio*'s house, to shew the confusion *Ergasilus* had occasioned there almost in the instant he had entered it, made him suspect, either that the Scene had been misplaced, or that a whole Scene had been lost; as the necessary time for him to do what he is said to have done, is not allowed; "or perhaps, adds he, this should be the First Scene "of the Fifth Act," which seems very probable.

V. 9. *Larder.*] *Carnarium.*

Broke all the pots and cups that were not measure,
And ask'd the cook, whether the salting pans
With their contents might not be clap'd upon
The fire together all at once:---He has broke 15
The celler door down, laid the store-room open.---
Secure him I beseech you, fellow-servants:---
I'll to my master, tell him he must order
Some more provisions, if he means to have
Any himself:---for as this fellow manages, 20
There's nothing left, or nothing will be shortly,

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO, PHILOPOLEMUS, *and* PHILOCRATES. STALAGMUS *at a distance.*

HEGIO, *to his son, advancing.*

O my dear boy!---To *Jove* and to the Gods,
In duty bound, I pay my utmost thanks;---
That they have thus restor'd you to your father;---
That they have freed me from the load of sorrow
I've labour'd under, since depriv'd of you;--- 5
That I behold yon villain in my pow'r;---
(*Pointing to* STALAGMUS)
And that this youth has kept his word with me.
(*Pointing to* PHILOCRATES)
No more,---enough already I've experienc'd
Of heart-felt anguish,---with disquietude

V. 13. *Salting-pans.*] *Scrias.* These, we are told, were for the purposes expressed in the translation, and made of earth.

And

And tears enough have worn me,---I have heard 10
Enough too of your troubles, which, my ſon,
You told me at the Port.—Then now to buſineſs.

PHIL. Well, Sir,—what recompence may I expect
For keeping of my word, and bringing back
Your ſon in liberty?

HEG. You've done, *Philocrates*, 15
What I can never thank you for enough,—
So much you merit from my ſon and me.

PHILOP. Nay, but you can, my father, and you ſhall,
And I ſhall too:—the Gods too will enable you
Amply to pay a kindneſs back to one, 20
Who has deſerv'd ſo highly of us both.—

V. 12. *You told me at the Port.*] The opening of this Scene ſhews the art of our Author in the conduct of this play, as it ſuppoſes *Hegio* to have diſcourſed with his ſon concerning all his adventures, as they were coming from the ſhip, thereby avoiding a dull narration of what the audience were already ſufficiently informed of, as well from the Prologue, as from the former Acts of the Play itſelf. MAROLLES.

V. 18. *Nay, but you can, my father, &c.*] *Philopolemus*, afraid that his father would pay for the important ſervice he had juſt received with fine ſpeeches, full of this thought, loſes no time in remonſtrating to him, that he had wherewithal really to teſtify his acknowledgments to *Philocrates* for the favours he had received. In this procedure, there is a ſpirit of candour and equity found only in the heart of the truly virtuous. And it is certain, this noble ſincerity is oftner met with in young men, who have not been debauched by a commerce with the world, than in old men; who, uſually cunning, hard-hearted and ſelf-intereſted, love to deceive, merely becauſe they have been deceived themſelves, or, at leaſt, having been often in danger of it. COSTE.

Indeed, my father, but you muſt.

HEG. No more:—

(*To Phil*) I've no tongue to deny whate'er you aſk.

PHIL. I aſk of you that ſlave I left behind
An hoſtage for me, (one, who ever has 25
Prefer'd my intereſt to his own, that ſo
I may reward him for his ſervices.

HEG. Your ſervices I'll thankfully repay.---
That which you aſk, and that and any thing
Which you require, you may at once command.---30
Don't be offended, that your ſlave has felt
The marks of my diſpleaſure.

PHIL. How diſpleaſure?

HEG. Finding myſelf impos'd upon, in chains
I had him laid, and ſent him to the quarries.

PHIL. Ah me! it grives me, that this beſt of fellows 35
Should undergo theſe hardſhips for my ſake.

HEG. I will have nothing therefore for his ranſom,
Freed, without coſt, ſo take him.

PHIL. Kindly done.
But let him, pray, be ſent for ſtrait.

HEG. He ſhall.
(*To attendants*) Where are you? Go, bring *Tyndarus* here directly.---
Do you go in.—(*To Phil. and Philop.*) Mean time will I examine
This whipping-poſt, to learn what he has done

V. 42. *This whipping-poſt.*] The original is, *Statuâ verbereâ,*— an expreſſion (I believe) peculiar to our Author. We meet with it

With my poor younger ſon.---You'll bath the while.

PHILOP. *Philocrates*, you'll follow.

PHIL. I attend you,

[*Exeunt* PHILOPOLEMUS *and* PHILOCRATES.

SCENE III.

HEGIO *and* STALAGMUS.

HEGIO.

My honeſt lad!---come hither;---my fine ſlave!

STAL. What d'ye expect from Me, when ſuch a man,
As you are, will tell lies?---An honeſt lad!
A fine ſlave! I ne'er was, nor ever ſhall be;---
Hope not to make me ſo.

HEG. You ſee at once 5
Your ſituation.--- if you ſpeak the truth,
You'll better your bad fortune:--- ſpeak it then,---
Be true and juſt, though you was never ſo
In all your life before.

STAL. And do you think
I bluſh to own it when yourſelf affirm it? 10

HEG. But I will make you bluſh;—nay, I will make you
Redden all over.

STAL. So!—you threaten me

it in *Pſeudolus*, Act IV. Scene I. v. 7.—and, if I miſtake not, there, and here only.—

Sed eccum video verboream ſtatuam.
But lo! I ſee this whipping-poſt.

V. 12. *Redden all over.*] *In ruborem te totum dabo*, that is, (as is plain from *Stalagmus's* anſwer,) by ſtripes.

As though I were not uſed to ſtripes.—Away then--
Say, what's your pleaſure?—'Tis but aſk, and have.
HEG. Fine talking this!—To cut the matter ſhort,
Prithee be brief. 16

STAL. I'll do as you command.
HEG. O he was ever an obedient lad!—
But to the buſineſs.—Now attend and anſwer me
To what I aſk you:—if you ſpeak the truth,
You'll better your condition.
STAL. That's a joke!— 20
Can you imagine, that I do not know
What I deſerve?
HEG. But yet you may avoid
A part, if not the whole.
STAL. A trifling part:---
Much is my due;---becauſe I ran away,
And ſtole your ſon, then ſold him.
HEG. Sold! to whom? 25
STAL. *Theodoromedes* the *Polypluſian*
Of *Ælis* for ſix *Minæ*.
HEG. O ye Gods!
He is the father of this ſame *Philocrates*.
STAL. I know him better than I know yourſelf,
And I have ſeen him oft'ner.
HEG. *Jove* ſupreme! 30

V. 17.] The learned reader will perceive, that a different turn is here given to what the Commentators ſuppoſe the ſenſe of the original.

Preſerve

Preſerve me and my ſon !---Hoa there !---*Philocrates!*
I beg you as you love me, to come forth :---
I have to ſay to you---

SCENE IV.

Enter PHILOCRATES.

PHIL. Behold me here;
Command me what you will: ſay, what's your pleaſure?

HEG. This fellow tells me, that he ſold my ſon
At *Ælis* to your father for ſix *Minæ*.

PHIL. (*To Stal.*) How long was this ago?

STAL. Near twenty years, 5

PHIL. He ſays what is not true.

STAL. Or you or I do.—
Your father gave you, when a child, a ſlave
Of four years old for your own uſe and ſervice.

PHIL. What was his name?—If what you ſay is true,
Tell me his name.

STAL. His name was *Pægnium* 10
But afterwards you call'd him *Tyndarus*.

PHIL. How came I not to recollect you?

STAL. 'Tis
The uſual way with folks not to remember
Or know the man, whoſe favour is worth nothing,

PHIL. Tell me,—that ſlave, my father bought of you,

V. 8. *For your own uſe and ſervice.*] The original is, *peculiarem*, of one's own particular poſſeſſion,

And

And gave to me for my own ſervice, was he
This old man's ſon ?

HEG. Lives he ?

STAL. I had the mony,
I car'd for nothing more.

HEG. What ſay's *Philocrates ?*

PHIL. That he, this very *Tyndarus*, is your ſon,
The proofs ſhew.—He was brought up from a boy 20
With me a boy in modeſty and virtue
Even to manhood.

HEG. If ye ſpeak the truth,
I am indeed both happy and unhappy.
I am unhappy, if he is my ſon,
That I have us'd him with ſeverity 25
Ah me ! I've treated him with leſs affection,
And with more cruelty than it behov'd me.
It grives me, I have wrought him ſo much harm :—
Would it had ne'er been done !—But ſee, he comes,
Accoutred little ſuiting to his virtues. 30

SCENE V.

Enter TYNDARUS.

I've often ſeen the torments of the damn'd
In pictures repreſented : but no Hell

V. 30. *Accoutred, &c.*] Ornatus *haud ex ſuis virtutibus*, alluding to his being chained.

V. 2. *In pictures repreſented.*] *Meurſius* informs us, that the antients, in order to keep men more ſtrict to their duty, and to deter them from evil actions, uſed to have thoſe torments of the infernal world, which they imagined might hang over their heads, repreſented in pictures, in order that they might have them *in* view, as if real.

Can

Can equal that, where I was, in the Quarries.
That is a place, where ev'ry limb with toil
And labour muſt be wearied.—Soon as I 5
Arriv'd there,—as your brats of quality
Have daws, or ducks, or quails to play with,—me
They gave, t'amuſe myſelf withal, a Crow.—
But ſee, my maſter's here before his door!
My other maſter too, return'd from *Ælis!* 10

HEG. Save you, my wiſh'd for ſon!

TYND. Ha! what?—your ſon!
Yes, yes, I underſtand you, why you call

V. 8. *A Crow.*] This is a pun in the original, *Upupa*, ſignifying the bird called a *Lapwing*, as alſo a *Mattock*, *Pick-axe*, or ſuch like inſtrument. The word in our language, *Crow*, that is, an *Iron Crow*, which labourers uſe, ſerves very well to preſerve the *equivoque*. And we think ourſelves happy that *Shakeſpeare* has ſupplied us with the hint.—In *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. Scene I. *Antipholis of Epheſus*, being denied admittance into his own houſe, ſays to his ſlave *Dromio*———

Well, I'll break in: go, borrow me a *crow*.
E. Dromio. *A crow* without feather, maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather,
If a *crow* will help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a *crow* together.
E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an *iron crow*———

It may be proper to remark, that we learn from many authors, that children of faſhion among the *Greeks* and *Romans* had birds of ſeveral kinds given them for their amuſement. Let it ſuffice to ſet down what *Pliny* ſays in his Epiſtle to *Clemens*, B. IV. Ep. II. ſpeaking of *Regulus*'s ſon, who was juſt then dead. *Habebat puer mannulos multos, et junctos et ſolutos: habebat canes majores minoreſque: habebat luſcinias, pſittacos, merulas: omnes Regulus circà rogum trucidavit.*

The boy had ſeveral little coach and ſaddle horſes. He had likewiſe hounds of the large, as well as the ſmall ſort. He had *nightingales*, *parrots*, and *blackbirds*, all of which *Regulus* put to death about the funeral pile.

Yourſelf

Yourſelf my father, me your ſon :—you've done,
As parents do,—caus'd me to ſee the light.

PHIL. Save you, ſweet *Tyndarus !*

TYND. And you too,—though 15
On your account I undergo this trouble.

PHIL. But through my means you'll now arrive at wealth
And liberty.—This is your father.--(*pointing to Hegio.*)
This (*pointing to Stalagmus,*)
The ſlave, that ſtole you hence at four years old,
And ſold you to my father for ſix *Minæ*, 20
Who gave you to me, then a little boy
Like to yourſelf, for my own uſe and ſervice.
He has confeſs'd the whole : we've brought him back
From *Ælis* hither.

TYND. Where is *Hegio*'s ſon ?

PHIL. Your brother,—he's within.

TYND. How ſay you ? have you 25
Then brought him home ?

PHIL. I tell you, he's within.

TYND. 'Twas rightly done in you.

PHIL. This is your father,
And that the thief, who ſtole you when a boy.

TYND. And for that theft, now I'm a man as he is,
I'll give him to the hangman.

PHIL. He's deſerving.— 30

V. 14. *Caus'd me to ſee the light.*] As parents are the cauſe of their children's ſeeing the light, by giving them birth, ſo *Tyndarus* ſays, *Hegio* calls him his ſon, becauſe he had brought him from the dark quarries into day light.

TYND.

TYND. And I'll reward him equal to his merits.—
(*To Hegio.*) But tell me, pray,—are you indeed my father?

HEG. I am, my ſon.

TYND. At length I recollect,
And have a dark remembrance, that I've heard
My father's name was *Hegio*.

HEG. I am he. 35

PHIL. O let your ſon be lighten'd of thoſe chains,
And that ſlave loaded with them.

HEG. 'Tis my purpoſe;
I'll do it the firſt thing.---Then let us in,
And ſtrait ſend for the ſmith to take the chains
From off my ſon, and give them to that raſcal. 40

STAL. 'Tis right to give them me, for I have nothing.

[*Exuent.*

A COMEDIAN *addreſſes the Spectators.*

Gallants, this play is founded on chaſte manners;
No wenching, no intrigues, no child expos'd,

V. 41. *'Tis right to give them me, for I have nothing.*] *Cui peculii nihil eſt, rectè feceris. Peculium* ſignifies the property, that a ſlave poſſeſſes in his own right. The joke here turns upon *Stalagmus*'s taking what *Hegio* ſaid in a different ſenſe to what it was intended.

V. 2. *No wenching, no intrigues, &c.*] It is remarkable, that the very particulars here ſeemingly cenſured are to be found in ſeveral of our author's plays, and in *Terence*. From the mention of a *Braggard Captain*, in the Prologue, V. 73. it is plain, that play was wrote before this of the *Captives*. And from this too, it ſeems probable, that this Comedy was wrote after *Moſtellaria*, *Pſeudolus* and *Truculentus*, as well as after *Miles Glorioſus*, or *The Braggard Captain*. See the Prologue, v. 70, &c.

No

No close old dotard cheated of his money,
No youth in love, making his mistress free
Without his father's knowledge or consent. 5
Few of those sort of Plays our Poets find,
T' improve our morals, and make good men better.
Now if the piece has pleas'd you, with our acting
If you're content, and we have not incur'd
Displeasure by it, give us then this token : 10
All who are willing, that reward should wait
On chast and virtuous manners, give applause.

V. 12. *Give applause.*] *Plausum date.* This making the *Comedians*, (who in the original are called *Grex*, and sometimes *Caterva*) or at least one of them, request the applause of the spectators, or, as here, address them farther by way of *Epilogue*, was the constant custom among the *Romans* of finishing their Comedies.—It is so in every one of *Terence*'s, as well as those of our Author. *Horace* mentions it in his *Art of Poetry*. v. 155.

Sessuri, donec CANTOR *Vos Plaudite dicat.*
If you would keep us till the curtain fall,
And the last Chorus for a Plaudit call.—

FRANCIS.

Quinctilian too alludes to it, in the first Chapter of his sixth Book.—"*Tunc est commovendum Theatrum, quum ventum est ad* "*ipsum illud, quo veteres Tragoediæ, Comoediæque, clauduntur,* "PLAUDITE."—When you come to the PLAUDITE (the solliciting the applause of the Spectators) with which the ancient Tragedies and Comedies finish, you must endeavour to engage the attention of the whole Theatre.

And here, it is observable, that *Quinctilian* speaks of the *Plaudite* being the end of antient *Tragedies* as well as Comedies. The *Greek Tragedies* have it not : we have no *Tragedies* of any *Roman* Author left, except of *Seneca*, or what are under his name; and not one of them ends with any such thing.

Ben.